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# COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXIV

DECEMBER, 1917

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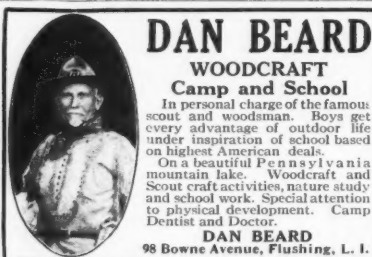


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# COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXIV

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NO. 1

## Stars, Not Scars

By Herbert Kaufman

*WAR is scraping the mines, shearing the flocks, exhausting the paddocks, consuming the leather, butchering the herds, emptying the granaries, spending the chemicals, wasting the genius, squandering the vitality To-morrow expected to use.*

*Hungry foundries whine for labor's savings and orphans' pence. We are making cannon out of daily bread—starving knife and fork to feed the guns.*

*Each new offensive is another tax-collector. The mounting toll of cripples and dependents pales philanthropy, and the Recording Angel shudders at coming trials of suddenly resourceless women.*

*Progress has quit highway building to captain battle. The dollar, the hammer, the plow, and the test-tube are trench-chums.*

*The most potent and enlightened group of peoples Time knows have pledged their prime men and the last groats of national wealth to just ideals.*

*Life and chattels were never before so cheap—principle never so dear.*

*Though half the universe be wrecked and half our kin be slain, Democracy shall persist. We, too, O Lacedæmon, can perish in the pass! We, too, O Winkelried, have hearts to harvest despot spears!*

*They lied who swore the ages had rot our fiber and shrunk the measure of a man. We have bred true to form—centuries have not dulled the splendor of ancient faiths; soft living has not seduced the race.*

*Behold our millions march forth to serve Duty, and hark to the huzzas as they pass!*

*We could have ransomed all the misery and lighted the last black corners of earth with the gold and zeal now promoting woe.*

*Civilization might have made a sun-ladder of the timbers in her crucifix.*

*And yet these things shall sooner come to pass because we found it sweeter to endure a space of grief and desolation than suffer supreme shames.*

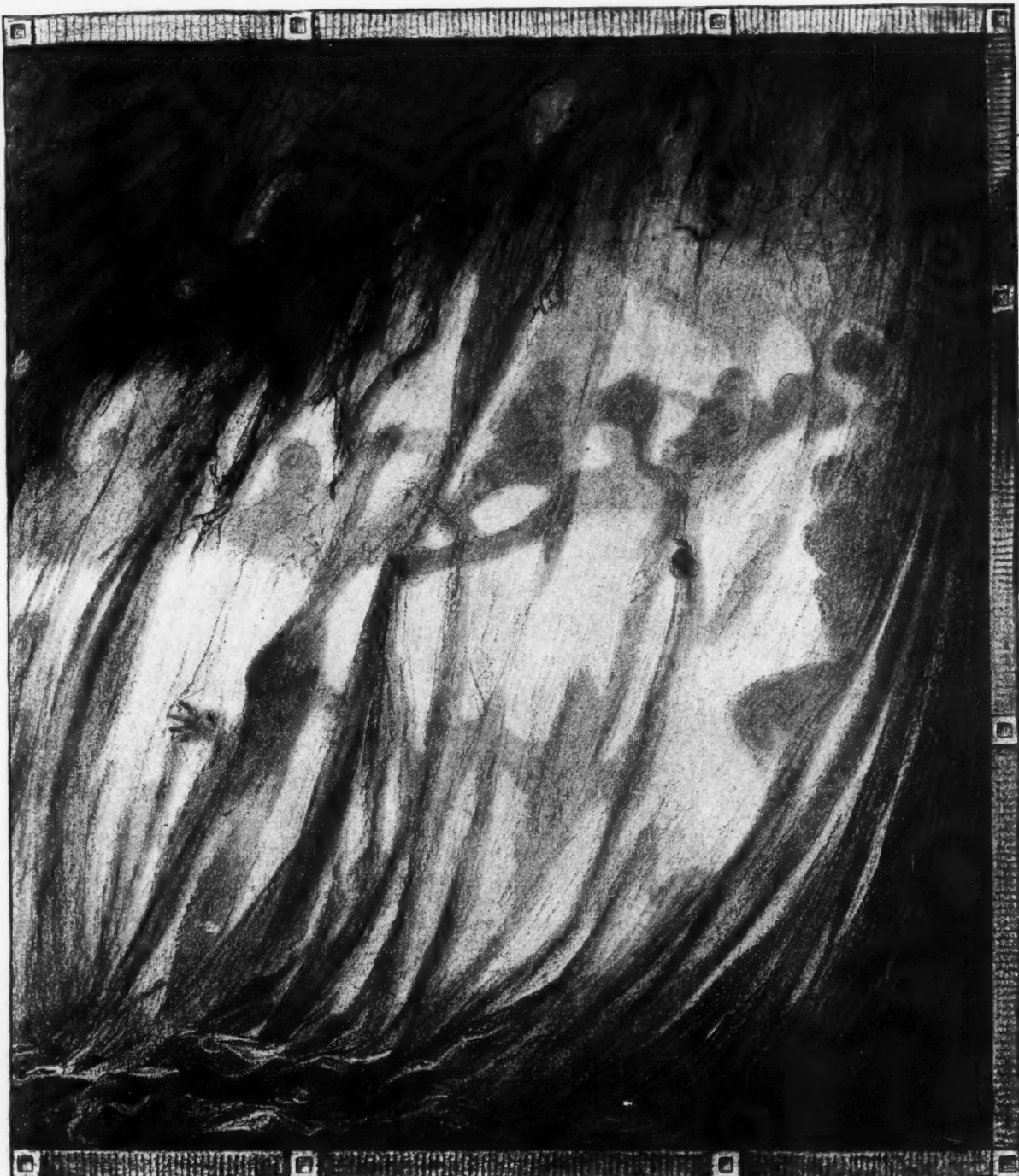
*History will not count the present as a loss. The world has so gained in humaneness, in efficiency, in the realization of community power that our children shall inherit stars instead of scars.*



## K N O W L E D G E

**I** TELL you the shadows are growing thinner  
Between this world and the world of the dead;  
And only the fool cries, "Fool!" or "Sinner!"  
To one who looks into the life ahead.  
I tell you the curtain is being lifted—  
The silence broken, the darkness rifted—  
And knowledge is taking the place of faith  
On that vast subject, Death.

Yes; now in the place of faith comes knowledge.  
For the soul of the race is awake to truth.  
And it rests no longer on school or college  
Or the crude concepts of the world's first youth.  
From a larger fountain our minds are drinking—  
The deep, high Source of divinely thinking—  
And searching for God in the heart of man;  
It is so we are learning the Plan.



*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox    Decoration by W.J. Benda*

Yes; searching for God in the heart of a brother,  
And not on a far-away throne above,  
Is a surer method than any other  
Of finding the Center of truth and love.  
And out of that Center a voice is crying  
That our dead are not in their low graves lying,  
But are living and loving us, close and near,  
So long as we hold them dear.

Yes; living and loving, and trying to guide us—  
Invisible helpers, by God's sweet will,  
Who oftentimes move through the day beside us,  
But aiding us most when our minds are still.  
I tell you the curtain is being lifted—  
The silence broken, the darkness rifted—  
And knowledge is taking the place of faith  
On that vast subject, Death.





• He took her arm, moving with her into a

**L**IKE a great chain of man-made mountains, American-plan and American planned, the Hollenbeck hotels, a granite and rococo chain of them extend through the seven principal cities of as many states, joined by the fine silk web spun from one man's brain.

A sheer web, but with the carrying power to transmit to its center a waiters' strike in the Mohawk, Detroit; the shortage of scented guest-soap, specially wrapped, in the New Redwood, San Francisco; the latest hospital-bulletin of a room-clerk caught in an elevator door in the Hotel Fredonia, New York.

Sunday supplements, so given to hebdomadal hysteria over a toeless toe-dancer, the latest deposed Lithuanian king, the new Beach-Comb coiffure, print annual two-color first pages of J. G. Hollenbeck in his California château in consultation or in golf togs:

FROM BELL-HOP TO HOTEL KING  
J. G. HOLLENBECK, SELF-MADE CALIFORNIA MULTIMIL-  
LIONAIRE, BELIEVES IN SELF-MADE OPPORTUNITY

BEGINS EACH OF HIS SONS INCOGNITO AT BOTTOM OF LADDER  
FOR FIRST YEARS OF HOTEL EXPERIENCE

UNIVERSITY OF EXPERIENCE BEST TRAINING,  
HE AVERS

In a ninth-story, air-shaft, two-rooms-and-miniature-bath suite of the Fredonia family hotel *de luxe*, Mrs. Ida Loth, reading across the top of a fast-plying nail-buffer, paused for a moment, leaning closer.

"Did you read this, Sadie, how J. G. Hollenbeck don't believe in college education for his sons and starts each from the bottom to work himself up under an assumed name?"

Miss Sadie Loth, the slim profile of her body to a door-impaneled mirror, glanced down over one shoulder, a measuring eye to the intricate details that made up the simplicity of her.

"Charley Cooper knows Ralph, the second Hollenbeck boy, and says he's a lemon."

"Say, a Hollenbeck should worry if he's a lemon or not!"

"Well, just the same, I wish they'd supply their hotels with decent ventilation. The fumes from next week's Sunday dinner are coming up that air-shaft."

A quick change of facial expression brought out a frown from beneath Mrs. Loth's glistening layer of facial cream.

"You've got it too good, Sadie Loth! Any other child that found her mother even diving into the principal of the

money that her poor dead father scrimped and saved for wouldn't always be having a long face that nothing was good enough for her. The cost of even these rooms you're always pouting over is strain enough on my income. I—"

"Then, mamma, why don't we go back to the little flat where we belong, instead of trying to put on airs? If it was good enough for poor papa while he lived, why isn't it good enough for us now, just because we've got the insurance money? On what we've got, we can't afford it here without taking from the principal each year; it—it's not even decent to try to put on the way we do since poor papa's gone, doing our own washing and ironing up here in these expensive, coopy rooms, and then sitting downstairs in the lobby like we owned the place."

"I wish I had a dollar for every woman that carries her five-hundred-dollar Pomeranian dog into that lobby, and then goes up-stairs, washes out her own handkerchiefs and dries them on the window-pane."

"That don't make it right!"

"Why do you think Mrs. Saltus or the Goodmans never ask us up to their rooms? I found out from the chambermaid that with all their permanent hair-waves and horseback lessons, they've got inside suites—over the kitchens, too. But I've got the first time to see one of the Goodman girls with a long face. Why, that Freda nearly carries her mother around since they've given up their apartment and moved here where there's a chance for a girl to work up some social life for herself."

"I'm not Freda Goodman; I'm not man-crazy!"

"You don't need to be man-crazy, but ambition for her future never hurt no girl."

"Is there only one kind of ambition a girl can have?"

"That same hucking in the corner that kept your poor father from being a rich man in his lifetime is cropping out in you. 'Ed,' I used to say to him, 'now that we're making a few dollars, let's borrow a few more on the strength of it and advance ourselves.' Not Ed! I think your poor father, as long as he hadn't big worries on his head, would have been satisfied to live to eighty in that Hundred

## On the

By Fannie

Illustrated by



small, deserted, red-and-gold anteroom

# Heights

Hurst

T. D. Skidmore

Don't—memories, mamma, of what he—wanted, mean nothing?"

A layer of tears sprang across Miss Loth's eyes, darkening them. Mrs. Loth turned away her glance, her face wry with the look of also wanting to cry.

"That's right; turn the knife in my heart! A woman like me that during her husband's lifetime never did nothing but her duty, living in five rooms when her husband was a six-thousand-dollar-a-year man, doing——"

"I didn't mean it, mamma. Honest, dearie, I didn't mean a word of what I said! I just got to talking, mamma—dearie!" She crossed, laying her cheek to the hair-waves of her parent, patting her.

"Is it a crime, now that she's got no father to protect her—is it a crime to be ambitious for your own daughter?"

"No, mamma; no, no!"

"Now that we're on the subject—it—it's something a woman don't talk about even to her own daughter, but—don't you suppose that after you're fixed in life that—that I've got ambitions for myself, too?"

"Mamma!"

"I'm a young woman. Mr. Shelburne, the grass-widower in this floor parlor-suite, says he took us for sisters. I've kept as loving mourning for two years as ever a woman kept, but after my daughter marries well and—and me alone in the world, I—I'm not the woman to live with my married daughter. I'm a young woman, Sadie; men ain't blind to me!"

"Why, mamma, you mean—you—yourself——"

"With my daughter married, and you can't say I've so much as looked at an opportunity with her unmarried, is there anything wrong for me to try and set myself down comfortable with some good man providing for the rest of my days? Is there anything wrong for me to want my daughter to set herself comfortable first? There ain't many

and eighty-second Street coop."

"It wasn't a coop to—us. Poor papa loved just to be himself; it wasn't his nature to go around faking. He always used to beg you, mamma, not to try to fake even in little things.

women with an elegant opportunity like Mr. Shelburne anxious to show them attention could show my record, now since we're on the subject, Sadie."

Her cheek still to the hair-waves and her breathing almost inaudible, Miss Loth kept her pose there, staring straight ahead, her face tightening, whitening.

"Is there—anything wrong in such sacrifice, now that we're talking about things, Sadie?"

"No, mother," she said finally, going back to the mirror to administer with trancelike movements the finishing pats to her toilet.

"There—there's nothing wrong in a woman that men ain't blind to, being human, Sadie."

"No, mother; no, no!"

In spite of herself, a tremor ran through her voice, and, in the act of adjusting a very close-fitting, very tip-tilted turban, she sat down suddenly on a chair-edge, tightening her lips against trembling.

"All this don't mean, Sadie, that I'm not glad to make every sacrifice for an only child—eating into my principal this way proves it—only, it's aggravating to have young ones unappreciative."

"Even before poor papa died, I wanted to go to high school and business college. If I had gone to business college, I could strike out now for myself and let you——"

"A child whose father was a six-thousand-dollar-a-year man and commissions and carried such a life-insurance policy didn't need business college. I was a saleslady myself, Sadie, and I know how rich boys look on a girl in business. But I married above me, even if I did work, and I expect my young one, with every advantage and clothes and style that I didn't have, to marry above herself."

"Oh, mamma, there you go again with always 'Marry, marry!'"

"I'd like to know where you'd be to-day if it wasn't for marry? When you're old enough to come to your senses and are married to a man that can take care of you the way a girl's got to be taken care of nowadays, you'll thank your mother for steering you right. With your face and figure, there's no position you can't aspire to, and, believe me, there's nothing can spoil a woman's looks and age her and ruin her life so quick as money-worry with a poor man."

"Money's not everything."

"No; but without it you're nothing."

"Well, if I don't like a fellow, I don't like him, not if he's got a million!"

"Sadie, this ain't for publication—God forbid I should say it, even to my own child, if it wasn't to teach her her mistakes—but don't think when I married your poor father that I was so crazy in love with him. But I did a little figuring. What was I? A saleslady in a Cincinnati department store, three younger sisters at home, and a man like your father, a silk salesman for a big New York silk-house, asks for me. In those days, a three-thousand-dollar salaried man looked like a ten would to-day. I seen my duty to my parents and I did it. You see how your nonsense about the love-part takes care of itself? Have you ever seen a couple, even with what he called my extravagant ideas, get on better than me and your poor father did?" Miss Loth sat still on the chair-edge, twirling a signet-ring on her slim third finger, face still averted. "Did you?" Twirled it once more, signet palm-inward. "Answer me—did you?"

"N-no, mamma."

"Where would I be to-day if I had stopped to think that maybe your father was a little thin on the top or had a wart on his chin?"

"Cass has two."

"What?"

"Warts."

"Suppose he has. He has the means to take care of a girl, too."

"How do you know?"

"Say, a young chap like Cass Howard can't live in the Fredonia off and on twelve months in the year, hire an auto every time he takes a girl as far as the corner, and dress and act the way he does without something to back it. The people he knows in Cincinnati alone is enough to prove how he stands. Mrs. Bergdorff says the Howard family is known all over the West. You bet, Sadie, if I'd reached the stage with a fellow like him where he invites me to dinner every other night, even on the very night he's leaving town, I'd have some kind of an understanding before his train pulled out or know the reason why not. Where's he taking you to supper?"

"I don't know. If it wasn't the way you—nag, mamma, I wouldn't go a step. He's the silliest fellow I ever knew. Can't talk five words of sense to a girl—just half soft all the time—"

"I've got no more to say, Sadie. If you think you're doing the right thing to huck here next to me every evening, waiting for the King of England to come along and propose, why you just huck, then. What do you think Mr. Shelburne said to me the other night? 'Mrs. Loth,' he says to me, he says, 'guess why I'd like to take your little daughter out on a hot night,' he says. 'Why?' says I to him, never dreaming what he meant. 'Because she's such an iceberg,' he says. Imagine a mother's feelings to hear that!"

"That old thing!"

"That old thing is re-fined and wealthy enough to suit my tastes."

"Not mine."

"Cass Howard is as swell a boy as there is in this hotel. Just you sit home nights and huck and see where it'll get you. He's waiting now down in the lobby for you. Telephone down and say you're going to sit home and huck by me."

Miss Loth rose then, aloof from desire, but with a spirituous air of as-you-will, pressed her head snuggler into the

tight hat, and again before the long mirror, slid into an enveloping near-seal coat that wrapped her around and half-around again. Slimly dark, there was about her something almost of Asia, as if sun and sand and the star-dust of desert nights had gone to mold her. Above the yielding nap of fur, her face was indubitably quite purely oval and tilted to that offish angle that goes with drawing into gloves.

"I'm going, mamma. Don't worry; I'm going."

Mrs. Loth rose, too, out of the low rocker and the clutter of manicure tools and Sunday paper. She was her daughter's mother only in the still-young and rather supple flow of body beneath the pink cotton-crêpe kimono. Under the waves of strong,



T. O. SPENCER —

"Did you read this, Sadie, how J. G. Hollenbeck don't believe in college education for his sons and starts each from the bottom to work himself up under an assumed name?"

prematurely white hair, elaborately piled, the face came out with aquiline force of feature. Back to back, she and her daughter were sisters, except that there were two sides to





be considered. In Hotel Fredonia, Hals, Rembrandt, and Whistler, who painted adoration into the tired, wide bosom of maternity and the wrinkles of old age with a reverence that made old flesh holy, would have found pause. Here sixty walked on heels that sixteen feared to tread. In the lobby, of evenings, the massaged, marcelled mothers *de luxe* of a non-housekeeping era exchanged lap-dog pedigrees, almond creams, and tired husbands. Very presently, Mrs. Loth would emerge from the pink kimono and facial cream down into that lobby, a back-to-back version of a daughter whose pollen of skin no massage could emulate.

"Sadie, you look beautiful! You're a fashion-plate!"

Miss Loth held up a languid cheek to be kissed.

"I guess it will be late when I get back. Cass is catching that eleven-twenty Detroit special."

"Let him blow you in an auto out to Grandview for supper. Mr. Shelburne says it's all the rage out there this season."

"It's not where you go makes an evening grand or not; it's who you go with."

Mrs. Loth enclosed her daughter's small face in the vise of her two hands.

"Sadie, would mamma want anything that wasn't for her girl's good? Do I want to see my daughter a happy girl for the rest of her days with a man that can support her in style, or a drudge for some poor devil? Is mamma making every sacrifice, and is she willing to set back and do almost anything to see her girl happy? It ain't only for myself, Sadie. If it was just to get rid of you, wouldn't I have encouraged you to run with Charley Cooper that time, and then have had you both on my hands to support? I know more about life than you do, Sadie. The way you've been raised, even when we lived up in the flat, you ain't the wife for a poor man."

"I never wanted this——"

"Oh, yes; you think maybe you'd be satisfied the way we used to live when your poor father was alive, way up on Washington Heights where the dogs wouldn't bark at us, but I know better. Your father was a good man, Sadie, but he held us down. There never was a fuss in that little flat up there that wasn't over money. He couldn't give up. There wasn't a spending bone in his body. I know what it is to be held down, Sadie. Don't turn up your nose at a fellow like Cass Howard. You hear, Sadie; it's your mother talking to you—your own mother that's willing to make every sacrifice. Don't! You hear?"

Miss Loth lifted her mother's arms from her shoulders and turned to open the door.

"Yes, mother; I hear," she said, and went out, down the turkey-red aisle of hall carpet, a quarter of a mile of it, then toward the elevator—slowly.

In a lower lobby of marble Corinthian columns with gold-leaf acanthus leaves; red velvet, gold-fringed foyer-chairs; Circassian-walnut registration desk; a row of palm-itching bell-hops in converging lines of brass buttons; a bronze blind Nydia holding a fern-basket, Mr. Cass Howard rose from the extreme and cigarette-hazy depths of one of the red-velvet foyer-chairs, hitched a very elevated trouser-leg down over the newest of clocking in silk hose, tossed the just-lighted cigarette into the fern-basket, and strolled toward the bronze elevator, Miss Loth emerging.

"Good-morning, Glory!"

She clicked her very tall, very slim heels together and threw him a salute off the side of the fur turban.

"Hi!"

He took her arm, moving with her into a small, deserted, red-and-gold anteroom.

"How are you, beh-beh?" he said, his fingers closing ever so slightly into her arm.

She withdrew, frowning, seating herself in a spacious chair that looked out upon the dusky wintry flow of upper Broadway.

"Haven't I asked you a dozen times, Cass, not to call me that?"

"What?"

"Whatever it is you call me."

"Beh-beh? Well, ain't you my beh-beh doll?"

"No, I'm not."

"What's the matter with beh-beh? There's not many girls I'd call that."

"I don't like it. It sounds horrid."

He half sat on the generously upholstered arm of her chair, looking down into her face, flecking an imaginary something off the ermine-faced coat collar.

"Touchy, ain't you?" he said, his gaze from under half-closed lids seeking to rivet hers.

"Freshy!" she said, letting her gaze be captured. Then

they both laughed, and he rose, strolling off to lean, in a loose posture, against the door-frame, gazing back at her.

"You're all right, sister," he said; "I like you."

When Mr. Howard laughed, there was a slight clucking in the back of his throat, not discernible on the lips. When he spoke, too, there was only a slightest movement of the mouth. Tall to lankiness and stooping of that excessive height, the black hair already thinning on top, the ears spread slightly as if contemplating flight, he looked ten years his own senior and weary that life's cup could brim so.

"What's on the carpet for this evening, beh-beh?"

She turned her head without lifting it from the chair-back to gaze out upon the thickening December dusk; the row of taxi-cabs standing at the curb, chauffeurs beating themselves for warmth; lights popping out like silent pistol-shots; a steady stream of pedestrians bending into the wind and turning down into a subway kiosk; a Sunday-evening air of relaxed traffic, surface-cars passing at greater-than-usual intervals. A gust of sleet beat occasionally against the window like fine sand blown.

"I don't know, Cass. Why have you got to be always looking for excitement? I should think, if you want to take that eleven-twenty train, we'd better have supper right here at the hotel."

"What's the idea? I'll tuck you in an auto and shoot you out to Grandview, where they have some Sunday-night pep. Lobby concerts ain't my speed to-night."

"But, Cass, if you want that eleven-twenty——"

"Come on; you leave it to little Cass to catch his train and anything else he goes after. If you're real good, I'll put my bag in the car now, and let you drop me at the station and then bring your little self back to the hotel alone in the auto. That is, if you promise you won't let anybody kidnap you."

She brightened.

"That'll be a stunt, Cass!"

"Leave it to little Cass for brain-work," he said, steering her out through the lobby, stopping to slide into a fur-lined greatcoat, lighting a cigar from a match held out by a hat-boy. A bell-hop placed a black alligator bag in the mauve-lined car after them. They lunged forward, immediately turning into the cross-town flow toward Riverside Drive. He relaxed into a two-thirds reclining posture, feet on the robe-rack and his long, slim legs humping up in the gloom. She could see their boniness outlined. A pearly curl of smoke began to wind up.

"Don't," she said, withdrawing from its haze.

He flung the full-length cigar from the slit of open window.

"Anything your little heart desires," he said, turning on his hip and gazing up at her from that low posture.

She lay back to the purring motor, closing her eyes, her lashes touching her cheeks on the curve of their upward curl.

He slid his hand into her muff.

"Quit!" she cried, sitting immediately erect.

"Touchy!"

"Freshy!"

They laughed again.

"Sorry I'm going away, beh-beh?"

"Uh huh," she said, gazing out at the streak of lighted shops flying past.

"Write to me?"

"Uh huh."

"I'll be back two weeks from to-day, day before Christmas at twelve, high noon. Is that a date to meet my train?" She rubbed a little area for herself on the clouding window-glass. "Is it, beh-beh?"

"Cass, if you're not the nagger!"

He laid his hand against her knee; beneath the fur coat her muscles contracted, but she did not withdraw.

"You sure got my goat, beh-beh," he said, looking up at her, his face foreshortened and faunal.

"You going to Detroit on business, Cass?"

"Yes," he said. "Want to come along?"

"What business?"

"Little matter for the firm."

"You're the funniest fellow! Other boys talk about their jobs."

"I'd rather talk about you."

"One minute you say you're in the automobile-supply business and the next in Wall Street and the next——"

"I'm a little bit in every business. What's the diff, just so I can buy the beh-beh all the good times she wants. Here—let me take that curl out of your eye."

"No."

"Hold still!"

"Ugh—oh, quit, Cass; you're the silliest——"

"Behave yourself!" he said, slapping her restraining hand.

"You behave yourself," she said, thrusting him from her. He fell back in a mock heap against the far side of the car.

"Meany!"

For some minutes they rode in silence, he elaborating the mock state.

"Here we are!" she cried, peering out.

They drew up beneath a lighted porte-cochère set on an eminence and overlooking a sullen, gun-metal flow of Hudson River. Were bowed out, bowed in, and finally bowed through a great mirror-lined dining-hall to the clutter, the clatter, the glitter of those who dine too well. New York, which each scintillating season makes or breaks some or other *restaurateur* to the restless palate, was partaking its Sunday-night *hors d'œuvres* at one dollar and sixty cents per portion. A triple line of motor-cars with dimmed acetylene eyes awaited the orchestra-accompanied, favors-for-the-ladies orgy. Grandview-on-the-Hudson was making pay while the midnight sons shone upon it. When Mr. Howard and Miss Loth entered, there was a four-dollar admission fee to this hall of the maenad, the satyr, and Ægipan. Exit came somewhat higher. They dined for three hours and fifteen minutes at a table overlooking a sleet-riddled night view of river and palisade. Din rose off the tables like cloud. At almost eleven, Miss Loth strained back in her chair, reading a clock encircled in two colors of incandescents.

"Cass, we've got only thirty minutes for your train, and it's a bad night for skidding."

He drained the last of his *crème de menthe* up through its bed of shattered ice, dove into his pocket, his body at a hypotenuse.

"All right, sister. Here, waiter; shoot the check."

She adjusted her furs, and unwadding her gloves, worked into them.

"Feel better, beh-beh?"

"I should say so," she said, raising her eyes, smiling at him.

"Ain't such a bad guy after all, am I?"

"This is some gay place," she said, snapping her gloves closed, glancing round.

"Nothing to what I'm going to show you when I get back."

She smiled at him again above the din of an Hawaiian quartet, an adjoining table of confetti-throwers, the polyglot voices of the scarlet-lipped and darkened-eyed women who dare not cease to laugh.

"Come on, sister," he said.

She preceded him out, lowering her eyes and picking out a path between tables, that path bombarded by the close glances of men.

"I've certainly got to hand it to you, beh-beh; you do make 'em stop, look, and listen!"

"Sh-h-h, Cass!" she said, standing in the wind-swept porte-cochère while their car drew up. The sleet had turned to rain and, as they drove into it, beat a fine tattoo about them.

"That's the way I like them. Give me a chilly high-stepper every time," he said, seating himself closely beside her, hand on her knee again.

"You got your reservations and everything, Cass?"

"Chilly!" he said, his face closer to hers.

"Cass, can't you ever be anything but just silly? Can't you talk about—things, like a regular fellow?"



ILLUSTRATION BY T. D. SKIDMORE

"I—I guess maybe that's why a girl like you, living in the same hotel where I'm only clerk, takes time to—to run around with my kind of a fellow"



## On the Heights

"Don't look at me that way"—making a mouthing motion after her finger of remonstrance—"or I'll bite."

Too crowded in to withdraw, she sat in a kind of tense quietude, knees pressing together, her small mouth very straight.

"You going to miss me, beh-beh?"

"I've told you yes, Cass, a hundred times. Honest, you'd think you were going to Africa instead of Detroit for two weeks."

"Going to meet me on that twelve-o'clock high-noon train when I get back the day before Christmas?"

"Suppose I say, 'Yes,' then what?"

"What you going to give me for Christmas when I get back?"

"House with a fence around it."

"Don't want a house with a fence around it."

"Well then, a stick of peppermint."

"Don't want a stick of peppermint."

"Well, then, little boy, what do you want?" she said, trying to smile down her tired tolerance of his facetiousness. He burst into her cue almost before she was finished, and suddenly realizing, she threw out after it, "Cass, I meant—"

"I want *you*," he said, so-crushingly close that she flung back her face from his breathing. "You hear—you're the girl for me; I want you!"

Averting her face, she sought to thrust him from her.

"Cass, you mustn't!"

"I'm crazy over you, girl, crazy! Never thought any nice girl could get me going. No wedding-bells for my kind of a fellow, I used to think. But I want to marry *you* for my own. You hear—marry *you*—and when I ask a girl to marry me, it means I got the coin to back it up with. That's what I think of you. Now you going to kiss me, you little iceberg, you! Now?"

"Don't you touch me!" she said, keeping her arm's length of him. "Don't you touch me!"

He fell back, staring at her in the gloom of the speeding car.

"Didn't I say I wanted to marry you, Chilly? Ain't even that enough to thaw out a little iceberg like you?"

"You—why, I've only known you a few weeks, Cass. I—I can't listen to such talk from a fellow that just came along out of a clear sky. I—"

"You're not all wrong there, kiddo. Now, you just prick up your little pink ear and I'm going to whisper something in it. Here—come here; I won't bite—here—"

"I—Cass—we're here—it's sixteen minutes after eleven—you'll miss it—we're here—"

They were slowing and drawing up beside the marble arch of a marble station.

"See, Cass—we're here—"

"Darnation!" he said, plunging a hand into the recesses of his greatcoat, fumbled, withdrew a bit of cardboard and, peering to scrawl a hasty line across its face, turned down one corner of it and

thrust it to her just as a red-cap shoved in his head between them.

"Baggage, sir?"

"That'll hold you for a while, sister, that and what I'm going to write you special delivery to-morrow," he said, climbing out over his bag and leaning back to her. "I'll be back on that twelve-o'clock high-noon flier day before Christmas with wedding-bells on. You be here to meet me, beh-beh?"

She thrust the card into her blouse, leaning out from the car, urgent.

"Cass, it's nearly eleven-twenty! You'll miss your train."

"Remember twelve, high noon, day before Christmas. Are you on, beh-beh?"

"Cass—how you won't even give me time to think!"

"I've given you something to think about all-righty!"

"But I—"

"Now, smile at me like a girl ought to when her best beau means business with her. Smile, or I'll miss my train! Smile, like your mamma taught you to!"

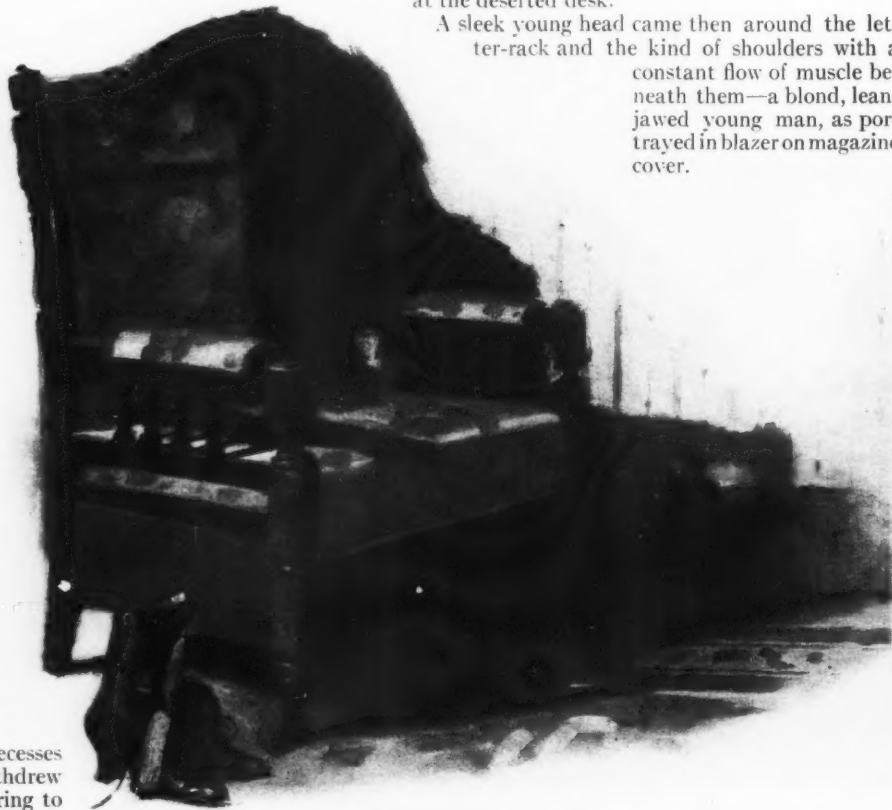
The car jerked her forward from him. She turned quite around in her seat toward where he stood with the attendant red-cap. Smiled.

All the way back up the avenue, with the rain driving finely into the face of the car, she sat, a least possible huddle upon the spacious seat. It was as if, whatever the cauldron of her emotions, they had boiled down to a white kind of solidity which came out finally in her face.

At the hotel, a late quietude had fallen over the lobby, and as she approached the desk, its vastness seemed to have something of the tarnished glory of an after-the-ball-room. Two drowsy bell-hops nodded on their bench beside the elevators, a porter with a long-handled dust-pan and broom picked up here and there. The magazine-stand stood bare of its pretty-girl covers and candy-boxes.

"Key, please," she said, after waiting a moment at the deserted desk.

A sleek young head came then around the letter-rack and the kind of shoulders with a constant flow of muscle beneath them—a blond, lean-jawed young man, as portrayed in blazer on magazine cover.



For an hour longer, little bare feet protruding, the room

"Room, please?"

"Oh," she said, with an unnecessary and uncontrollable impulse to giggle into her muff. "Nine hundred and one. I didn't know there was a new clerk."

"Didn't you?" he said, showing the great majority of his teeth in a smile, handing her the key and dragging his fingers slowly back across the counter after their slight contact with hers.

"Good-night," she said, still trying to control the unexplainable mirth.

"Good-night," he said, showing the white smile after her until she shot up in the elevator.

Up in the mahogany-and-velours sitting-room, the davenport-bed lay invitingly opened, covers turned back, a white couch for her. Her mother's voice came from the adjoining bedroom, drowsy, full of sleep.

"Sadie?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Anything new?"

"No—mamma."

"Sadie, whadda you think?"

"What?"

"There's a new night clerk on, the swellest fellow you ever seen. Mrs. Saltus has it from good authority he's the youngest Hellenbeck boy in disguise."

A full second Miss Loth stood there as if listening to her own breathing.

"You hear, Sadie?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Ain't that rich? I talked to him to-night over the counter, and you never heard such a clever fellow in your life. Ain't that rich?"

"Yes—mamma."

"Close that door if you've come home like a mummy again with nothing to say about where you been or to what I got to tell you. The light streams in—close—the—door."

She closed it softly, her face dewy in its pinkness. For a full half-hour she undressed, pausing to dawdle and smile over each move. Stepping from the mound of her clothing into a sheer, straight little night-robe, a bit of cardboard, turned down at one end, fell to the floor. She picked it up, read it. For an hour longer, little bare feet protruding, the room chilling with each moment, she sat on the bed-edge, regarding it.

At the approach of Christmas, men's homing instinct takes place over the roving instinct. Memories long since crowded back into the attic-places of the mind begin to stir with a faint ache for the smell of pies cooling on a frosty

Ohio window-ledge; a Minnesota farm snowed in and the lusty sport of clearing; an old face, lamp-lit; the ring of the ax into this year's selected fir tree; the long, silent embrace of aged arms.

At Christmas-time, Hotel Fredonia emptied to this same itching of the heart. Men and women whose faces the city had honed to a knife-edge departing with bisque dolls and knitted bed-jackets in their traveling-bags.

In the lobby, two days before Christmas, a huge bell of red tissue-paper, fluted like a waffle, hung between each pair of the marble pillars, decorative solace to those unfortunates marooned upon the desert isle of a hotel Christmas.

Of a December morning that was brilliant with sunshine but its clear cold filled with a windless sting that nipped, Mrs. Loth, tailored and surmounted with a white-fox scarf that was fitting complement to the careful scroll of her prematurely white coiffure, and in a small turban of green-gold breast-feathers adjusted at the same youthful tilt as her daughter's beside her, sat on one of the red-velvet *fauteuils* of the Fredonia lobby, directly opposite to the Circassian-walnut office enclosure.

"Hasn't he got the finest head, Sadie!"

Miss Loth cupped her chin in her white- (Continued on page 112)



chilling with each moment, she sat on the bed-edge, regarding it

# Virtuous Wives

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by George Gibbs

ANDREW FORRESTER, an energetic and ambitious New York business man connected with the manufacture of structural steel, has married Amy Starling, whose wealthy father—her mother having died when she was twelve—has brought her up to consider herself an object for all the luxuries of life. She has been petted and spoiled, and every responsibility has been spared her. She is now only twenty, and finds it difficult to grasp the sense of her new position and has a feeling of strangeness and isolation in the large apartment furnished in none too good taste to which her husband has brought her. She is looking forward to her entrance into the fashionable younger married set with pleasure, tempered with some apprehension. An invitation comes to spend a few days with the Dellabarres on Long Island. On the way down in their car, Andrew tells her that the following night he is to see Gunther, a prominent capitalist, in regard to the offer of the presidency of a refining and smelting company which, however, he is not inclined to accept. It will mean a great deal more money, but also long absences in Arizona and Mexico. On reaching the Dellabarres, neither host nor hostess is on hand to welcome them. Miss Bane, the housekeeper, presently appears and makes nervous excuses for their strange reception, at which Amy is somewhat perturbed.

SINCE the morning, the Dellabarre household had been in an uproar, the guests uncomfortably conscious of eavesdropping, Mr. Dellabarre sulking, the children neglected, while Miss Bane ran to the telephone to command or countermand the car, postpone the dinner, and send frantic inquiries for Mrs. Clove, Mrs. Dellabarre's mother, who was sorely needed to restore the peace.

While the servants were in a panic for the security of their winter positions; while the guests—Mrs. Lightbody, young Dawson, and Laracy—had fled to the country club for lunch; while the children had covered themselves with grease at the garage and were bawling at the top of their lungs; while Mr. Dellabarre was savagely pacing his library with a longing to smash the mantel ornaments, Irma Dellabarre, quietly ensconced on a *Recamier chaise longue* by the flowery window of her little morning-room, was solicitously brushing the coat of Mon Amour, the Pekingese.

At four o'clock, her mother arrived like a gust of wind that sets every door in the house to banging. Though Mrs. Clove experienced not the slightest anxiety at these periodic summons, she came all in a flutter, prepared to stretch her visit to agreeable proportions by agreeing both with her daughter, whom she idolized, and with her son-in-law—first, because she was sure he would be in the right, and, second, because she had that sense of gratitude which is the lively looking-forward to favors to come.

"My poor darling," she cried, after the first sympathetic embrace, "I was afraid I'd find you in tears!"



At the charming appearance of Amy on the

"I? No; why should I?" said Irma, rising to put Mon Amour in his pink cradle. "I suppose I've been stupid somehow; but, Lord, I can't imagine where!"

"Well, dear, who is it this time?" said Mrs. Clove, drawing off her gloves. From behind she had the figure of sixteen. She dressed in baby pinks and blues, and might have passed for the early thirties.

"Heavens, if he'd only say! But you know Rudy. He's capable of sulking a week before I can get it out of him. No, I assure you; this time I haven't the slightest idea of whom he's jealous."

The mother contented herself with an admiring glance.

"My darling child, how can he be angry at anything so lovely as you are?"

Irma smiled. She adored compliments, even from her own mother. She had a sense of the scenic, and, even in her own bedroom, kept in the picture. Her charm was of art rather than from any natural gift, for while her body was slender and graceful, her head, which was Latin, was striking,

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staircase, there was a sudden hush of curiosity. The new world to conquer, her world, lay below

though the boldness of her forehead was softened by the deep-black hair which had been directed in curling abundance about the temples. Her eyebrows were bold; her nose was too aquiline, but her teeth shone against the duskiness of her complexion and the brilliant rouge of her lips. What was really individual were the eyes, which were of a thin gray, so clear and so light that they gave the effect of being as transparent as the negligée which floated lightly about her in a cloud of old lace which had cost the price of a season's wardrobe.

"My dear mother," she said calmly, "you don't know Rudy. Appreciate what he's got? Why, he would be delighted if I'd go about in flannel wrappers and braid my hair like a dowdy little *Hausfrau*. I don't see how I stand it. He's getting more and more impossible."

Mrs. Clove, with the memory of twenty lean years in genteel boarding-houses, appreciated what sacrifices her daughter had been called upon to make.

"Tell me all about-it," she said, patting her hand with sympathy.

Irma raised her eyebrows.

"Good heavens, mother, there's nothing to tell! He's been making a scene about everything but the real reason—" She hesitated. "He began by giving up his hunting-trip."

Mrs. Clove did not disguise her surprise.

"As serious as that?"

"Yes."

"It's a man, of course?"

"Of course."

"And you really have no idea?"

"No, no."

The second negative and the impatient shrug which accompanied it confirmed Mrs. Clove in her suspicions. She went down to the library. Mr. Dellabarre was walking back and forth before the fireplace with precise little steps.

"Ah, there you are!" he said, with a sudden treble rise in his weak voice, but, correcting himself, he added ceremoniously: "How do you do? I am very glad indeed to see you."

He gave his hand limply, as though he were making her a



"The ladies were showing their claws, eh?" "And I felt them"

present of it, and suddenly reddened with embarrassment, for his pride was excessive and he suffered during these scenes, which his timidity prolonged.

He was a gray, perpendicular little man, passing fifty, with a short, stubby nose, overhanging eyebrows, and a gray, drooping mustache, a drooping glance, and a voice which drooped into whispers. He held himself stiffly, and his arms and legs moved on hinges. He dressed in a stiff gray cutaway, which appeared newly starched, square-toed boots, and a made-up tie of pepper and salt, pierced by a fat cameo pin. Eccentric, old-fashioned, and furtively shy, there was still a precise dignity about him which

commanded respect, even from the crowd of irreverent youngsters who danced, gambled, and paid their court to his wife.

"Tell me all about it, my dear Rudolph," said Mrs. Clove, with the utmost sympathy. "What has that poor child been doing now?"

Mr. Dellabarre instantly began to defend his wife.

"It's my fault. It's your fault—yes; of course it's your fault," he said, in jerky sentences, after a glance at the door. "It's the fault of American education, of the ridiculous way we permit young girls to be brought up. Irma is what we have made her. Yes; but that doesn't help any, and that

isn't the point," he added, suddenly perceiving where this would lead him. "She has her side, but I have my side, too, and I tell you now I'm going to come to a decision."

In all this, there was nothing new. So Mrs. Clove contented herself with a sympathetic sigh



and the remark,  
"It is very sad."

"What do I count for in my own house?" continued Mr. Dellabarre, in a thin complaint.

"Nothing! Do you suppose anyone ever comes here as my friend?"

"You mean, my dear Rudolph, what does Irma bring to you in your marriage?" said Mrs. Clove, who knew that, so long as he generalized, they would get nowhere.

"Exactly," said Mr. Dellabarre.

"But she is no different from others of her set, is she?"

"The modern wife is a monster," said Mr. Dellabarre angrily. "Do you suppose Irma even knows the names of her own servants? Do you? I'm not sure she knows the names of her own children, for all she sees of them."

"Now, Rudolph," said Mrs. Clove, lifting a chubby hand in protest.

"You don't believe it? Doris coughed all last night. Do you think Irma has even heard about it? She isn't a mother. She isn't a wife. She isn't a housekeeper. What does she do? She amuses herself. That is all she thinks of from morning to night, and that is all any of them think of. Well, I'm going to come to some decision."

Mrs. Clove saw that he had no intention of being specific.

"I will speak to Irma," she said, in a tone of decision, wondering if her daughter had given him any real cause for jealousy. "Poor dear, she is dreadfully upset!"

"She should be."

"But has anything happened—anything special?"

"What! Don't you think that is enough?"

"My dear Rudolph, of course I do!" she said hastily, starting for the door. "I will talk at once with Irma. She certainly should pay more attention to the children. You should ask more of her. You should insist! But,

then—you said it yourself—it's the life of the younger generation."

"Well, I've made up my mind," said Mr. Dellabarre rapidly, "and I'm going to make a decision."

Mrs. Clove knew her daughter and her inherent appetite for admiration, but she judged her incapable of going further than a light flirtation, because she understood the modern coquette's need of multiplicity in her adorers.

"Well?" said Irma, without looking up from a novel.

"He's very excitable."

"I see I shall have to go down," said Irma, who perceived that her mother had learned nothing. She rose. "It is really too humiliating. Kitty Lightbody is here, and will tell it all over New York. I must bring it to a head—a violent scene; that's the only way," she concluded, rearranging her hair in the mirror.

"But you must have a suspicion?"

"Of whom he is jealous? My dear mother, it might be any one of twenty men. No one could be more careful than I. Just look how people talk about Kitty and Gladys Challoner. But a lot of good it does me. If I gave him any reason—" She paused. "Do you think my life is an easy one? Do you think it isn't shockingly humiliating to have your husband fuddled every night regularly at six o'clock? Do I reproach him?" She shrugged her shoulders, glanced at the mirror, rectified the line of her negligée, and tripped down to the library.

"My dear Rudolph, we must come somewhere," she said quietly, "otherwise, I am determined to countermand the dinner and make my excuses to Kitty and the boys. What exactly and precisely do you reproach me with this time?"

Mr. Dellabarre came to a full stop opposite his wife.

"You know very well," he said suddenly.

"I know what you have been saying to me all morning and what you've been repeating to mother. Is that all?"

"All!" exclaimed Mr. Dellabarre, who, fired anew, repeated again his theories about the upbringing of the modern woman. Mrs. Dellabarre arranged herself patiently in an armchair and waited until the subject should have exhausted itself. At the end of ten minutes, she rose and rang for Miss Bane.

"Miss Bane, kindly call up Mrs. Challoner, the Brackens, and the Ponsivals. Inform them that I am obliged to countermand the dinner to-night. Say that we are afraid Doris has the measles. Mr. Dellabarre thinks it unwise to expose others. That is all."

Miss Bane withdrew.

"Now, my dear, everyone will know now that we have been quarreling," she said quietly. To her surprise, her husband did not flinch, despite the horror she knew he had of public gossip. She determined, therefore, to force the issue. "My dear Rudolph, you may save yourself the pains. I know all this by memory. Your description of me is exact. I am a modern wife, if you will, the wife of a rich man. I don't cook; I don't darn the children's socks; I don't haggle over the butcher's bill or the price of eggs. All this is true. But why did you marry me?"

As she intended, this threw him into a state of fury.

"Marry you?" he cried. "You know very well I married you because you wanted me to."

She saw the sudden flare-up of jealousy in the strange shut-in nature of the man who still loved her. She had a moment of pity, for she had a kind heart and often returned to those good resolutions she had formed at the altar of her marriage, when she had passed from the shadow of scheming and privation into the new world of gratification and power. But immediately angered by the justice of his remark, she rang imperiously and gave orders to pack her trunk on the instant.

"That is going too far," she said coldly. "You are quite sober and you know what you are saying. I shall leave here at once, and shall stay away until you come to your senses. The situation is intolerable."



"It is intolerable," he said, and the hand which he held rigidly before him began to shake as she had never seen it do before. "I quite agree with you—you had better go and come to *your* senses!"

"What! He is going to let me go without a word of protest," she thought, frightened for the first time in his presence. She had an uneasy feeling that what she was facing was not a spasmodic outburst but a definite rebellion. She turned and came back.

"I won't discuss your last insult. You are, at least, a gentleman, and you will realize yourself the indelicacy of such a remark. Now, my dear Rudolph, if you really wished the kind of fireside paragon that you describe, you could easily have had one. There are thousands of them. If you didn't, it is because you wanted just what you have got—a wife of whom you could be proud, a wife to give you a brilliant home, a wife who would bring you youth and charm, a wife, in a word, to decorate your house. So much for that. Whatever else you can accuse me of, I have never compromised the dignity of your name. My name has never been handed about. I've taken the greatest care that if men paid me attention—and you'd be the first to regret it if they didn't—no special one should ever be distinguished. This, however, you don't appreciate."

In hearing her speak thus, with all the charm and grace which she knew how to convey to her words, it seemed to him that he was utterly wrong. He stammered out:

"What do I care about that? You can have a hundred men about you."

"Which means it's only *one* person you object to," said Irma instantly. "In other words, all these diatribes are just subterfuges. You are afraid to say what you think, because you know that it will sound ridiculous. You are jealous again of some one man." He looked at her and then down at the floor. "Well, who is it?"

"You know very well."

She knew, but to name him would give the appearance of confession. At the bottom, she knew—what he himself did not realize—that the trouble lay deeper, in the impossibility of simulating the love he craved.

"I have not the slightest idea," she said quietly, because, in her certainty of victory she always felt a little compassion and because she was impatient to end this scene which interfered with her projects for the evening. "Well, who is it this time? Is it Tody Dawson or Jap Laracy? Nothing would surprise me."

"No; it's not!" Suddenly he turned and, fixing her with his weak eyes that all at once gathered points of anger, he cried, "I won't have you talked about with Monte Bracken!"

"Monte! My dear Rudy, you are insane!" she exclaimed, in excellent bewilderment. "A man I haven't seen for years until last month, whom I have met perhaps six times!"

"Exactly—Monte Bracken!" he said, coming close to her, his face disfigured with jealousy. "The rest I don't care about. But Bracken I bar. The rest are nothing to you, but Bracken you cared for, and he cared for you." All at once his hand, which was trembling with emotion, closed over her arm, and she felt the sharp pinch of his fingers. "Do you understand now? I forbid your coupling your name with Monte Bracken's. I forbid it!"

He had never laid his hand on her. It was the first time she had seen him completely given over to his passion. Despite herself, she felt her face go red as though, before this revelation of her husband, she had experienced a sudden guilt. A knock broke in on the tension of their attitudes. She drew away hastily.

"Well, who is it?" said Mr. Dellabarre, his voice still on the pitch of excitement.

"Miss Bane, sir."

He glanced at his wife nervously.

"Well, why don't you come in, then?"

The door opened half-way.

"Please, *madame*, Mr. and Mrs. Forrester have just arrived. What shall I do?"

Mr. Dellabarre looked to his wife, in utter perplexity.

"There is only one thing to do," she said quietly, seizing the providential opportunity. "Mr. Dellabarre will go down and explain about Doris. You will have to send them away somehow."

"No, no; we can't do that," said Mr. Dellabarre hastily, shrinking at the thought, for once his anger had shot up, it quickly subsided. "Wait a moment, Miss Bane—wait a moment—wait a moment outside. It's annoying, very annoying, but we can't send them away."

He began to walk up and down the room in his stiff, perpendicular way, while Irma watched him from the corner of her eye. All at once he turned,

"Well, now what's to be done, Irma?" he said petulantly, looking to her for assistance. "You know we can't send them away. That is not possible. That isn't done."

"No; that isn't done, and other things aren't done, either," she said sternly.

He fidgeted back and forth, seeking some compromise and finding it difficult.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she said, shaking her head and smiling.

"Please treat as serious what I've said," he said sullenly, his glance traveling along the carpet. "I know very well I can't make you love me. You never have. Put that aside—yes; put that aside. You can go your way—up to a certain point—but be careful, Irma; be very careful."

For a moment, his eyes rose to hers, and the sudden leap of suffering and passion she saw there brought her, for the first time in her easy, superficial existence, a real emotion—a fear, a genuine fear of her husband.

## VI

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Lightbody with Tody Dawson and Jap Laracy, together with the two Miss Teakes, who had returned with them for tea, were amusing themselves in the great baronial sitting-room during the continued absence of their hostess.

Dawson and Laracy belonged to that new variety of household pet which supplements the absence of hard-worked husbands in society. A woman of fashion counts from two to ten of the variety in her train, who fetch and carry, run small errands, adore her in a public, harmless way, accompany her to the theater or opera, surround her at *thés dansants*, and invent a hundred amusing tricks to save her from the necessity of reading and other forms of boredom. Wise in their generation, they seldom make blunders, knowing that they are admitted to intimacy only on the basis of absolute docility, and, acquiring the knowledge of worldly values, they wait patiently under such patronage the opportunities of what is called a successful marriage. Dawson and Laracy were unusually gifted. They played in masterly fashion all games of chance where a friendly dollar could be sought. They formed a team which imitated the latest comic-opera favorites. They spoke a jargon of their own. They danced like professional dancers, with really the most remarkable agility, and, from morning to night, kept up a running patter of story, anecdote, repartee, and picturesque slang which made easy the task of the most desperate hostess.

By the time the Forresters had unpacked and descended, the great living-room had filled up with casual guests, a few of the men in riding-breeches, the women in gaily-colored sweaters and striped skirts. At the charming appearance of Amy on the staircase, there was a sudden hush of curiosity.

What the young d'Artagnan experienced at his first introduction into the brilliant court of the Hôtel de Tréville, Amy Forrester felt at this sudden silence which was like the rolling-up of a curtain. The new world to conquer, her world, lay below. She felt a quickening of all her instincts, transforming her into a different and public



When he had contemplated the delicate slope of her shoulders, the whiteness of the skin, the slender and graceful column of the neck, he said: "I knew it! Not one can touch you. As for Mrs. Challoner, we'll settle her"

self. At the same moment, she realized that she was no longer alone but an integral part of the man who followed at her back. Andrew, too, was about to be judged, and by a judgment without the slightest mercy that accepted only what it could not destroy. The thought of her husband threw her into a sudden timidity.

In a group of men, who were gathered, glass in hand, at a serving-table, Mrs. Dellabarre was standing with her hand drawn through her husband's arm, in that punctilious public advertisement of her marital felicity which she never neglected and which she used as a whip over the heads of her admirers as a sort of warning of the limitations she imposed on their adoration. She had slipped into a dark skirt and purple sweater, drawn her hair tightly back, contriving to make herself both ugly and distinguished. Gladys Chaloner, her dearest rival, had said of her,

"When Irma gets herself up like a fright before dinner, she is preparing to dazzle you later."

As she went to meet the Forresters, by the indefinable subtleties with which one woman rates another, Mrs. Dellabarre saw that Amy was of her world. She was attracted to her instantly, as one woman is attracted to another, with the pleasure of encountering an antagonist worthy to be destroyed.

"We have met before," she said, smiling, with a little extra pressure of her hand, "but we are all anxious to meet the man who could carry off the favorite after her first season," she added, extending her hand to Mr. Forrester. "It's rare enough to make you quite a hero."

"How do you do, Mrs. Dellabarre," he said, in his strong, pleasant bass, stepping forward with eagerness in his eyes.

If she had been agreeably surprised with Amy, she was

quite unprepared for the strong attraction which Andrew Forrester exercised over her from the moment of their first hand-clasp. Like all neurasthenic natures, she responded instantly to the buoyant health of a dominant vitality. So quick was this pleasant sense of well-being that the easy phrase of welcome passed completely out of her mind, and only the mechanical approach of her husband prevented her showing too plainly her perplexity.

Amy had a confused sense of catching names that meant nothing to her, of seeing so many human manikins grouped about her. Mrs. Dellabarre, after graceful introductions, returned to the men, abandoning Amy to the group whose conversation she had interrupted. Three men, without addressing a word to her, finding her young and attractive, stared at her with open admiration. Fortunately, at this moment, from the piano in the living-room a beaming waistcoat and glowing smile bore down on her.

"Welcome to our city!" exclaimed Laracy. "This is a surprise. Have I got to behave, Amy, and call you 'Mrs. Forrester?'"

"Get me away from here," she said, shaking hands and laughing.

"Freezing by the fireside, eh?" said Jap Laracy, with a glance at the group. "Pretty Northwest, eh? Irma engages me to thaw them out, but it's tough—it's tough! My eyes and whiskers, Amy, I'm glad to see you! Have you seen Tody?"

Dawson, in perfect health, without a line on his face or a ripple on the perfect edge of his trousers, came up, serene and unembarrassed.

"Well, Amy, no use in pretending! Everyone knows you've blighted my young existence. My heart's shot to pieces, but I forgive you."

He rattled this off with light impertinence. Amy looked up at him.

"I think you'll recover," she said, smiling.

In a moment, they were laughing over old escapades, unconscious as three children.

"What are you three having such a good time about?" said Mrs. Lightbody, approaching jealously. She laid a plump



"Who ever knows?" said Irma, shrugging her shoulders and beginning to brush Mon Amour's silky coat.

"Most flirtations are harmless enough"



hand on Dawson's arm in an affectionate pressure. "Tody darling, I must get that step before to-night. Jap, be a dear and play for us again."

"My dear Kitty," said Dawson coolly, "be calm—be calm—and haven't I told you never to show jealousy when I am paying attention to a pretty woman?"

Amy listened in astonishment, while Mrs. Lightbody, vastly amused at this style of wit, laughed outright.

"You funny boy. Mrs—"

She hesitated.

"Mrs. Kezzizzas," said Laracy solemnly.

Mrs. Lightbody bit her lip but, determined, she appealed to Amy.

"You don't mind, do you?"

"Say you do," said Dawson.

"We are trying to bring Kitty up properly. She has the most shocking manners."

"Am I rude?" said Mrs. Lightbody, rolling her eyes.

"Oh, no—I am the intruder here," said Mrs. Forrester quietly.

Mrs. Lightbody, having contrived to isolate her (though without malice, for her bad manners were natural), carried Dawson off in triumph. Amy remained with her back to the group by the fireplace, uncomfortable and angry, somewhat consoled by the spectacle of Mrs. Lightbody's floundering efforts.

She took a cup of tea from the butler who came up, and stood watching the swaying figures. A group formed about the surface of light, the men curious, the women solemn, confronted with a new responsibility, while those whose figures inclined to plumpness studied the effect of Mrs. Lightbody's movements with personal solicitude.

"So that's what they've made of the tango!" said a voice at her shoulder—a modulated voice, curiously flexible and soft. "What contortions!"

"Why, I think he dances very well."

"Dawson? Of course. His trained legs are irreproachable. But it's not the tango. The real one is stately—danced with dignity."

"But that's the way we were taught." She turned and all at once perceived that she had been talking to a stranger. At the same moment, he perceived his mistake.

"I beg your pardon, I thought—"

"So did I," she said smiling. Then perceiving how intimate had been their comprehension of the unfinished thought, she blushed.

"After all," he said easily, "there is no great harm done. If you are a very punctilious person, I'll have Mrs. Dellabarre present me."

Instinctively she divined who he was, by the ease of his manner and the foreign deference of his attitude. He was still in riding-clothes of brown, which harmonized with the rather Spanish tan of his face.

"You are not Montgomery Bracken by any chance?" she said impulsively.

"Yes. How did you—"

"I don't know. I guessed it." Then, realizing how

strange this must sound, she blushed again. To cover her embarrassment, she said rapidly, "My cousin, Miss Nordstrum, has described you to me." Then, remembering Fifi's declared intention, she laughed.

He read the amusement in her eyes rightly.

"Is my scalp in danger?" he said.

"Fifi is a very determined young lady. Then you are Mrs. Forrester, of course.

Is your husband here? Won't you introduce me?"

Before she could act on the tactful suggestion which relieved the embarrassment of the situation, Dawson was back at her side, begging her to dance with him.



"That's my expression, my dear. Crocodiles are admirers who want to look very dangerous but can't move quickly enough to catch you"

"Come on, Amy, now; let's give them a professional exhibition. Kitty is gasping for breath. Hello, Monte!"

"How are you, Dawson?"

She hesitated, watching Bracken with a little amused malice, divining his impatience at the assurance of the new generation. Tody had her by the hand, dragging her toward the open floor with that muscular enthusiasm which has replaced man's deference to woman in modern ball-rooms. To refuse was awkward, and, besides, she had a score to settle with Mrs. Lightbody.

"Here's how it's done!" announced Dawson, with the disdain of a virtuoso.

She danced instinctively, pliant to her partner, so light that her flitting steps seemed noiseless, with a harmony of poise and movement that charmed the eye, the delight a beautiful child awakens in its graceful (Continued on page 156)

# On the Trail of the Cowardly

*A Hunting Adventure in the Grand Cañon*

By Rex Beach

Mr. Beach and his brother-in-law, Fred Stone, the noted comedian, having convinced themselves that hunting the mountain-lion was rather a mild sort of adventure, set out in joyful anticipation for the north side of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where the animal exists in large numbers. Here is the account of what happened to them. The illustrations, unless otherwise stated, were taken by the camera-man of the party especially for this narrative.

**A** MOVING picture was responsible for the trip. Photographically, the picture was nothing to brag about, but it had a punch, for it showed a certain Mr. "Buffalo" Jones engaged in the flickery pastime of roping moun-

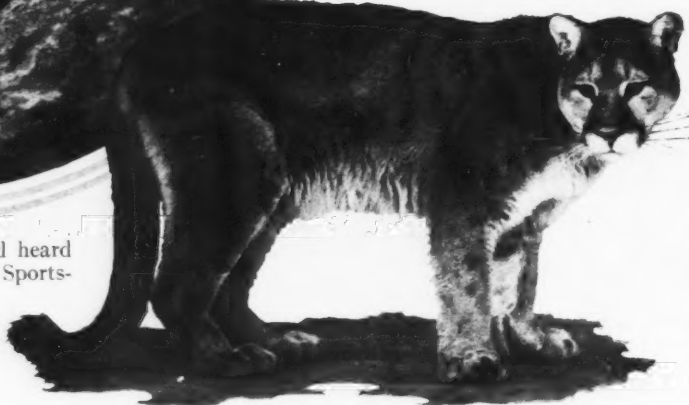


The hunting party setting out

tain-lions. Fred Stone and I saw the picture and heard Mr. Jones' explanatory lecture regarding it at the Sportsman's Show. When the lecturer assured us that, despite the lion's apparent ferocity, he is in reality a timid, craven creature, and when he backed up this assertion by substantial celluloid proof, we, Fred and I, decided that here was a mild sort of adventure, well calculated to appeal to a couple of nervous sportsmen like us.

Going over the rim of the Grand Cañon

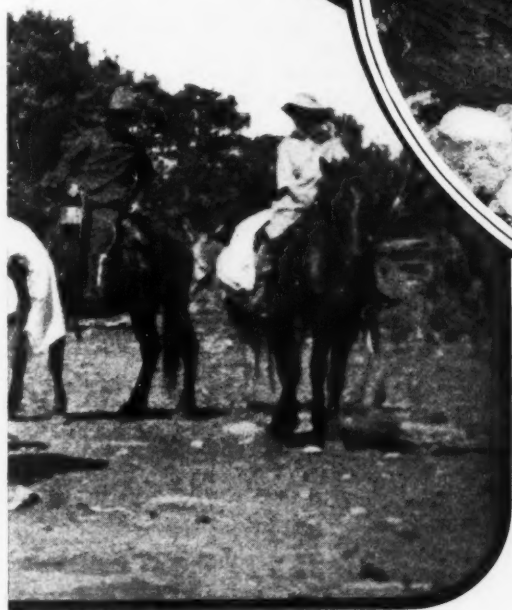
Like most hunters, we had heard shuddery cougar



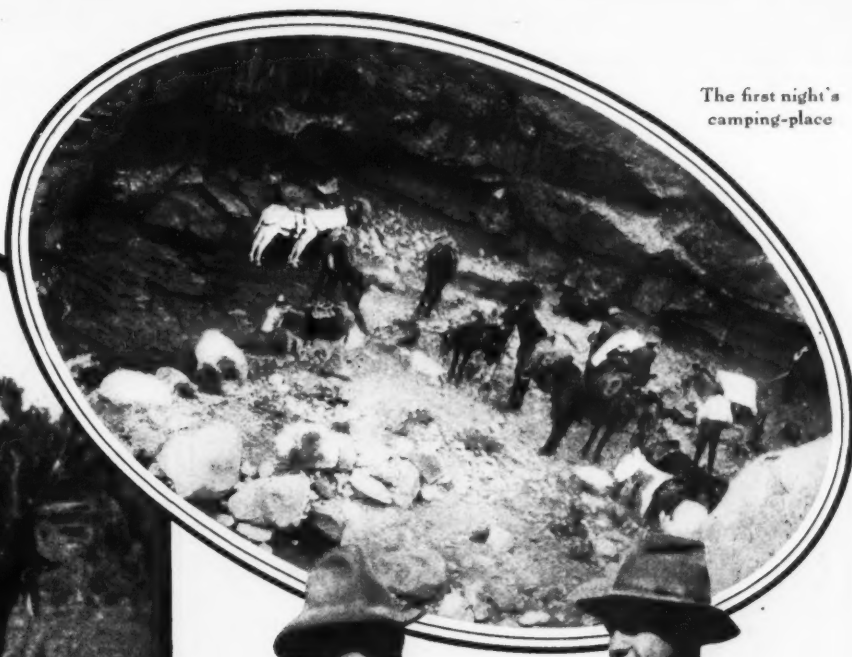
The cowardly cougar, or mountain-lion

# Cougar

The first night's  
camping-place



for the home of the cougar



sessed of legs, horns, humps, warts, and other physical deformities or facial blemishes over which he could cast a loop.

At the time of our meeting, he was engaged, for hire, in the business of leading tenderfeet into the wilds of Arizona and guiding them out, and he assured us that a kindly fate had sent us to him. When we confessed our burning desire to sit for our portraits with as many cougars as could be assembled, he declared that he was the very man to ease our pain.

"I'm your huckleberry!" said he. "The north side of the Grand Cañon, where I hunt, is all littered up with lions. They're a public nuisance, or they would be if there was any public, which there ain't. Uncle Jim Owen, my pardner, has been a government hunter, and has killed over six hundred himself right there. He was with Jones when he got those pictures; he had Roosevelt once. He owns the best lion-dogs in the country, and him and I will give you a trip you'll remember."

Looking Mr. Means squarely in the eye, I said significantly:

"We want to remember the trip, but we want to remember it pleasantly. What sort of a trip will it be?"

"Easy—a perfect cinch."

"Any danger?"

"Not a bit. Why, you can take your wives along."

Now Mr. Means had never met our respective families, which thus explains his overenthusiastic statement.

"There was a time," I cautioned him, "when work didn't come hard enough to suit me, when a certain sense of personal peril gave me a pleasurable thrill, when I could dance all night in rubber boots and a mackinaw coat and never turn a hair. But city life softens a man. The time has come when I shudder at a callus. I jump through a plate-glass window when a car back-fires, and a single fox-



Rex Beach (right) and Fred Stone, attired for the hunt  
of the mountain-lion

trot leaves me panting like a lizard. I have outlived hardships; I loathe exposure; I love hammocks, rich food, and debilitating luxuries—"

"The grub will be fine—leave that to me," Mr. Means broke in, but I checked him, saying:

"Understand, Fred is an actor, and therefore he owes it to himself to safeguard his personal appearance. For instance, if a lion should bite, hook, or kick him in the face, he'd have to play the part of a German duelist, and, under



## On the Trail of the Cowardly Cougar

present conditions, such a rôle couldn't be made sympathetic. What I would like to be perfectly certain of, before we go further——"

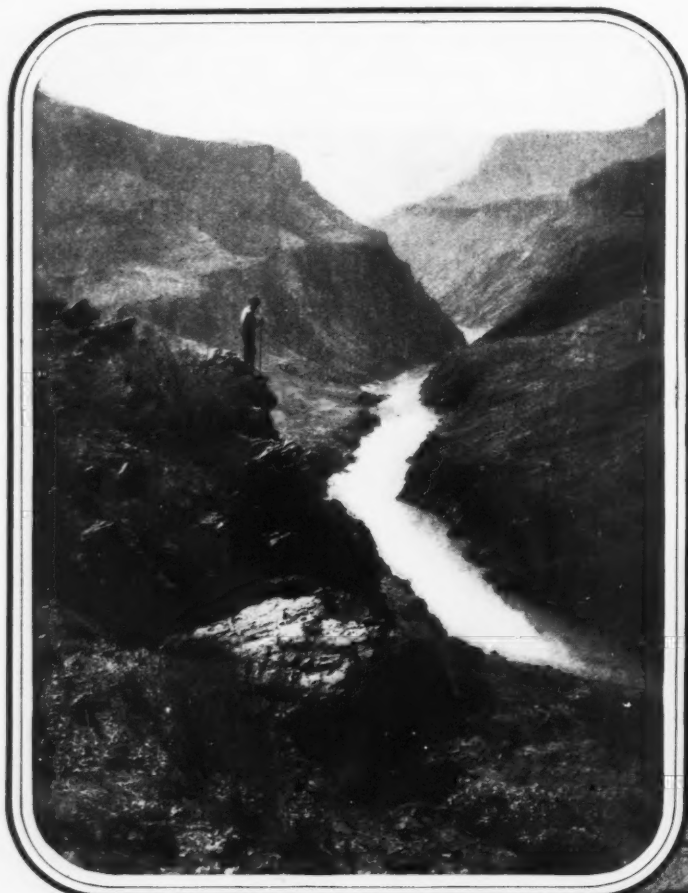
"Why, a cougar is scared of his own shadow," Ambrose said positively. "Of course, if one licked your hand, it'd scratch, because his tongue's rough. But they're gentle as dogs—they got good hearts—and this trip is just what you boys need. It'll rest you and tone you up. You bring a camera and an operator, and I'll attend to the other

eager to enter, and so, after a deal of discussion, it was arranged that I should go along as a sort of protective measure. Even then, Ambrose was not altogether easy in his mind, for he said:

"I've seen fellers miss 'em cold. There won't be no time to pin a target on the lion's chest, you understand. If you shoot one of us, he'll get away."

"Spoil the picture, too," Fred declared.

I agreed that the point was well taken; then I argued, reasonably enough, that if I became so nervous as to miss the cougar entirely, I would doubtless miss either or both of the ropers as well, and no harm would be done. If, on the other hand, but one man climbed the tree, instead of two, that in



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLF BRON.

Looking up the Grand Cañon from the edge above Bass's Ferry

arrangements. We'll sure have *one* time! And we'll rope cougars till we're plumb tired."

Here, at the start, arose a question. Fred, of course, is an expert roper—he can eat noodles with a lariat—and Means had demonstrated his ability to rope, throw, and hog-tie anything from a horned toad to a tornado. But as for me, I am no loop-hound—I couldn't rope a stack of elk-horns—hence the problem was just how and where I fitted into the expedition.

"I'll tell you what," Ambrose finally suggested, "Fred and I'll do the roping, and you can be the gunman. Of course, a cougar is a coward and a quitter all right, but if I go up a tree to tie a hemp four-in-hand under his chin, I want to be able to look down into the face of a friend with a thirty-thirty."

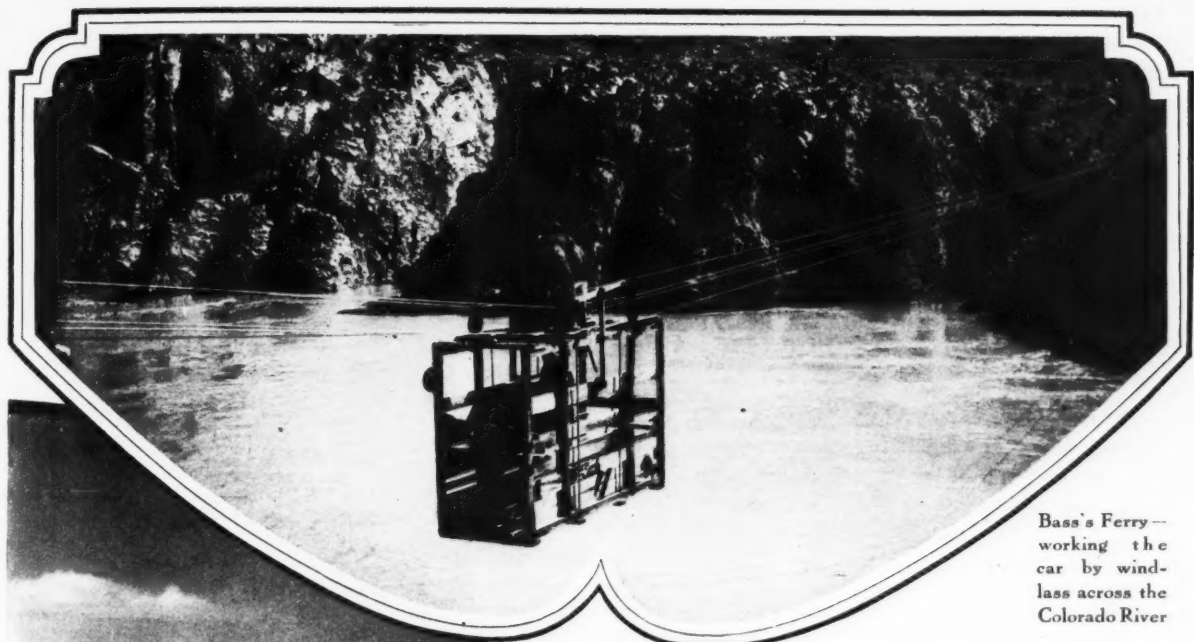
Fred allowed that such would doubtless be his own feelings under similar circumstances. He declared, too, that the presence of an armed escort would probably quiet the camera-man's nerves. Camera-men are notorious cowards, so he said.

I was prompt in my statement that if this enterprise threatened to become a competition in cowardice, I was



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLF BRON.

The Grand Cañon with the North Wall, the home of the cougar, in the far distance



Bass's Ferry —  
working the  
car by wind-  
lass across the  
Colorado River

itself would reduce the risk fifty per cent.—a simple problem in subtraction. Anyhow, I asserted, people who capture wild animals should expect to run some risks.

So much, then, for the why and the wherefore of this expedition, the detail, the disappointment, and the drama of which I have set out to narrate in a simple, conservative, and shameless fashion.

Ambrose met us on the date set when we stepped off the train at Grand Cañon, Arizona, and, for our part, we displayed to him a camera-man who, we had been assured, would stand without being hitched. This camera-man had never taken any wild-animal pictures; he had never been west of Newark in fact, but he had recently photographed several "movie" serials with famous female stars, and he looked forward with relief to meeting a cougar. In addition to him, our party had



The horse kicked himself free of the bars, slid head first out of the cage, and hanged himself high in mid-air



Dragging a pack-horse out of Shinumo Creek, with the aid of two other horses

grown to include Fred's brother and a tired business man from Chicago, both of whom had come along to see if we were really in earnest.

As a matter of fact, I was not. I had no more intention of roping a lion than had they, it being my desire to act purely in the capacity of a dispassionate witness. Likewise, I had my doubts about Fred.

"We can't cross here, like I planned," Ambrose announced. "There's too much water in Bright Angel Creek, so we'll go down the Bass Trail, twenty-five miles west. Uncle Jim's waiting on the other side with the dogs. Now then, shed your parade clothes and get into something decent. I'm r'arin' to go."

None of our party had seen the Grand Spasm of the Colorado. We had heard it highly spoken of, to be sure, but not until we strolled out in front of the El Tovar, and the thing hit us in the eye, did we begin to appreciate what sort of a job we had put upon ourselves—what it means to cross that amazing rift in the earth's surface. Without any exaggerated attempt at praise, without any hysterical effort to eulogize, I may say that it is some chasm, and we thought well of it. As chasms go, it's a bear. Personally, I don't like chasms—they're hollow and they're unsafe. In looking at a landscape, I prefer to see space occupied by tangible scenery of some sort; here was an appalling nothingness, a complete minus of everything except air, and one had to look too far down, too far across, to see anything. Nor do I wish to appear hypercritical, a fault common to so many New Yorkers, but honesty compels me to say there is nothing in the least homelike or cosy about the Grand Cañon and it is utterly



Fred Stone doing some of his expert lariat-whirling before the motion-picture camera



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOH BROWN

The fine forest country north of the Grand Cañon

devoid of even the simplest comforts. To anyone accustomed to mountains that stick up, there is something odd, something distressingly unusual about looking down upon a whole system of towering peaks. Those mountains you see below your feet are good sizable mountains and nothing to be ashamed of—in fact we'd be proud to claim them in the East, just to show up some of our old favorites—but Arizona hides them away in a hole! And cliffs!



You can look in every direction and see any number of fine, imposing cliffs wasted. It is criminal extravagance, and something should be done about it.

Facing us, from twelve to twenty miles distant as the crow would fly, if he had the nerve to tackle such a flight, stood the North Wall, our destination and the home of the cowardly cougar we had come to humiliate. It appeared to be a level mesa, somewhat higher than the seven-thousand-foot plateau where we were. That mesa deserves a word of description, for although vast numbers of tourists

times, all of which are more or less honored in the breach, especially by local Mormons. It is guarded from trespassers on the south by the titanic mile-deep void, formed as a consequence of the unprecedented behavior of the Colorado River. The river itself, by the way, is crossable in a length of over two hundred miles in but two places, and there only by the assistance of slender wire cables, totally unsuited to the average nervous temperament; hence there isn't much crowding from this direction. Toward the north, one may travel some hundreds of miles before striking a railroad; and to the east and west there is a lot of unimproved, vacant property, peopled mainly



annually gaze upon it, although last year a good many thousand people descended Bright Angel Trail as far

as the river, very few indeed have gone beyond and essayed the difficult ascent of the other side.

The country immediately north of the Cañon is a veritable wilderness and as inaccessible as any you will be likely to find. It is covered by a magnificent forest and a government restriction against hunting, trapping, plural marriages, and other primitive pas-



Dinner at the first camping-place. It was hot: there was sand in the butter

by tribes of warlike North American aborigines engaged in the manufacture of baskets, blankets, beadwork, and prehistoric pottery for Fred Harvey's line of curio stores. Frightful tales are told of Indian atrocities in these parts, and I know they are true, for I bought several.

This north bank of the Cañon is in reality the back-bone of the Buckskins—mountains which are aptly named, for every aborigine with whom I dickered for a genuine Hartford, Connecticut, (Continued on page 119)

# The Other Lobster

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by  
James Montgomery Flagg

THE Alsops and some of their guests sat on the steps of the sun-parlor (with their backs to the gentle reader) and smoked cigarettes and looked at the moon. The moon hung midway between two formal plantings of evergreens, as the architect had intended, and made a path of silver across the expanse of salt water which they had been planted to frame.

From the water came a sound of oars moving lazily in oar-locks, and then a solid bump as of a dory running head on into a padded float. Then there was silence. And then there came snatches of song. The singer's voice had passed its prime, but retained, amid the quaverings of age, a kind of sweet, deep-sea solidity. The tune must have been Irish once, and the words themselves smacked of immigration.

In Nantucket city,  
Where the girls are so pretty,  
'Twas there my sweet Almy I first got to know.

Through the streets broad and narrow,  
She wheeled a wheelbarrow,  
Crying: "Lobsters, young lobsters, alive, alive-o!"  
"Alive, alive-o!"  
"Alive, alive-o!"  
Crying, "Lobsters, young lobsters, alive, alive-o!"

To the reader, this song will undoubtedly suggest a romance between the singer and sweet Almy. To the Alsops, however, who were used to it, it suggested what it was meant to suggest—lobsters.

"It's old Storm," said Blair Alsop junior. "He's made a good haul. You can tell by the way he sings. Father, hadn't we better corral some of those young lobsters, march them into the kitchen, and have supper?"

Blair Alsop senior, who was a Roosevelt man, simply rose, clapped his hands together, and said:

"Bully! Bully!"

And then Blair junior cried,

"Come along, people; never mind if the grass is wet!"

But Mrs. Alsop caught him by the arm and retained him. When the others were out of hearing, Blair junior smiled in her face and said,

"Is it something you see, mother, or something you smell?"

"It has nothing to do with your habits. It's your manners."

"Well, Eric Windham isn't my guest—he's yours."



"It matters a great deal to me. I don't want

"Eric is going away to-morrow. Don't spoil his last evening. Keep out of the way."

"Where is he going when he leaves here?"

"Manila."

"Where is *she* going when *she* leaves here?"

"Paris."

"She belongs in California. California is on the way to Manila. Paris doesn't listen good to me."

With her folded fan, Mrs. Alsop rapped her son sharply over the knuckles.

"There's only one possible excuse for you," she said. "Are you in love with her?"

"Well, not before lunch," admitted Blair junior. "But toward sunset I find Mrs. Jordan perfectly fascinating. During the evening, she grows more and more beautiful. But she always goes to bed by eleven o'clock—ouch?"

He put his knuckles in his mouth and grinned.

"Be nice," said his mother. "Do it now! First, kiss me, and then run along and give Kitty Cabot a good time."

"You come, too."

"It would kill me, my dear. I am wearing a brand-new pair of slippers."

And she remained alone, looking at the moon.

## II

"THAT you, Eric? You *might* have let Sydney pack for you."

"I'm too used to doing it myself. Where is everybody?"

"Gone to buy fresh-caught lobsters."

"Supper to-night?"



to be a drag on anyone—least of all on you”

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

He spoke with the eagerness of a small boy, and she laughed. Then she motioned him to a seat beside her.

“Suppose,” she said, “I arrange a little supper for two and have it sent out here? Oh, not for you and me—for you and some one else!”

She rose briskly, like a girl in her teens, and descended the two broad steps to the turf.

“But,” he protested, “the grass is sopping wet, and you can’t walk in those tiny slippers.”

“Tiny? I like *that*! My feet literally rattle around in them.”

“Let me go for you.”

“If you will take an old woman’s advice, you will stay *here*.”

“All by myself?”

“All by yourself.”

“I appeal to your better feelings. . Don’t torment me.”

“She went up-stairs to write a note.”

Eric Windham gazed rapturously toward the upper stories of the house. Mrs. Alsop laughed.

“Now, don’t,” she pleaded, “say that you can almost hear her licking the stamp. Because you can’t.”

The young man sighed.

“How am I ever going to thank you for all you’ve done for me?”

“Has it come to thanks already?” she asked, with all the eagerness of a born match-maker.

“Not completely,” he admitted; “but it’s been so wonderful! The tennis, and the rides, and the swims, and the roses and the moon, and seeing her every day, and having a chance to tell her how wonderful she is and how good and beautiful!”

“Well, you invite her to have supper with you. Tell her how good and beautiful the lobsters are going to be. My dear,” Mrs. Alsop continued, smiling, “your mother was my

dearest friend. There is nothing I wouldn’t do for you. But marriage is a terribly serious thing. It’s a strong food. Very few people are able to digest it. Love isn’t everything. There’s money.”

Windham took a good look at the moon before he answered; then, with considerable emotion in his voice, he exclaimed:

“Oh, it makes me feel like a dog when I think how much money she has and how very little I have! But you know it isn’t her money, don’t you? I love her in spite of her money. I wish she didn’t have a red cent!”

“Well,” said Mrs. Alsop dryly, “it’s ridiculously easy to get rid of money if you find it’s a nuisance. But you can cross that bridge when you come to it.”

“Why, what do you mean?”

“You won’t find out from me.”

“She hasn’t had a financial disaster or anything like that?”

“She—well—not yet. And here she is!”

Mrs. Alsop hurried softly away in the moonlight.

### III

MRS. JORDAN pushed open the French window and strolled into the sun-parlor. Windham, his lips parted as if in wonder, neither moved nor spoke. He just stood

still and looked at her. She smiled her easy, friendly smile and said,

“Where’s everybody?”

“Oh,” cried Windham, “does it matter?”

“It *doesn’t* matter—if they stay there.”

At that encouragement, the young man sprang toward her, lifted his hands toward her, and came to an abrupt and confused pause.

“Are you w-warm enough?” he stammered.

“Quite,” said Mrs. Jordan dryly.

“Because,” said Windham, still confused but in great earnest, “we’re to have supper out here. Just you and I. I invite you. G-God has arranged the whole thing. But I issue the invitation.”

“But we only finished dinner an hour ago.”

“You say that because you are a Californian. Don’t you know that every free-born American has always room at all times for one broiled live lobster? And, besides, supper won’t be ready until—supper-time. Don’t you know, you poor, beautiful, ignorant Californian, that you can’t hurry a lobster into a kitchen? You can’t hustle him. You’ve got to persuade him to walk in. If you carry him in on a shutter, he’ll turn round and round and hustle *you*. He’s just the opposite of a good Indian. The only good lobster is a live lobster.” She looked at him with amusement and affection. He rattled on. “I’m crazy about your dress, even if it is pink. The lobsters will swear at it; but don’t *you* care. I know I’m talking like a crazy idiot, but there’s so much to say. It’s my last chance to be with you. This is our last evening together.”

“Then, of *course*,” cried Mrs. Jordan, “I’ll stay to supper!”

“Bless you!” he cried. “You are an angel! We—we’ll look at the moon and eat our last lobster together and——”



## The Other Lobster

"But I think I ought to have something to put round my shoulders."

Windham sprang to the bell-push at one side of the French window.

"But I won't leave you to get it," he explained, "or allow you to leave me. Every minute is precious—and so are you."

"Eric," she said, "sometimes I actually believe that you are in love with me."

"Do you see that moon up there?" cried Windham.

She looked at the moon—with the usual results. And it was at this exact moment that Hawke, the butler, arrived in answer to the bell, and cleared his throat.

Windham faced about and made a desperate effort not to look like a man who has just been caught with his arm round a pretty woman's waist and his cheek pressed against hers. He failed, and added to his failure by stammering,

"Hawke, Mrs. Jordan is c-c-cold."

Hawke had his doubts, but his expression did not change. Mrs. Jordan attempted to save the situation.

"I rang," she said coolly, "for a cloak; but I fancy I shan't need it."

Hawke choked a "Very good, madam" and turned hastily on his heel in an anguish of suppressed laughter.

In the center of the sun-parlor was a circular Italian table of carved stone. Across this table, two chairs faced each other. To one of these, pink with laughter and embarrassment, Mrs. Jordan drifted and into it sank.

"You," she said, "had better sit over there."

Windham, obedient but protesting, sat down on the chair opposite. For a few moments they gazed at each other in silence. Then Windham said,

"I can't live without you."

"Perhaps," she answered gently, "you won't have to."

Windham started from his chair as if he had been shot, but on a gesture from Mrs. Jordan sank back.

"A widow," she said, "isn't the only thing that I am. I am also an orphan. There's nobody to look after me."

"That needn't be true!"

"And so, in a sense, I have to be my own father and mother. A moment ago, when you were going to kiss me for the second time—you were, you know!—I said to myself, speaking for myself: 'Good! I like it.' But as my father and mother, speaking to myself, I said, 'No, Dolly; wait a bit.'"

Windham laid a thin platinum watch face upward on the table.

"Did your parents mention any exact time-limit?"

"The person you are now talking to," she said demurely, "is my father. You will imagine that having on sundry occasions observed your attentions to his daughter, and hers to you (for that matter and in order to be strictly honest), he has just asked you your intentions."

Windham rose and leaned forward, resting his knuckles on the table.

"Quite right, sir," he said. "Of course you would want to know. I love your daughter with all my heart, and I think she likes me, and I want to marry her, and—"

"One moment—Dolly has confessed that she cares for you."

"O my God!" cried Windham.

"Won't you sit down?"

He reseated himself, trembling.

"We will grant, then," she continued, "that you think you care for each other. Now, I need not point out to you, Mr. Windham, that the modern young woman is a recklessly extravagant brute. Are you able to support a wife?"

"I have ten thousand a year."

"I didn't ask you if you would be able to feed the chickens; I asked you if you were able to support a wife."

"I have a very rich uncle. I am his only nephew. Unfortunately, he is two years younger than I am—"

"You are on your way to Manila?"

"To grow hemp. There's millions in it."

"Dolly wouldn't like to live in Manila."

"Then," said Windham wildly, "I'll grow the hemp in Newport or Palm Beach."

"You have ten thousand a year. You are twenty-six years old. I am twenty-two."

"Then your daughter Dolly must still be in the cradle."

"I forgot which I was. Well, Dolly has a little money of her own."

"I know that."

"You know nothing about it. Between you, if you were wise and really loved each other, you might have enough to live on. Have you any bad habits?"

"Yes," confessed Windham: "I have. When there's going to be a thunder-storm, I itch all over, and when I have a cold in my head, I sleep on my back, and when I was little I used to bite my nails, but mother sewed up the sleeves of my pajamas."

"Do you smoke?"

"Well, not every minute," he protested, with an air of superiority, "the way some people do!"

"Do you drink?"

"Only when I'm unhappy, or when I feel as if I might be going to be unhappy."

There was a short pause, and she then addressed him a question with real seriousness.

"Is there any reason why you shouldn't marry my daughter?"

"Why, no," he said, with even greater seriousness; "there is no reason."

Then, across the table, she gave him both her hands to hold.

A sudden blending of male and female voices rose in the moonlight and came nearer and nearer.

In Nantucket City,

Where the girls are so pretty,

'Twas there my sweet Almy I first got to know.

Through the streets broad and narrow,

She wheeled a wheelbarrow.

Crying: "Lobsters, young lobsters, alive, alive-o!"

"Alive, alive-o!"

"Alive, alive-o!"

Crying, "Lobsters, young lobsters, alive, alive-o!"

As the Alsops and their guests rounded the corner of the house, Eric Windham released Mrs. Jordan's hands and rose to his feet. Under his breath he murmured resentfully, "The lobsters!"

"Oho," cried Blair Alsop senior, "we're going to have the finest supper you ever ate! In all my born days, I never saw a cleaner, evenner lot of lobsters. There's not a one under six inches, and there's not a one over seven. If you'll believe me, Mrs. Jordan, they were lively as kittens—really engaging and playful. We escorted them to the kitchen door. Old Storm carried them in a basket, and we followed, two and two, singing. Do you mean to say you didn't hear us? We sang the trio from Chopin's funeral march. Then, to be sure they were still alive, Storm let them out of the basket and we made them walk by themselves into the kitchen. Didn't you hear us singing the 'Miserere'?"

But, at this point, Blair junior interrupted his loquacious parent.

"They'll be putting them into the boiling water," he said. "Don't you think Kitty and I had better go into the music-room and play the 'Danse Macabre'?"

Windham laughed perfunctorily. Mrs. Jordan laughed in the same way. Mrs. Alsop came to their rescue.

"I think," said she, "we'd all better go into the house. There's a chill out here."

"It isn't a chill," said Blair junior; "it's an awkward silence. Come, Kitty; we know who wants us and who doesn't."

But Alsop and his wife lingered, Alsop perplexed.

"Aren't we all going to have supper out here?"



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

It was at this exact moment that Hawke, the butler, arrived in answer to the bell



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Why," he cried, "it's the nicest thing I ever heard of! My dear children—bless you—bless you!"

"You never listen," said his wife.

"I don't have to. I'm a corporation lawyer. What's wrong with everybody having supper out here?"

Mrs. Jordan came forward, smiling, and took one of her host's big red hands in both hers.

"Dear Mr. Alsop," she said, "it's our last night together—Eric's and mine. Mrs. Alsop said we could have our supper together out here—just we two."

Alsop looked rapidly from one to the other. His face beamed.

"Why," he cried, "it's the nicest thing I ever heard of! My dear children—bless you—bless you! Is it a secret? No? Then I may tell the others."

And he rushed off, partly because he was embarrassed and partly because he loved to be the one who makes exciting announcements.

"I'm going, too, my dear," said Mrs. Alsop, "in just a moment. I'm sorry they all came down on you like this; but I couldn't make them understand. My dear, I am so glad—so—so—"

"Dear Mrs. Alsop," said Mrs. Jordan, "you are white as a sheet."

"It's my slippers," groaned Mrs. Alsop, and she turned and limped gallantly toward the French window, waving a hand in adieu and in benediction.

#### IV

ONCE more they faced each other across the Italian table. But the table had changed. It was spread with a linen cloth. It was set with silver and cut glass. At Mrs. Jordan's right was a cocktail-glass, containing an olive-stone. A similar glass containing a similar well-nibbled trophy was at Windham's left. Near the toe of his right boot was a massive Sheffield-plate cooler. In the midst of this was a bottle, tip-sily tilted, and supported by cracked ice and salt. A small napkin had been thrown over the mouth of the bottle, just as you hide the face of a person who is having fits. And the bottle, as a matter of fact, was foaming at the mouth.

In front of Windham, handy to serve from, was a large platter red with lobsters.

"Eric," said Mrs. Jordan, "when I told you about Dolly—I mean *me*—only having a little money of her own, I told the truth."

"Good!" said Windham, relishing a mouthful of champagne, vintage of '80. "Good! That's fine! What does that matter!"

"It matters a great deal to me. I don't want to be a drag on anyone—least of all on you."

"If I had known that you were poor, Dolly, I'd have proposed the first time I saw you. But they told me you were as rich as Croesus, and that scared me so that I didn't propose until I just couldn't help it. What were they driving at, anyway? And to frighten me like that! I bet it was that young Blair Alsop!"

"It was true. It is true. But the irony of it is that it won't be true. You've never asked me about my marriage—"

"I never shall. All I want to be sure of is that your husband is still dead!"

"Eric," said Mrs. Jordan, "I married him for his money."

"What ought I to say?"

"I was very young," she went on; "I'm only twenty-two now. I was very vain and foolish and ignorant. I was jealous of girls who had horses and automobiles and all the clothes they wanted. He was old enough to have been my father. He was rolling in money. And, one night, I was wearing the only new dress I could have for months, and a footman spilled claret soup on it, and in my despair—literally in my despair, Eric—I made up my mind that I would marry Jordan—'Old Man' Jordan, they called him."

Windham poured champagne into her glass, and then he pointed at the moon:

"What," said he, "has this to do with *that*?"

"I was coming to that," said Mrs. Jordan. "To our honeymoon—"

Windham frowned as if something was hurting him.

"Don't come to that," he said. "Please don't!"

"I must," she said. "We were to spend our honeymoon at Monterey. There was a special train waiting. We arrived in time for dinner. Jordan was very particular about food. We dined at the club-house, and then we went for a spin round the seventeen-mile drive—moonlight, just like this, and cedar trees more beautiful than these, and the ocean—but, oh, Eric, what a difference! I wished myself dead—dead! On the way back to the hotel—"

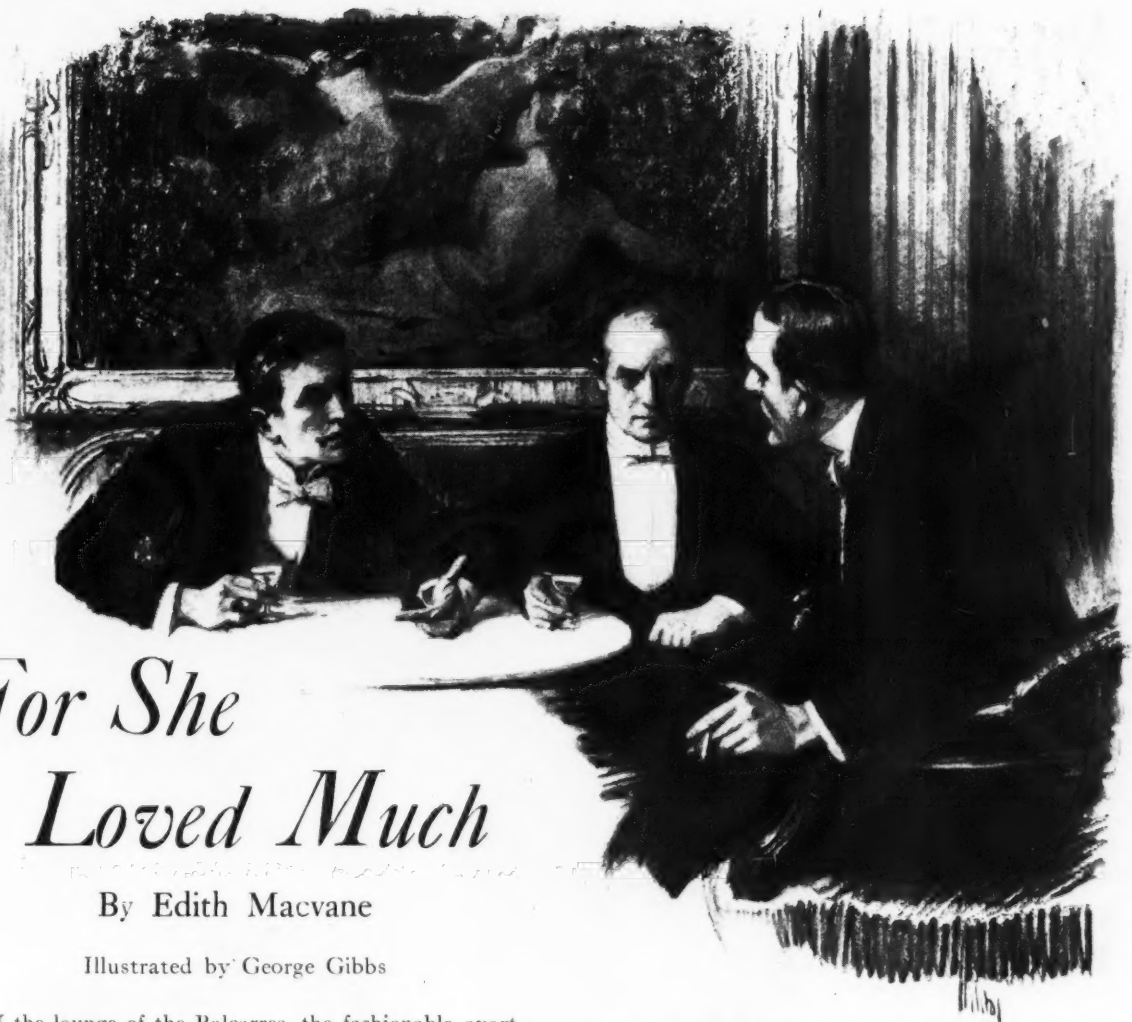
The young man interrupted her almost angrily.

"It's all past and done with!" he cried. "I don't want to hear any more."

She liked his show of anger, and almost in a whisper she said:

"But you *do* want to hear more— (Continued on page 106)"





# For She Loved Much

By Edith Macvane

Illustrated by George Gibbs

IN the lounge of the Balcarres, the fashionable apartment-hotel on East Sixty-first Street, three men sat sipping their dry Martinis. McGrew said,

"I'm three thousand in to-day—building-property out in Brooklyn that I'd never even hoped to get rid of."

"And I'm a thousand out," returned Brundidge. He was a tall, dark, melancholy-looking man, the millionaire proprietor of the Balcarres and a chain of other prosperous hotels. He set his glass down on the table beside him; then he added: "My brother Charley out in Jersey—the best ever! It was he that helped give me my start—only, he hasn't been lucky, like me. And now, if he hasn't gone and got appendicitis—a bad case. They're to operate on him at eight o'clock. His wife is to call me up at ten, to tell me how he's stood it."

His preoccupation was evident. The third member of the group, Wetmore, a large, powerful-looking man with a bulldog jaw, nodded agreement.

"I know," he said. "Operations are nasty things. Why, I remember when my wife—" He was off. On the flood of detailed reminiscence, the voice of a daintily uniformed parlour-maid suddenly broke.

"I beg your pardon, sir. But Mrs. Brundidge has telephoned she and the other ladies are detained at the meeting and for the gentlemen not to wait dinner for them."

Brundidge surveyed the speaker sharply. Though for the Balcarres, as for his other hotels, he now left all practical details in the hands of an efficient manager, still his highly trained eye kept its habit of observation.

"You're new?" he asked the girl abruptly.

"I'm the noo maid for suites Twelve, Fourteen, and Fifteen," she replied.

"I should think a fellow who had made three thousand dollars might find somebody to announce it to when he comes home!"

"It was Callie who waited on Mrs. Brundidge lately," returned Brundidge, with a frown. "Has Mr. Page shifted her?" The girl flushed.

"Did—didn't you know, sir?" she stammered. "Callie's in trouble—that is, she's not well. That is, Mr. Page has decided to send her off—"

Brundidge dismissed the maid with a curt nod.

"That'll do. I'll hear about it from Mr. Page. Well, shall we go into dinner without the girls?" And he turned, with a kind of forced jocularity, to the other two men.

Wetmore scowled.

"See here: I don't know what you fellows think, but this is the third time this week that my wife's left me to dine alone. Of course, I know a mere man doesn't count for much beside the great game of woman's suffrage. But still, when a chap has been grinding away at the same old job all day, he does like a trifle of attention paid him when he comes home in the evening."

McGrew, whose sharp little face was darkened by brooding anger, broke out in a sudden sputter.

"I should think a fellow who had made three thousand dollars might find somebody to announce it to when he comes home!"

"Call this 'home'?" returned Brundidge, with a tinge of bitterness, as he waved his hand to indicate the harmonious, impersonal luxury of the long room where they sat.

"Well, it's your hotel," returned little McGraw belligerently. "It's you, and other fellows like you, who, by

## For She Loved Much

supplying these 'luxurious modern caravansaries,' as you call 'em, have let the rest of us in for this kind of life."

"I never planned to live in them myself," returned Brundidge gloomily, as he rose to his feet.

"Then why do you?" growled Wetmore.

"For the same reason that the rest of you do—because my wife finds it too much trouble to keep house."

"And if we struck at going down to the office in the morning!" snapped McGrew. He had returned home highly elated with his three thousand dollars, and was correspondingly cast down at not having the chance to announce his success to his pretty, young wife. Then he added savagely: "If the women strike at their job, why shouldn't the men strike at theirs? What right have they to expect us to maintain a home if they don't give us a home to maintain?"

"You two fellows come over to my table," suggested Brundidge, as they entered the brightly lighted, gray-and-gold dining-room. At the glittering, flower-decked little tables, innumerable groups of faultlessly attired diners had already begun their meal. In response to a brief command from Brundidge, a waiter set a third place at their table. The three men seated themselves in silence. The missing feminine presences brooded with a depressing influence over the group. Not one of them but had on frequent occasions telephoned his wife that business detained him at the office, and had then gone on his way rejoicing. But when the day's weariness and the homing instinct had brought him back to the nest to find that the hen had flown, the male sense of justice in each one was outraged, his sentiments were bruised. The oyster cocktails were consumed in silence. Then McGrew began again abruptly:

"And it's a suffrage meeting they're at. Women's rights! Good Lord, what more do they want? And what'll be left for us when they have it?"

No response was forthcoming. The conversation dragged. Suddenly, McGrew broke out peevishly:

"This noise of forks! This eating always to the racket of two hundred-odd other forks, tink-a-linking against their plates! That's what I hoped to get away from when I married. But—" He stopped short, as though afraid to say too much. Wetmore uttered a short laugh.

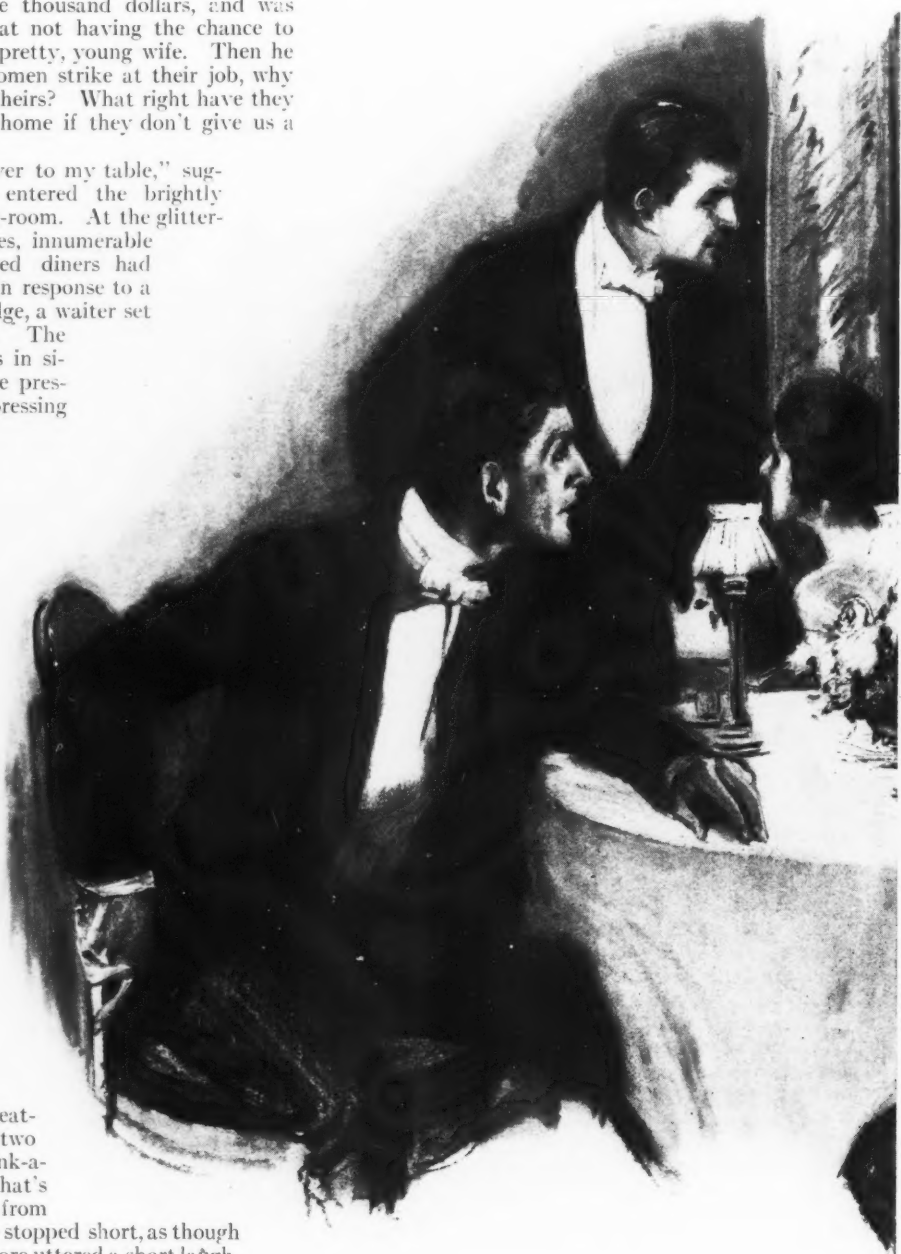
"Then why don't you?"

"For the same reason that you don't," returned McGrew defiantly.

"It's true," complained Wetmore, "this hotel life is too confoundedly perfect. It gets on one's nerves. It's all managed by experts. It's they that are the bosses—not me. Hang it, a man sometimes wants to run his own shack for himself, doesn't he? To whistle around the house in his shirt-sleeves with a hammer and a pocket full of nails, and knock up handy shelves for the kids to keep their skates and things on—"

"The kids!" McGrew interrupted gruffly. "Gosh—it reconciles a man to not having any of his own when he looks at a sight like that." And he indicated a juvenile dinner-party at a near-by table—the mincing, self-conscious airs of the girls, the affected swagger of the little imitation men who were their escorts.

Wetmore, a heavy, slow-moving, slow-speaking man, placed his two elbows on the table and ruminated as it were aloud.



"Here they are, our three good old scouts!" cried a clear, table, were suddenly enveloped by the fluttering.

"Well, what are you going to do about it? A man wants his sons, doesn't he? To deny the basic fact of children is to deny life itself. And if you don't want to bring them up in hotels, what'll you do about it? The women don't want to keep house."

"Well, they don't want to have children, either; so that

problem is settled even before it's proposed," rapped out McGrew sharply. As a matter of fact, the marriages of all three men were childless, though McGrew had been married three years, the others ten and fifteen.

Brundidge, who had remained almost silent at table, raised his handsome, rather melancholy head, and said slowly:

"My brother Charley out at Nutley—he that's being operated on now—he has three of the nicest young ones

fever to go down till they can operate, what do you suppose that kid has been doing? I tell you it got under my skin." He stopped short. It was evident that he was deeply moved. He went on, half hesitating: "Charley's a very sick man. They're afraid to give him morphine before the chloroform—well, what do you suppose is the one thing that'll soothe down the delirium and keep him quiet in his bed? It's Florine, singing 'Bonnie Doon.' The piano's

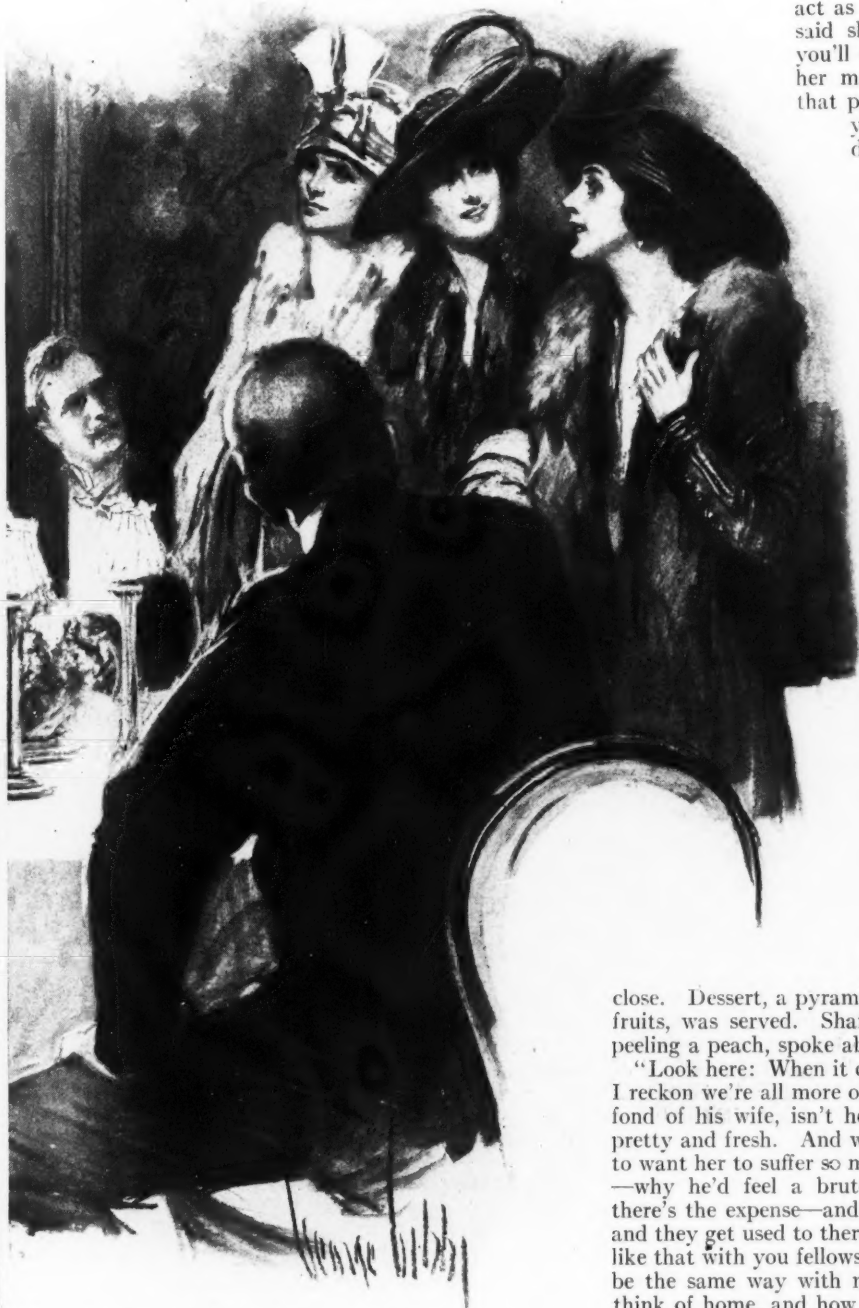
right under his bedroom; so the walls act as a sounding-board. So the doctor said she'd better keep it up. And if you'll believe me, Julie tells me—that's her mother—that that kid has sat at that piano and sung for her father all yesterday and last night and all to-day again. When he falls asleep, she'll lie down on the sofa and rest, but only when her mother gives her Bible oath to wake her up directly her father gets restless again. Say, if you could have seen that kid as I saw her to-day, white as a little ghost, with one little brother bringing her hot listerine and water to gargle her poor throat, and the other rubbing one of her arms for her while she kept it up on the piano with the other, and all the time singing, singing away in her little hoarse voice about the birds and flowers and things—singing against time for Charley's life—"

With a sharply drawn, long breath, the speaker stopped short. Then, with a resolute imitation of his usual dawdling manner, he resumed:

"Those conceited young cubs at that decorated table over yonder—they're one side of this kid business. Florrie's the other. Jove! I couldn't help wondering what must it feel like to have a pretty, fresh, little thing like that, who cares so much about your old carcass that she'll do for you what Florrie's doing for her father!"

The dinner was drawing to a close. Dessert, a pyramid of exquisitely tinted California fruits, was served. Sharp-faced little McGrew, carefully peeling a peach, spoke abruptly.

"Look here: When it comes to this race-suicide business, I reckon we're all more or less in the same boat. A man's fond of his wife, isn't he? He likes to keep her looking pretty and fresh. And when she cries, and says he's cruel to want her to suffer so much pain, and maybe lose her life—why he'd feel a brute to insist, wouldn't he? Then there's the expense—and everything. So the years go on, and they get used to there being no family. It's happened like that with you fellows, and I have a hunch it's going to be the same way with me. But, just the same, when I think of home, and how mother used to put father's slippers before the fire and apples to roast on the fender the way he liked them—and then, the minute his key clicked in the front door, the whoop us kids would give, all six of us seeing which could get there and give him the first hug. It must have been nice for him to come home like that, instead of the way we-all came home this evening—it must have been kind of nice, after all." He snapped his coffee-cup down on its saucer, and went on, with a sudden snarl: "If we're all disgruntled, let's own the truth. We're



high-toned voice. And the three men, rising from the glittering, perfumed aureole of feminine presences

you ever saw. There's the oldest, Florrie, who's just fourteen—she's a regular little corker. Until the trained nurse came, she's taken turns with her mother, sitting up at night with her father—she's regularly crazy about her dad. And now these last two days that he's got so bad and the surgeons have got him under ice, waiting for the



## For She Loved Much

three deserted husbands. Husbands! Not exactly that, either. We're not bachelors any more—*that's* jolly certain! But if you call us married men—well, just what does marriage, as the modern American woman has reduced it, offer to the man? No home, no children—" The speaker jumped to his feet. "By Jove, I'm about getting to the end of my rope! You fellows coming to smoke a cigar?"

"Here they are, our three good old scouts!" cried a clear, high-toned voice. And the three men, rising from the table, were suddenly enveloped by the fluttering, glittering, perfumed aureole of feminine presences.

"No, no; don't bother over us—we took a bite together at the club after leaving the meeting—a glorious meeting! But Grace deserves the credit—it was she that did it all."

Grace Wetmore demurred. She was a dark, solidly built woman in magnificent sables, above which rose a Greek profile with an energetic chin. Her beautifully made-up face, whose rippling curves were not so much those of youth as of the beauty-expert, was just now flushed by unusual excitement.

"Oh, no, darling! All I did was to telephone all over town and get the quorum together. But tell your news, Lily; tell your news!"

"Lily's too modest," put in the breathless voice of little Adelaide McGrew; "so I'll tell it for her. Just think, boys! Lily's been elected president of the New York chapter. That means she'll have control of the whole movement from Staten Island to the Bronx. She'll lead the parade in June, mounted on horseback—she rides so splendidly—"

"But what I like best," put in the crystalline, decided tones of Lily Brundidge herself, "is that now I'll be in a position to push through my new rest-home for my working girls. No; I don't care for any coffee. Let's all go to the lounge. That reminds me, Phil, I have something to speak to you about."

Mrs. Brundidge was a tall, glowing, magnificent creature, with something of the flying grace of an Atalanta in her supple figure and in her radiant, eagerly-lifted profile. From the brilliant figure she made, the suggestion of tenderness was curiously missing. But for her slender, well-preserved throat, and for the faint lines that barely showed at the corners of her beautiful brown eyes, she might have been some magnificent young man dressed in woman's clothes for college theatricals. It was evident that the woman's business about which she had been occupied had stirred her to the very depths of her nature, leaving place for nothing else. With an enigmatic, slightly melancholy smile curling the edges of his well-cut lips, her husband obediently followed the group back into the lounge.

It was deserted. The greater part of the married couples living in the hotel departed instantly after dinner to escape, in dancing or in theatergoing, the boredom of a domestic evening. The three women filled it with the clamor of their high-pitched, excited voices, discussing the important events of the afternoon. It was plain that the emotional nature of each one found its vent, its culminating expression, in the seething struggles and rivalries of their own feminine world. The three men, sitting disregardedly sucking their cigars, were to pay the bills and get what satisfaction they could from the brilliant figures cut by their wives. For the rest, these three women, like all others of their kind, would have indignantly repudiated the idea that they were anything but exemplary wives. Had one of them ever bestowed a glance on another man?

The ages of the world have waited for America, with its plethoric riches and hard-working, indulgent, preoccupied manhood, to produce their type—brilliant birds without song, richly blossoming flowers without scent, lovely female shapes without the heart of womanhood.

Little Adelaide McGrew—a fair, fluffy, rose-leaf blonde—prattled incessantly of the afternoon's thrilling events. It was evident that her volatile and childish nature was com-

pletely dominated by that magnificent ruler of women, Lily Brundidge. She hung on the latter's words, expatiated on her success.

Her husband, meanwhile, sat by as disregarded as a father might expect to be in the presence of his daughter's lover. He made, however, a manful attempt to secure his wife's attention by the channel which experience had shown him to be most effective.

"Addie, listen: I sold those building-lots out in Brooklyn to-day—three thousand dollars velvet—"

"Oh Lily, do you hear that? I'm so glad! Now I can pay my year's subscription in a lump, and come across decently for your home. And, oh, Harry, if you want to be a regular darling, you'll let me have that little electric brougham and a French maid of my own."

"That reminds me," cut in the silvery, decided tones of Mrs. Brundidge. "I have something to speak to you about, Phil. That girl Callie—the maid for our suite. She must be got rid of at once. I spoke to Mr. Page about her this morning."

Brundidge looked up. An enigmatic spark flashed in his dark eyes. In the private relations of his domestic life, he was as docile as most American husbands, but interference with anything that related to his business provoked his immediate resentment. Picking up the little telephone from the table beside him, he spoke briefly into it.

"Give me Mr. Page. Is this Page? Send the maid Callie here at once, please—and kindly remember for the future that no discharging of the help takes place until I have personally looked into the matter."

"But, my dear Phil," cried his wife, in the patient, superior tones with which one reasons with a rebellious child, "you don't seem to understand! There's no need for making a scene. You can take my word for it—the girl's an out-an-out bad lot—"

Little Adelaide McGrew struck into the conversation with her babyish, lisping drawl.

"What I hate about women who act like Callie is that they're traitors to their sex in this very era of the world when the rest of us are struggling so hard for woman's emancipation. They cheapen the value of womanhood right along the line. There's a verse somewhere—I don't know if I can quote it right—"

"O wasteful woman, she who might  
On her own sweet self set the price.  
How has she cheapened paradise,  
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine!"

"Adelaide is right!" declared Lily, in her clear, ringing tones. "In former times, her sin was one merely against the moral law; now it's against all womanhood itself. If weak wretches like Callie are content to 'sell cheap what is most dear,' how are the rest of us to hold our value high?"

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that," growled Wetmore under his breath; "you modern women know well how to keep your current value well above par!"

A black-and-white figure appeared in the doorway and advanced with wavering step toward the group. Then, pausing with down-bent head before Brundidge, the newcomer addressed him in faltering tones.

"You sent for me, sir?"

Brundidge raised his eyes. Beneath the airy conventional cap of the stylish parlor-maid, he saw a shallow, angular face, whose irregular lineaments were reddened with weeping. She was of a type separated by centuries of evolution from the highly polished, perfectly controlled members of the same species and sex before whom she stood. Here was the primitive woman, a creature ruled not by intellect but by instinct, capable of sublime self-sacrifice or of every crime in the decalogue, according as the influences exercised on her were for good or for ill.

"I sent for you, Callie," returned Brundidge, with his impersonal business manner, "to know what's this about Mr. Page sending you away."



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Is this true, Callie?" asked Brundidge sternly. She bobbed her head in a scared nod.  
"I can't tell you, sir. That is, it wouldn't be no use"

## For She Loved Much

"If you please, sir"—the words were punctuated with great gasps, and the red hands tortured the filmy scrap of an apron till they almost rent it in two—"if you please, sir, that's what Mr. Page said. But I wanted to ask you, sir, since you're so good—you see it'll be a bad thing for me gettin' sacked this way in the middle of winter without any character. I can't get high-class hotel work again 'thout a reference, an' I'll have to take up general housework in low-class boarding-houses, an' I ain't strong enough. I broke down when I tried it once before. So, sir, I wanted to ask—if you wouldn't be so kind and let me go away for a month—a month'll be enough, even three weeks—an' then I'll come back an' everything'll go on all right. I always did my work satisfactory, sir—you c'n ask Mr. Page—just a month's leave, sir, or even three weeks, that's all I ask!"

In a frenzy of agonized pleading that rendered her oblivious to all her audience except her employer himself, Callie clung to the chair-back by which she stood. There was not one of her hearers, of course, who did not perfectly well understand for what privilege she so passionately begged. Brundidge looked at her fixedly. Something in his gaze caused the sudden tears to spring from the girl's eyes.

"It's terrible, ain't it, sir," she said wildly. "But what else c'n a workin' girl do?"

Mrs. Brundidge cut in with her crisp, delicate accents.

"This conversation is getting a trifle—medical, don't you think?" she remarked coldly. "But if we're to take up this girl's case, it seems to me that our first duty of all is to regularize her situation. The man must be found and forced to marry her. But here, Mr. Page tells me, is the difficulty. She refuses stubbornly to disclose her lover's name."

"Is this true, Callie?" asked Brundidge sternly.

She bobbed her head in a scared nod. Then the words burst from her.

"I can't tell you, sir. That is, it wouldn't be no use. It would on'y be ruinin' two instead o' one. You see he—he's a janitor. He'd marry me to-morrow, but they want a single man. The fellow before him lost his place 'cause he got married. And if *he* lost his place, all through me, what'd he do? He's new to the city, an' he's like me—he ain't real strong. He hurt his back once in a grain-elevator, an' he can't take up heavy work. No; I'll stick it out by myself. I'm the one that's done wrong, 'cause I was raised right. But he was so lonely and kind o' patient—an' he felt so terrible bad that he couldn't seem to get a chance to get married—an' we loved each other so——"

Her failing voice trailed away in the mounting sobs. She turned away toward the door, a tragic, defeated figure.

"I'm—I'm sorry to 'a' bothered you," she murmured brokenly. "Good-by."

Brundidge lifted his hand.

"Callie!"

She turned with the eyes of a scared animal. Brundidge spoke rapidly.

"Go right off and telephone this fellow of yours. Tell him to scare up a priest the first thing to-morrow morning. He can resign his janitorship. I'll find him another place—in one of my country hotels, probably."

"Oh, sir," gasped the girl, "I think this is heaven and you are God! Excuse me, sir; I'll go right off and telephone." And stumbling dizzily, sustaining her unsteady steps by the furniture, she groped her way to the door.

With a nonchalant gesture, Brundidge lit a cigarette. Silence lay thick upon the group. Lily Brundidge rose and stood before her husband. Scorn and resentment sparkled in her large brown eyes.

(Continued on page 126)



For the first time in her glitteringly successful life, the regal woman knew the humiliating emotion of jealousy. She quivered and cowered while Brundidge continued to telephone





## *Like as Two Peas*

**T**HE DOLLY SISTERS—Roszika and Jancsi—have, it is rumored, at last felt the appeal of the silent drama. This will mean much to the devotee of the moving picture, for than these famous twins it would be hard to find two more charming or graceful young women among the present ornaments of the American stage.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 536 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



**G**RACE VALENTINE plays in "Lombardi Ltd." the amusing part of a young woman whose ideas of life, derived from "movie" thrillers, are shattered when she gets work as a manikin in a man dressmaker's establishment. The rôle is admirably suited to this clever comédienne, who, last season, made a big hit in "Johnny Get Your Gun."



**C**LARA JOEL, in that screaming farce-comedy, "Business Before Pleasure," plays the rôle of a photo-play vampire, who, however, is of a most domestic nature, and longs for a vine-covered cottage and the pleasures of raising chickens and ducks, all of which she luckily obtains when she marries a scenario writer of similar tastes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS





## *Polly with a Future*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARND

**I**NA CLAIRE'S entrance into straight comedy has been one of the most interesting events of the present theatrical season. The success of her debut as a comédienne in "Polly With a Past" gives promise that she will quickly win in a higher region of dramatic art the nation-wide popularity that was hers as a clever mimic.

# Camilla

*A Novel of Divorce*

By Elizabeth Robins

*Author of "My Little Sister," etc.*

Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball

CAMILLA TRENHOLME, an American living in London, the divorced wife of Leroy Trenholme, while touring the Alps meets Lady St. Amant (Alice), who, with a companion, is in the company of Lord Harborough. Alice's brother, Michael Nancarrow, joins them. Michael had met Camilla some years before while tarpon-fishing in Florida, where she had spent much of her time since early childhood. Mrs. Trenholme and her English friends return home together, and it is evident that Michael is in love with Camilla.

The question of admitting her into the Nancarrow family circle is somewhat difficult, for the mother, Mrs. Nancarrow, has all the prejudices of her class, but permission to invite Camilla to Nancarrow Hall, the family estate in Cumberland, is finally obtained after Alice tells her mother that her new American friend is wealthy and a widow.

When Camilla arrives, she finds many of the family. Besides the mother and Michael, there are Mrs. George Nancarrow (Nelly), wife of the elder son, a colonel serving in India; her children, of whom the oldest are Tony, Blanche, and Sue; Lady St. Amant and her daughters, Diana, Marjory, and Peggy. Also there is Alec Fairbairn, Tony's tutor, who appears to be in love with Diana.

Camilla makes herself instantly popular, especially with the young people, and all goes well until Mrs. Nancarrow learns from another American, Mrs. Jardine, who is dining at the house, that Camilla is a *divorcée*. After a somewhat unpleasant scene, in which Mrs. Nancarrow accuses her guest of deceiving her, Camilla returns to London, but she had, before the mother's discovery, promised Michael to become his wife.

## VI

### MICHAEL'S AMBASSADRESS

**S**HE has certainly just come in or just gone out. I saw the motor drive away." Lady St. Amant brushed past the butler and ran up-stairs.

Camilla, in her hat and furs, was passing the drawing-room door on the way up to her bedroom. She stood like a person arrested in flight, but her face said nothing.

"My dear!" Alice flew to embrace her. "How white you are, poor darling!"

Camilla returned the kiss and gently disengaged herself.

"When did you see me anything but white?"

"Now, now—you're not to stiffen your spine as if you thought I was Michael's ambassadress." The only answer was the opening of the drawing-room door. "Michael didn't ask me to come."

Camilla threw her stole over the back of a chair.

"I never thought he had."

"Oh, as to that, would it be so unnatural?"

"For Michael? Very, I should say."

Camilla's proprietary air augured well. Alice smiled as she sat down and drew off her gloves.

"Anyway, I'm here on my own," she said, with the ease of her slang. "But, all the same, I can't have you breaking Michael's heart." She waited. "He's coming to London to-night. You'll see him? You won't keep him waiting?"



She leaned over once more, torn between hesitation and a longing for flight

"I'm going out," said Camilla awkwardly.

Alice smiled. A ruse of Camilla's was always so ridiculously transparent.

"To dine?"

"And to 'Tannhäuser.'"

"Oh! Anybody staying here?"

"N—not at the moment. But I'm expecting——"

"Where Michael will be staying, I don't know," Alice interrupted. "I'm to ring him up at the club and tell him—tell him where I'll be. Are you having tea soon?"

Camilla's eyes went to the clock. She seemed about to point out the early hour. Then, with apologetic haste:

"But of course! You're tired after that journey." She rang the bell.

"Such a brute of a day! What were you doing out in the rain?"

"Matching silks." She undid a little parcel.

"Pure restlessness, I know. You Americans are as much afraid of getting wet as any cat. Partly your clothes, I suppose. When the footman comes back, do you mind saying you're not at home? Till six, anyway, unless"—Alice brought in her main point, postscript-wise—"unless

Lionel should come." Camilla gave her a quick look.

"I'm not expecting Lord Harborough," she said.

"Oh, see here! I know you're not very happy yourself, but it isn't like you to make that a reason for being disagreeable."

"I could bear being what you call 'disagreeable.'"

What I don't like is seeming to interfere in—"

She broke off and turned to the fire. Alice was on her feet.

"What is it, dearest?" The two stood shoulder to shoulder, looking into the blaze.

"Tell me."

"I—thought"—the words came out heavily—"when I saw you and your husband together at Nancarrow, I was sure you had made it up with him."

"Made it up! We've never fallen out."

"You mean—he still has no idea!"

"On the contrary, he has a very clear idea."

Camilla's gaze widened.

"How long has he known?"

"Oh, for years!"

"Tears?" She swallowed her astonishment. "You mean he doesn't mind?"

"What he can't help? No. Richard is very sensible."

Camilla left the fire and went over to the window. The rain fell heavily. Alice spoke in an undertone to the footman who brought in the tea.

"Yes, m'lady."

Camilla turned from the gray world outside, hesitated a moment with knitted brows, and then took her place by the tea-urn. Alice had already possessed herself of a roll of bread and butter. She smiled over it at her friend.

"I thought you and Lord Harborough had only just found each other," said Camilla. "That you'd be coming home to get a divorce."

"Oh, *did* you?" With her little air of smiling superiority, Alice set the issue firmly on one side. "Whatever the reason was, you were a great dear. Lionel quite loves you. If it were anybody but you, I'd be jealous."

But Camilla's anxious gravity was beyond the reach of blandishment.

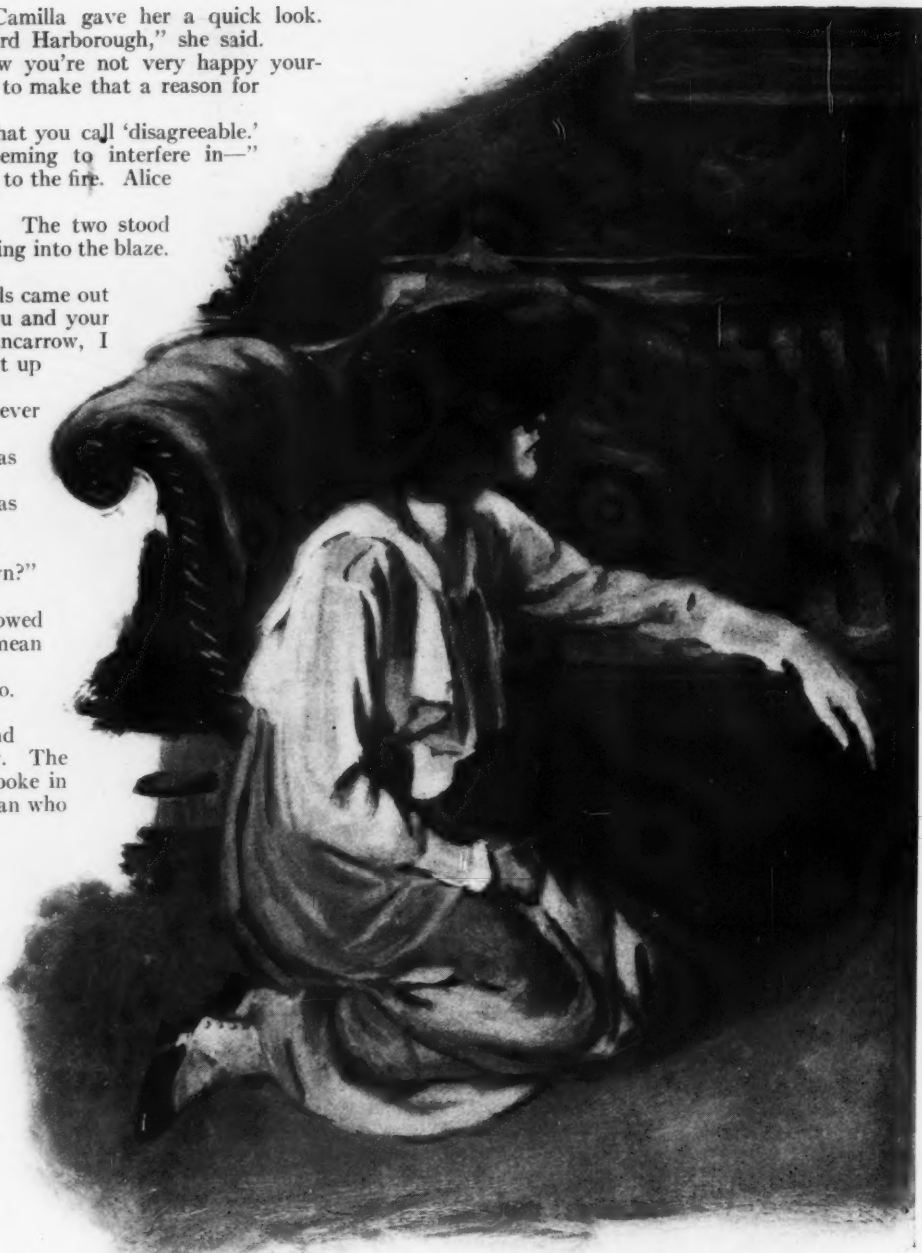
"Your love-story *did* catch hold of me. Most of all, I think, because you weren't young—"

"Thank you, darling!" A peal of good-humored laughter filled the room. And when her sobering came, it came as though at the prompting of affectionate solicitude. Her cheerful concern was not, you would say, in the remotest degree for herself. It was all for Camilla.

And indeed, Camilla, palpably struggling to clear away the closer gathering mists, presented a somewhat humorous picture to the lucid and fearless mind.

"I'd been thinking for six years that everything was over for me—"

"From the ripe age of twenty-two!" Alice threw in.



"Darling Camilla! As I look back over the months we've

"And then I saw that you—yes; you gave me a feeling—Oh, this life must be a richer, hopefulest thing, when a woman could find—what you'd found, after forty. It made me feel less old."

"I seem to have been as unexplained to you as you were to me. After all"—Alice waved her hand as if to put these trifles behind them—"there isn't any general belief more unfounded—is there, dearest?—than that women tell one another their every thought."

"We don't seem to have," Camilla agreed moodily.

"Of course you haven't!" Again Alice airily shifted the burden. "Very few do, if they've anything worth telling."

Was this an invitation to leave the mystery where it was? Would Alice have been franker to one of her own compatriots? Camilla drew back, agape before the old familiar pit. She was *useful*.





known one another. I see you now clearly for the first time"

"What are you looking like that for?" Alice's patience was wearing thin. "Do be reasonable. You know why I couldn't talk as openly as I might have liked. It wasn't as if I'd been you, a perfectly free woman. Yet, even you—did you ever tell me about your husband?"

"Well, you know now," said Camilla quickly.

"What do I know?"

"The main thing." She turned her head away. "The only thing that concerns other people."

"Exactly. You've told me only what you couldn't keep." In the pause, Alice realized the conversation was slipping back into acrimony. That wasn't at all what she had come for. She put out her hand and closed it over Camilla's. "It's partly my fault. I made you think I was more self-centered than I am. I've often quite longed to ask you—things. What was he like—your husband?"

Camilla pushed away her untasted cup.

"I'm no good at describing people." She got up and took a piece of embroidery out of a work-table.

Alice watched her laying the new silks against the old.

"I'm sure of one thing: He was horrid."

"Horrid?"

"Yes; or else you wouldn't have let him go."

"He wasn't the least horrid. Anything *but*—" She checked herself, and bent her head again over the silks.

Alice stared at the averted profile.

"You didn't want to divorce him?"

"No."

"Then why, in heaven's name, did you do it? Really, now?"

"I've told you."

"No; only why he wanted the divorce. Not why you agreed."

"I wouldn't at first."

"What made you in the end?"

"Because," she said, with her simpleton look, "he made such a point of it."

"He!" Alice St. Amant gasped. "He made such a p—" She broke into a peal of laughter. "Really, you *are*—how any man could part with such a priceless creature—"

Camilla sat down on the sofa and began to untwist a skein of silk. Alice crouched on the floor close to her.

"Forgive me, darling!" Alice gathered herself together and wiped her eyes. "Camilla, I adore you! Don't punish my levity. The fact is, your kind of calmness has the odd effect of making me a little hysterical. Look! I'm crying quite as much as I'm laughing. It's wonderful to have such a power as you have of setting yourself and thinking yourself into some one else. No wonder Michael worships you. Darling Camilla! As I look back over the months we've known one another, I see you now clearly for the first time. And what I see is, you are the most unselfish person I've ever known."

"You were never more mistaken in your life. I didn't know what I was about when I—did what Leroy wanted."

"Didn't you understand he meant to marry the other woman?"

"I'm not thinking," Camilla said, with a passion that belied her, "not thinking about any other woman. I'm thinking about me. I didn't know how bad it was going to be."

"You mean what you've lost socially?"

She seemed not to hear.

"If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't."

"Wouldn't have divorced him!"

"No. *That's* how unselfish I am."

Alice pursed her lips; very nearly she whistled. Then her mouth widened again to an impish laugh.

"In short, the trouble with both our husbands seems to

be they're too bright and good for human nature's daily food." She bent to look into the averted face. No ghost of an answering smile there. "Oh dear," she sighed for the thousandth time at Camilla's blindness to the *vis comica*, "I expect you said that just to make me think losing Michael would be quite a secondary thing. Stiff upper lip, eh?" Camilla's little gesture seemed more fatigue than denial. She leaned her head on the back of the sofa. "Yes," Alice went on; "that's why you sit there trying to persuade yourself that 'if you'd known.' Well, listen to me: You *haven't* lost Michael!"

Out of the pause, Camilla's voice seemed to come from far away.

"I told Leroy last spring——"

"You keep on *meeting!*" Alice sat up.

"Only that once. We had to settle some business about a will. It was at the American consulate. I told him then if I had it to do over, I wouldn't."

Alice stared at the desolate white face.

"I hadn't a notion you minded so. I used to wonder why a woman like you submitted to such a life. Of course, living alone like that, you kept going over the past." Alice leaned forward with ill-suppressed eagerness. "And that's what I really came for. To cheer you on."

"To cheer me?" said the other, with unlit gloom.

"Yes, you dear person." She sat on the sofa and put an arm round Camilla. "And to tell you I'd stand by you." The dark eyes turned on her, wondering. "It will be much simpler for you," Alice went on eagerly, "Oh, *much* simpler than it's been for me! You see, you've got everything in your favor and no responsibilities."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"About you and Michael, of course."

Camilla sat rigid. "There's no reason on earth why you and Michael shouldn't see as much of one another as ever you like."

"Just as you and Lord Harborough do?"

Camilla asked, after a pause.

"Oh, much more easily than poor Lionel and me. Nobody has the smallest right to haul you over the coals. If anybody dared to, you could afford to snap your fingers. All that money, no children, and no—well, an American."

Camilla got up, looking stupidly in front of her, and all the colored silks slipped down to the floor. Alice rose, too. But for Camilla's impassive face, Alice would have gone more warily. But Camilla's looks gave you no warning. In the absence of finger-posts, Alice rushed on.

"Heavens! What wouldn't many a woman give to be in your shoes! More than anybody I've ever known, you're your own mistress—" She stopped short as she met Camilla's gaze. What on earth was the matter?

"Yes; my *own* mistress," Camilla said.

For the first time, Alice looked at her friend uneasily. But Camilla, still with that misleading quietness, went on, after the slightest possible pause,

"Did you tell Peters to bring Lord Harborough up if he came?"

"Yes." Not Camilla, something in the air carried chill.

"Surely you don't mind, dearest?"

"I—am—afraid—I—do."

"What's happened?" Alice demanded, with sudden sharpness. "What's different?"

"When he used to come before, I didn't understand——"

"Understand what, in heaven's name?"

"I didn't understand"—she found the words with difficulty—"that you weren't going through with it."

"God bless me, we *have* gone through with it! As far as—

as far as circumstances allow." In the pause, Camilla stood motionless. "You stand there and tell me that, after everything, you don't want Lionel to come here?"

"I'm sorry; I don't want to hurt your feelings."

Alice's eyes glinted.

"Has it occurred to you that if you won't have Lionel, you mightn't have me?"

"Yes," Camilla said dully; "that has occurred to me."

Actually she was accepting the alternative!

"Perhaps you haven't realized that doing without me might mean doing without Michael?"

"Yes; I know how you all hold together."



The door opened.

"Lord Harborough!" Peters announced.

Alice went to meet him with all her practised ease untarnished.

"How nice and prompt of you, Lionel! Camilla!"—she turned her head—"you'll find Camilla just a little out of sorts."

"How do you do?" the hostess nodded.

"I'm not going to tell you what she's been saying, because I think she'll be glad I didn't by and by."

Instead of going forward to meet Harborough, Camilla had made her way out through the folding doors into the back drawing-room. Anything that wore less the look of turning a man out of your house was never done. She realized that as she paused after the doors were shut, hesitating where to take herself. That shamefaced "How

do you do?" as she glided past seemed to put her alone in the wrong. Instead of turning him out, she had turned herself out.

Through the closed doors, she heard the hum of pleasant voices. They were in no hurry to go. Yet she dared not so much as seek refuge in her bedroom for fear of running into those two as she passed their door. Their door! They would be so sure at the critical moment to come out of it. She looked cautiously into the hall. It would be safer,

bent, writing a note on the back of his pocketbook. Michael came to — She turned and fled, noiseless, up four or five steps. Those others up there! She stopped again. Perhaps Michael had already seen her. She leaned over once more, torn between hesitation and a longing for flight.

Still he stood there with his head bent, quietly writing. He looked a different breed from Alice. Was he as different in mind as he was in feature?

What had he come for? A wave of shame swept her as she remembered Alice's plan. Had he, indeed, come for that? As he turned the half-sheet he was writing on, he lifted his eyes.

"Camilla!" The face lit up. Could a man look like that who — "This is a piece of luck!" He slipped off his wet coat while she hastened down, saying, breathless,

"I can't let you stay—not now!"

"What's the matter?" He followed as she backed toward the tapestry-room. "I simply must speak to you a minute."

"Sh! Speak low." She glanced anxiously up the stairs.

"Of course I won't stay but a minute now, as you've got people here—"

"You know who."

"How should I?"

"Aren't you expecting a message at your club?"

"Message? No." He swept the enigma aside. "Camilla"—she watched him with wary eyes—"you didn't really think I'd let you go forever, just because we're old-fashioned people at Nancarrow, and don't take instantly to new ways?"

"What new ways?" she demanded.

He never troubled to answer.

"You'll see. It will all come right, once we are married."

"Married?"

He laughed his low, delicious laugh.

"I think I mentioned the word before. Dear—" His

breath was on her face. She half closed her eyes with a sense of exquisite faintness. But she opened them suddenly and again looked up the stair.

"I couldn't," she whispered. "Don't you know you'd feel it dreadfully, going against

your mother and your brother and everybody?"

"I don't think about that at all."

"Yes; I was afraid so," she said sadly.

"Does anybody, when he's being caught up to paradise, keep thinking about the earth?"

"We have to think." She seemed to admonish herself.

"Exactly. We are going to think about being married."

"I—I can't say to-night."

"You must say to-night—or, rather, you needn't."

"Oh, I needn't!"

"Needn't say it over, because you've said it once."



"Who is this fellow?" Michael whispered. "A friend of Alice's—from the Russian embassy"

she decided, to go down. The little tapestry-room—yes! As she fled down the stair, she caught sight of luggage in the lower hall. She stopped and leaned over the banisters. Could it be? Yes; Alice's monogram. She had meant to stay. Alice's plans had very much gone agley! Just beyond the pile of luggage—whose feet were those? She was about to speak Peters' name, but she could hear Peters at the telephone. She leaned farther out over the banister. A man in a mackintosh—Michael! His head



"What did I say?" She joined her hands with an effect of wringing them. "Did I say I loved you?"

He put his happy face near hers.

"No—icicle! But you said you'd marry me. I shall melt you afterward—or I'll break you into little shining bits." He had taken her by her slender wrists and was drawing her to him.

Voices on the landing above. She slid out of his hold, backed into the tapestry-room, and shut a noiseless door between them.

## VII

### THE CHAFING-DISH SUPPER

WHEN he entered Camilla's box in the *entr'acte*, it seemed to be as full already as it could hold. She gave him her eyes over irrelevant shoulders, and he was content to wait. His reward was to hear her, in the face of much persuasion, refuse to keep what she declared was only a semipromise to "go on" to a supper-party. They convicted her of caprice; they bantered; an eager young woman positively bullied.

"Do you not know," said a foreign gentleman, with a Tatar or even Kalmuck cast of face, "do you not know that when Mrs. Trenholme looks like that, it is hopeless?"

"If she had any reason!" complained a young woman in the "all-round" tiara, rows of gems round her neck, and diamond brooches stuck at random over the front of her bodice. The ill-natured had been known to say that Mrs. Trenholme recognized how good a foil for her simplicity was Judith Kinglake's barbaric splendor.

Nancarrow's eyes went from box to box and then back to Camilla. The truth was she had the knack of making most women look overdressed. As two of the men at the back passed out into the foyer, others crowded in. All the occupants of the box were standing, greeting acquaintances, praising or objugating the performers, laughing, buzzing. Overall, Judith Kinglake's tiara, and her diamond-hard voice:

"You might, at least, invent some excuse. At three o'clock you were quite pleased with my plan. The question is: What's happened since three o'clock?"

Nancarrow at last had made his way to Camilla's hand.

"If they don't let you alone," he threatened, smiling, "I'll tell them."

"Tell them what?" she returned, a little startled.

"Tell them what's happened since three o'clock."

Camilla sat down in her corner again and opened the case of her opera-glass. The foreigner with the flat nose and high cheek-bones bent down to whisper something. He seemed not to be thinking of what he was saying but of what he was looking at. Out of a swathe of black gauze, Camilla's shoulders rose white as ocean foam against the darkness of storm-gathered seaweed. Slowly the Russian's heavy eyes crawled over her.

"There is a draft with that door open," Nancarrow said. "Won't you have your cloak?" Without waiting for her opinion or consent, "I beg your pardon," he said to the other man. Before Prince Shubaloff realized what base advantage was to be taken of his politeness in giving way for a moment, the vision was wrapped from his sight in an ermine cloak. Having accomplished this with notable despatch, Nancarrow drew the chair, which the Russian had marked for his own, close to the lady's side and established himself in it. The two leaned over the front of the box and looked at the scene below.

"Who is this fellow?" Michael whispered.

"A friend of Alice's—from the Russian embassy."

"Well, I wish he'd go back there."

The tone was so unlike Nancarrow's that she asked, in a whisper, what was the matter.

"I'll tell you going home."

"Going home?"

"Yes; I suppose you know I'm going home with you."

"It will be very late——"

"Not too late for the rest of the party to go to supper."

"There won't be any supper at home."

"Oh, well, I can do without supper," he laughed.

Her eyes fell from his face. The lights went down; the first notes came up from the orchestra. He resigned his seat and made his way out, wondering.

Two hours later, she stood beside him at the windy entrance just inside the colonnade. In the glare of electric light, Camilla's dark head rose out of her ermine coat with a distinction due partly to the fact that she, alone among the clustered women, wore no veil or scarf. Yet the wind spared her. No wisps of hair blew out. On her part, none of the general clutching at flapping wraps and flying laces. Her clean outlines more than ever reminded Nancarrow of a head among the Pisanello coins he and she had lingered to look at that first night in the Varias' *salon de réception*.

"Here comes ours!"

When he turned on the curb to hand her into her car, he saw, to his surprise, that she had some one with her—a middle-aged woman, very stout.

Mrs. Trenholme gave the footman an address that wasn't her own. As the door slammed, "We can drop Mrs. Blake—Mr. Nancarrow," she threw in the introduction.

Mrs. Blake's gratitude and the reasons why her motor wasn't available filled the early part of the drive. The interloper's redundant proportions, filling the car, prolonged the sense of crowding. Michael left off, inwardly cursing, and fell to thanking God when the fat lady stepped out in the rain at her own door.

As he sank into the seat beside Camilla, "Now, why, in heaven's name, did you do that, most unaccountable of women?" And then he smiled triumphantly at the large admission wrung by silence. Under the ermine cloak his hand found a way to hers. The chill of it struck through her thin suede glove.

"How cold!" He brought it to his lips.

"Oh, colder still, if my coat isn't held tight." She drew her hand back and his followed after. The arm he had slipped under her elbow lay at her side. It was as if he had come close to some wild thing caught in a sudden captivity. The violence of that heart-beating made his own leap. Cold manner. Icy hand. And a heart going like this! He sat thrilled in the darkness.

"The car can take you home."

He thanked her absently. But it would be too late, he said.

"Not at all." That old formality came back into her voice as she sat up and grasped her cloak tighter in freed hands. He saw they were slowing in front of Mrs. Trenholme's door. "It can't be much after half-past eleven," she added.

"You don't mean you don't want me to come in?" He was too incredulous to be hurt.

"To-morrow—any time to-morrow."

Something in her voice reminded him of Alice's warning: "Don't frighten her. She's very American"—a warning which, at the time, had perplexed and even annoyed him. He wished now he hadn't so abruptly closed the conversation. What had Alice meant? Why should there be any pitfalls in dealing with a normal person, however desperately American? After all, he reflected, so far as there was anything in what Alice had said, it was no doubt a reference to the code by which your young American may lightly heartedly enough defy convention by living by herself and yet be far more circumspect in so doing than many a woman with belongings about. Other intimations, vague but coercive, came back to him.

"Very well, *cara mia*."

His quiet acceptance left her battling, not, as she had expected, with him but with her own disappointment.

She started as the footman appeared at the door.

"You haven't rung? That's right." The footman



DRAWN BY ALONSO KIMBALL

She drew her hand away and sat down. "Don't ever send me camellias, please." "No?" He opened his eyes. "You haven't any idea of the trouble I took. And they didn't please you?" "Not camellias. Anything, but camellias." She spoke with an odd, soft vehemence

opened an umbrella. It was all he could do to hold it against the wind. On the other side of the lady, Nancarrow, on the door-step, waited to unlock the door. She was still clutching her cloak with one hand. With the other, she felt under the folds for the chain that carried the latch-key.

"I can't *think*," she vented her nervousness, "why anybody who doesn't have to ever goes out on a blustering night like this. You mustn't wait there in the rain."

"Oh, the rain!" he laughed. "We English grumble, but other people take it more to heart."

As if to punish him, a gust of wind seized his tall hat and nearly got away with it.

"I'm not usually as stupid as this," she apologized, still fumbling.

The wind seemed to know that, in her excitement upon finding herself coming out of Covent Garden alone with the man she had fled from two days before, she had not stopped to do up the somewhat complicated fastening of her coat. As she worked at the chain, the coat blew open. It went flaring and bellying out behind its wearer. With both hands, Michael caught it.

"In another minute I shall break this miserable chain," she said, trying to disentangle the key from loops and cords and laces, and then, "No; I'll ring." It was for that the wind waited. "Oh, the gentleman's hat!" she called out in French. "Quick, François!"

The chauffeur leaped out from behind his steering-wheel and went careering down the street after a black object that rolled and bumped, skipped and collided, and rolled on again.

An electric light sprang up in the vestibule. The door stood open. Nancarrow, shading his eyes and looking down the street, was trying to follow the chase.

"Come in a moment and let Henry shut the door." She shivered as she slipped her coat off into the servant's hands, and explained what had happened. "When it comes, bring it in here."

Nancarrow followed her into the room she had shut him out of a few hours before. She bent over the fire, hands to the blaze.

"Ugh! The damp goes down into the marrow. Bring up a chair."

As he obeyed her, he took note of the small reading-table on the other side of the hearth. Under a shaded lamp sat the letters of the last post in a pile on top of the evening papers; on the other side of the lamp, a solitary glass of milk.

"Is that your supper?"

At his whimsical smile, she looked away (caught drinking milk like a baby!).

The footman entered and presented an object with a highly apologetic air. The object was wet; it was muddy; it was bent; it was dented.

Nancarrow leaned back in a fit of helpless laughter.

"Dan Leno would give his eyes for it," he said, as he held out his hand.

"You *can't*!" she protested, grave as the servant. "Not till it's been dried, anyway."

The footman hesitated.

"I've wiped it'm. We 'aven't got any fire that's 'ot except this."

"Put it down here, then. Wait! A newspaper." While she opened the *Westminster* and spread it over the low fender, "Bring a chafing-dish," she went on, speaking rather fast for her; "I'll do a Bombay duck—or cheese *fondue*, if there isn't anything else." Very gingerly she propped the hat on the fender.

A folding table was brought in and opened out.

"No; I'll light the spirit-lamp," Camilla interjected, as the servant, after putting down a large tray, stood hesitating. Her eye surveyed the table for any lack. "Oh, what shall we drink?" she asked her guest.

"Well, not milk," he answered firmly.

"As if I expected you to!" She ordered a bottle of Château Yquem. "And where is the bread?"

"Bread'm?"

"Yes; bread." She turned her head. "You wouldn't be happy I suppose unless you had toast."

"Oh, I'll be happy," Nancarrow assured her, "quite happy watching you over your witches' brew."

He had seen these chafing-dish rites performed more than once in this house. They still had for him not only an extraordinary fascination

but an effect of magic.

She had risen as the servant left the room and stood a moment surveying (Continued on page 137)



It was like another world. Camilla sighed happily as she lay down on the sofa drawn in front of the bedroom fire



# The Stimulant

*Henry Calverly puts the Power  
to practical use*

By Samuel Merwin

*Illustrated by*  
Howard Chandler Christy

MISS WOMBAST looked up from her desk in the Sunbury Public Library and beheld Henry Calverly, 3d. Then, with a slight fluttering of her pale, blue-veined eyelids and a compression of her thin lips, she looked down again and finished printing out a title on the catalogue-card before her.

For Henry Calverly was faintly disconcerting to her. Though it was only eleven o'clock, and a Tuesday, he was attired in a blue-serge coat, snow-white trousers, and (could she have seen through the desk) white stockings and shoes. His white "negligée" shirt was decorated at the neck, with a "four-in-hand" of shimmering foulard, blue and green. In his left hand was a rolled-up, creamy-white felt hat and the crook of a thin bamboo stick. With his right he fussed at the fringe on his upper lip. Behind his nose-glasses and their pendant silk cord his face was sober. There was a furrow between his blond eyebrows. He had the air of a youth who wants earnestly to concentrate without knowing quite how.

Miss Wombast was a distinctly "literary" person. She read Meredith, Balzac, de Maupassant, Flaubert, Zola, and Howells. She was living her way into the developing later manner of Henry James (this was the middle 'Nineties). She talked, on occasion, with an icy enthusiasm that many honest folk found irritating, of Stevenson's style and of Walter Pater.

It was Miss Wombast's habit to look in her books for complete identification of the living characters she met. She studied all of them, coolly, critically, at boarding-house and library. Naturally, when a living individual refused to take his place among her gallery of book-types, she was puzzled. One such was Henry Calverly.

She had known something of his checkered career in high school, where he had directed the glee club, founded and edited the *Boys' Journal*, written a rather bright one-act play for the junior class. Indeed, the village in general had been mildly aware of Henry. He had stood out. Miss Wombast herself had sung a modest alto in the "Iolanthe" chorus, two years back, under Henry's direction, and had found him impersonally, ingenuously masterful, and a subtly pleasing factor in her thought-world. He had made a success of that job. The big men of the village gave him a dinner and a purse of gold. After all which, his mother had died; he had run, apparently, through his gifts and his earnings, and had settled down to a curiously petty reporting job, trotting up and down Simpson Street collecting useless little items for the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury*. Other young fellows of twenty either went to college or started laying the foundation of a regular job in Chicago. Yet here was Henry, who had stood out, working half-heartedly at the sort of job you associated with the off-time of poor students, dressing altogether too conspicuously, wasting hours—day-times, when a young fellow ought to be working—with this



"He didn't hear me.  
He's still at it"

girl and that. For a long time it had been the Caldwell girl. Lately, she had seen him with that strikingly pretty—but, she felt, rather "physical"—young singer who was visiting the gifted but whispered-about Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson, of lower Chestnut Avenue. Name of Doge, or Doag, or something like that.

Henry himself had been whispered about. Very recently. He had been seen at Hoffmann's Garden, up the shore, with a vulgar young woman in extremely tight bloomers. Of the working-girl type. Had her out on a tandem. Drinking beer.

In Miss Wombast's book-types there was no one who said "Yeah" and "Gotta," and spoke with the crude if honest throat-"r" of the Middle West, and went with nice girls and vulgar girls, and carried that silly cane and wore the sillier mustache; who had, or had had, gifts of creation and command, yet now, month in, month out, hung about Donovan's soda-fountain; who never smoked and, apart from the Hoffmann's Garden incident, wasn't known to drink, and who, despite the massed evidence, gave out an impression of earnest endeavor—even of moral purpose.

Had she known him better, Miss Wombast would have found herself the more puzzled. For Miss Wombast, despite her rather complicated reading, still clung in some measure to the moralistic teachings of her youth, believing that people either had what she thought of as "character" or else didn't have it, that people were either industrious or lazy, bright or stupid, vulgar or nice. Therefore, the fact that Henry, while still wrecking his stomach with fountain-drinks and (a recently acquired habit) with lemon-meringue pie between meals, had not touched candy for two years—not a chocolate cream, not even a gum-drop!—and this by sheer force of character, would have been confusing. And to read his thoughts, as he stood there before her desk, would have carried her confusion on into bewilderment. Mostly, these thoughts had to do with money and bordered on the desperate. Tentative little schemes for getting money—even a few dollars—were forming and dissolving rapidly in his mind.

He was concerned because his sudden little flirtation with

## The Stimulant

Corinne Doag, after a flashing start, had lost its glow. Only the preceding evening. He hadn't held her interest. The thrill had gone. Which plunged him into moods and brought to his always unruly tongue the sarcastic words that made matters worse. He was lunching down there to-day—he and Humphrey Weaver—and dreaded it, with moments of a rather futile, flickering hope. Deep intuition informed him that the one sure solution was money. You couldn't get on with a girl without it. Just about so far; then things dragged. And this, of course, brought him, round the circle, back to the main topic.

He was thinking about his clothes. They, at least, should move Corinne. Along with the mustache, the cane, the cord on his glasses. He didn't see how people could help being a little impressed. Miss Wombast, even, who didn't matter. It seemed to him that she *was* impressed.

He was wondering, with the dread that the prospect of mental effort always roused in him, how on earth he was ever to write three whole columns about the Annual Business Men's Picnic of the preceding afternoon, describing, in humorous yet friendly detail, the three-legged race, the ball-game between the fats and the leans, the dinner in the grove, the concert by Foote's full band of twenty pieces, the purse given to Charlie Waterhouse as the most popular man on Simpson Street. He had a thick wad of notes up at the rooms, but his heart was not in the laborious task of expanding them. He knew precisely what old man Boice expected of him—plenty of "personal mention" for all the advertisers, giving space for space. Each day that he put it off would make the task harder. If he didn't have the complete story in by Thursday night, Humphrey Weaver would skin him alive; yet here it was Wednesday morning, and he was planning to spend as much of the day as possible with the increasingly unresponsive Corinne. Life was difficult.

Yes; it was as well that Miss Wombast couldn't read his thoughts. She wouldn't have known how to interpret them. She hadn't the capacity to understand the wide, swift stream of feeling down which an imaginative boy floats all but rudderless into manhood. She couldn't know of his pitifully inadequate little attempts to shape a course, to catch this breeze and that, even to square around and breast the current of life.

Henry said politely:

"Good-morning, Miss Wombast. I just looked in for the notes of new books."

"Oh," she replied quickly, "I'm sorry you troubled. Mr. Boice asked me to mail it to the office at the end of the month. I just sent it—this morning."

She saw his face fall. He mumbled something that sounded like: "Oh, all right! Doesn't matter." For a

moment he stood waving his stick in jerky, aimless little circles. Then went off down the stairs.

On his way back to the office, Henry encountered the ponderous person of old Boice—six feet an inch and a half, head sunk a little between the shoulders, thick yellowish white whiskers waving down over a black bow tie, and a spotted, roundly protruding vest, a heavy old watch-chain with insignia of a fraternal order hanging as a charm, inscrutable, washed-out blue eyes in a deeply lined but nearly expressionless face. Such was Norton P. Boice, owner and titular editor of the *Voice*, postmaster these six or seven years, dispenser of the petty Republican patronage, a good deal of a figure along Simpson Street during a long generation. Henry stopped short, stared at his employer. Mr. Boice did not stop.

Henry was thinking: "Old crook! Wish I had a paper of my own here and I'd get back at him. Run him out of town, that's what!" And after he had nodded and rushed by, his color mounting: "Like to know why I should work

my head off just to make money for him. No sense in that!"

Henry came moodily into the *Voice* office, dropped down at his ink-stained, littered table behind the railing, and sighed twice. He picked up a pencil and fell to outlining ink spots.

The sighs were directed at Humphrey Weaver, the untitled editor and Henry's friend, who sat bent over the roll-top desk by the pressroom door, cob pipe in mouth, writing very rapidly.

Humphrey spoke without looking up.

"Don't let that Business Men's Picnic get away from you, Hen. Really ought to be getting it in type now."

Henry sighed again, let his pencil fall on the table, gazed heavily, helplessly at the wall.

"Old man say anything to you about the 'Library Notes'?"

Humphrey glanced up and removed his pipe. His swarthy long face wrinkled thoughtfully.

"Yes; just now. He's going to have Miss Wombast send 'em in direct every month."

"And I don't have 'em any more."

Humphrey considered this fact.

"It doesn't amount to very much, Hen."

"Oh, no—works out about sixty cents to a dollar. It ain't that altogether—it's the principle. I'm getting tired of it."

The pressroom door was ajar. Humphrey reached out and closed it. Henry got out of his chair and sat on the edge of the table. His eyes brightened sharply. Emotion crept into his voice and shook it a little.

"Do you know what he's done to me—that old double-face? Took me in here two years ago at eight a week with



"Now—well—you see, I've about come to the conclusion that if the work I do ain't worth ten a week—well—"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"It must be all hours. What on earth will Mildred think?" "Let her think," said Henry, close to her ear, and again there was silence



## The Stimulant

a promise of nine if I suited. Well, I did suit. But did I get the nine? Not until I'd rowed and begged for seven months. A year of that, a lot more work— You know." Humphrey slowly nodded. "And I asked for ten a week. Would he give it? No! I knew I was worth more than that, so I offered to take space-rates instead. Then what does he do? You know, Hump. Been clipping me off, one thing after another, and piling on the proof and the office-work. Here's one thing more gone to-day. Last week my string was exactly seven dollars and forty-six cents. Darn it, it ain't fair! I can't live! I won't stand it! Gotta be ten a week or I—I'll find out why. Show-down."

Humphrey Weaver smoked and considered him. After a little, he remarked quietly:

"Look here, Hen: I don't like it any more than you do. I've seen what he was doing. I've tried to forestall him once or twice—"

"I know it, Hump." Henry was quite listless now. "He's a tricky old fox. If I only knew of something else I could do—or that we could do together—"

"But—this was what I was going to say—no matter how we feel, I'm going to be really in trouble if I don't get that picnic story pretty soon. Mr. Boice asked about it this morning."

Henry leaned against Mr. Boice's desk up by the window, dropped his chin into one hand.

"I'll do it, Hump. This afternoon. Or to-night. We're going down to Mildred's this noon, of course."

"That's part of what's bothering me. God knows how soon after that you'll break away from Corinne."

"Pretty darn soon," remarked Henry sullenly, "the way things are going now. I'll get at it, Hump. Honest, I will. But right now— You don't know how I feel. I couldn't!"

"Where you going now?"

"I don't know." He moved a hand weakly through the air. "Walk around. Gotta be by myself. Sorta think it out. This is one of the days—I been thinking—be twenty-one in November. Then I'll show him, and all the rest of 'em. Have a little money then. I'll show this hypocritical old town a few things—a few things—" His voice died to a mumble. He felt with limp fingers at his mustache.

"I'll be ready quarter or twenty minutes past twelve," Humphrey called after him, as he moved mournfully out to the street.

Mr. Boice moved heavily along, inclining his massive head, without a smile, to this acquaintance and that, and turned in at Schultz & Schwartz's.

The spectacle of Henry Calverly—in spotless white and blue, with the mustache and the stick—had irritated him. Deeply. A boy who couldn't earn eight dollars a week parading Simpson Street in that rig on a week-day morning! He felt strongly that Henry had no business sticking out that way above the village level. The conceited young chump! Ought to be chucked

into a factory somewhere. Stoke a furnace. Carry boxes. Work with his hands. Get down to brass tacks and see if he had any stuff in him. Doubtful.

Mr. Boice made a low sound, a wheezy sound between a grunt and a hum, as he handed his hat to the black, muscular, bullet-headed grinning Pinkie Potter, who specialized in hats and shoes in Sunbury's leading barber shop.

He made another sound that was quite a grunt as he sank into the red-plush barber-chair of Heinie Schultz. His massive frame was clumsy, and the twinges of lumbago, varied by touches of neuritis, that had come steadily upon him since middle life added to the difficulties of moving it about. He always made these sounds.

Heinie Schultz, who was straw-colored, thin, listlessly patient (Bill Schwartz was the noisy, fat one) knew that the thick, yellowish gray hair was to be cut round in the back and the neck shaved beneath it. The beard was to be trimmed delicately, reverently—"not cut, just the rags taken off"—and combed out. Heinie had attended to this hair and beard for sixteen years.

A thin man of about thirty-five entered the shop, tossed his hat to Pinkie, and dropped into Bill Schwartz's chair next to the window. The newcomer had straight brown hair, worn a little long over ears and collar. His face was freckled, a little pinched, nervously alert. Behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, his small sharp eyes appeared to be darting this way and that, keen, penetrating through the ordinary comfortable surfaces of life.

This was Robert A. McGibbon, editor and proprietor of the *Sunbury Weekly Gleaner*. He had appeared in the





She was pressing her finger  
to her lips and shaking  
her head

village hardly six months back with a little money—enough, at least, to buy the presses, give a little for good-will, assume the rent and the few business debts that Nicholas Simms Godfrey had been able to contract before his health broke, and to pay his own board at the Wombast's on Filbert Avenue. His appearance in local journalism had created a new tension in the village.

Mr. Boice, when face to face with Robert A. McGibbon on the street, inclined his head to him as to others. But up and down the street, his barely expressed disapproval of the man was felt to have a root in feelings and traditions infinitely deeper than the mere natural antagonism to a fresh competitor in the local field.

For McGibbon was—the term was a new one that had caught the popular imagination and was worming swiftly into the American language—a “yellow” journalist. He had worked, he boasted openly, on a sensationally new daily in New York. In the once staid old *Gleaner*, he used bold-faced headings, touched with irritating acumen on scandal, assailed the ruling political triumvirate, and made the paper generally fascinating as well as irritating. As a result,

he was picking up subscribers rapidly. Advertising, of course, was another matter. And Boice had all the village and county printing.

The political triumvirate mentioned above was composed of Boice himself, Charles H. Waterhouse, town clerk, and Mr. Weston, of the Sunbury National Bank. For a decade, their rule had not been questioned along the street. The other really prominent men of Sunbury all had their business interests in Chicago, and, at that time, used the village merely for sleeping and as a point of departure for the very new golf-links.

The experience of withstanding vulgar attacks was new to the triumvirate (McGibbon referred to them always as the “Old Cinch”). The *Gleaner* had come out for annexation to Chicago. It demanded an audit of Charlie Waterhouse's town-accounts by a new, politically disinterested group. It accused the bank of withholding proper support from men of whom old Boice disapproved. It demanded a share of the village printing.

The “Old Cinch” were taking these attacks in silence, as beneath their notice. They took pains, however, in casual mention of the new force in town, to refer to him always as a “Democrat.” This damned him with many. He called himself an “Independent.” Which amused Charlie Waterhouse greatly. Everybody knew that a man who wasn't a decent Republican had to be a Democrat.

In the nature of things.”

And they were waiting for his money and his energy to give out—giving him, as Charlie Waterhouse jovially put it, “the rope to hang himself with.”

Bill Schwartz took McGibbon's spectacles, tucked the towel round his scrawny neck, lathered chin and cheeks, and seizing his head firmly in a strong right hand, turned it sidewise on the head-rest.

McGibbon lay there a moment, studying the yellowish white whiskers that waved upward above the towel in the next chair. Bill stopped his razor.

“How are you, Mr. Boice?” McGibbon observed, quite cheerfully.

Mr. Boice made a sound, raised his head an inch. Heinie promptly pushed it down.

“Quite a story you had last week about the musicale at Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson's.”

Mr. Boice lay motionless. What was up? Distinctly odd that either journal should be mentioned between them. Bad taste. He made another sound.

“Who wrote it?”

No answer.

“Henry Calverly?”

A grunt.

“Thought so.” McGibbon chuckled.

Mr. Boice twisted his head around, trying to see the fellow in the mirror. Heinie pulled it back.

“Got it here. Hand me my glasses, Bill, will you? Thanks.” McGibbon was sitting up, his face all lather, digging in his pocket. He produced a clipping. Read aloud, with gusto:

“Mme. Stelton's art has deepened and broadened appreciably since she last appeared in Sunbury. Always gifted with a splendid singing organ, always charming in personality and profoundly, rhythmi-

## The Stimulant

cally musical in temperament, she now has added a superstructure of technical authority which gives to each passage, whether bravura or pianissimo, a quality and distinction—

McGibbon was momentarily choked by his own almost noiseless laughter. Bill pushed his head down and went swiftly to work on his right cheek. Two other customers had come in.

"Great stuff that!" observed McGibbon cautiously, under the razor. "'Profoundly, rhythmically musical in temperament!'" "A superstructure of technical authority!" Great! Fine! That boy'll do something yet. Handled right. Wish he was working for me."

Mr. Boice, from whom sounds had been coming for several moments, now raised his voice.

"Well," he roared, huskily, "what in thunder's the matter with that?"

Just then, Bill turned McGibbon's head the other way. He, too, raised his voice. But cheerfully.

"Nothing much. Nice lot o' words. Only, Mrs. Stelton wasn't at the musicale. Sprained her ankle in the Chicago station on the way out."

Bill Schwartz had a trumpetlike Prussian voice. The situation seemed to him to contain the elements of humor. He laughed boisterously. Heinie Schultz, more politic, tittered softly, shears against mouth. Pinkie Potter laughed convulsively and beat out an intricate ragtime tattoo on his bootblack's stand with his long whisk-broom.

It was Mr. Boice's fixed habit to go on toward noon to the post-office. To-day, he returned to the *Voice* office.

He seated himself at his desk for a quarter-hour, doing nothing. He had the faculty of sitting still, ruminating. Finally, he reached out for the two-foot rule that always lay on his desk and carefully measured a certain article in last week's paper. Then did a little figuring with a pencil.

He rose, moved toward the door, turned, and remarked to the wondering Humphrey:

"Take fifteen inches off Henry's string this week, Weaver. A dollar 'n' five cents. Be at the post-office if anybody wants me." And went out.

Humphrey himself measured Henry's article on the musicale. Old Boice had been accurate enough; it came to an even fifteen inches. Which, at seven cents an inch, would be one dollar and five cents.

When Henry reappeared and together they set out for lower Chestnut Avenue, Humphrey found he hadn't the heart to break this fresh disappointment to his friend. He decided to let it drift until the Saturday. Something might turn up.

Henry's mood had changed. He had left the office, an hour earlier, looking like a discouraged boy. Now he was serious, silent, hard to talk to. He seemed three years older. He was strung up. Plainly. He walked very fast, striding intently forward.

At Mrs. Henderson's, Henry was grave and curiously attractive. He had charm, no doubt of it—a sort of charm that women—older women—felt. Mildred Henderson distinctly played up to him. And Corinne, Humphrey noted, watched him now and then, the quietly observant keenness in her big dark eyes masked by her easy, lazy smile. An almost exuberantly pretty girl, Corinne. You felt her presence in a room.

Toward the close of luncheon, Henry's evident inner

tension showed signs of taking the form of gaiety. He acted like a young man wholly sure of himself. When they threw down their napkins and pushed back their chairs, he said, with an apparently easy arrogance back of his grin:

"Hump, you've got to be going back so soon we're going to give you and Mildred the living-room. We'll wash the dishes."

Humphrey noted the little quick snap of amusement in Mrs. Henderson's eyes (Henry had not before openly used her first name) and the almost demure, expressionless look that came over Corinne's face. Neither was displeased.

To Mrs. Henderson's "You'll do no such thing!" Henry responded smilingly:

"I won't be contradicted. Not to-day."

Mrs. Henderson, now frankly amused, asked,

"Why not to-day, Henry?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just the way I feel," said he, and ushered her with mock politeness into the front room, then, gallantly, almost nonchalantly, took the elbow of the unresisting Corinne and ushered her toward the kitchen.



Mildred and Corinne fed him and petted him while smoked cigarette after cigarette, and studied

Humphrey lit a cigarette and watched them go. Then, with a slight heightening of his usually sallow color, followed his hostess into the living-room.

It will be evident to the reader that among these four young persons, rather casually thrown together in the first instance, something of an "understanding" had grown up. It had begun when Mrs. Henderson and her pretty guest had slipped quietly up to Humphrey's rooms (back of the old Parmenter place) for a picnic supper. There had been



a furtive sort of delight about the experience, the sense of exciting variety in humdrum village life, the very real and lively pleasure of exploring fresh personalities. It was, of course, a more significant evening in the life of each than they realized at the time. Excepting, perhaps, Corinne.

Of late years, looking back, it has seemed to me that Mildred Henderson never really belonged in Sunbury, where a woman's whole duty lay in keeping house economically and as pleasantly as might be for the husband who spent

strong defense of every suburban community. But now I feel that her real mistake lay in waiting so long before drifting to her proper environment in New York. Like all of us, she had, sooner or later, to work out her life in its own terms or die alive of an atrophied spirit. She had gifts, and needed, doubtless, to express them. I can see her now as she was in Sunbury during those years—little, trim, slim, with a quick, alert smile and snappy eyes. Not a beautiful woman, perhaps, not even an out-and-out pretty one, but curiously attractive. She had much of what men call "personality." And she was efficient in her own way. She never let her musical gift rust; practised every day of

her life, I think, including Sundays. Which was one of the things Sunbury held against her.

Humphrey, too, was using Sunbury as little more than a stop-gap. We knew that, sooner or later, he would strike his gait as an inventor. He was

quiet about it. Much thought, deep plans lay back of that long, wrinkly face. While he kept at it, he was a conscientious country editor. But his heart was in his library of technical books, and in his surprisingly complete workshop on the ground floor of the old Parmenter barn. He must have put just about all of his little inheritance into the place. Until Mildred Henderson came into his life, he had been, so far as we knew, a recluse, jealous of his solitary evenings and Sundays. He had seemed a born bachelor. But, from the first, Mildred stirred him. Probably because she had a quick imagination. She liked his quizzical reticence, and she really seemed to delight in the gloomy shop with its lathes and belts and kites and gyroscopes and shelves of tools.

Corinne Doag was distinctly a city person. And she was a real singer, with ambition and a firm,

even hard purpose; I can see now, back of the languorous dusky eyes and the wide, slow smile that Henry was not then man enough to understand. In those days, more than in the present, a girl with a strong sense of identity was taught to hide it scrupulously. It was still the century of Queen Victoria. The life of any live girl had to be a rather elaborate pretense of something it distinctly was not. For which we, looking back, can hardly blame her. Besides, Corinne was young, healthy, glowing with a quietly exuberant sense of life. I imagine she found a sort of pure joy, an animal joy, in playing with men and life. She wasn't dishonest. She certainly liked Henry. Particularly to-day. But this was the summer-time. She was playing. And she liked to be thrilled.

An hour later, could Humphrey have glanced into the butler's pantry, he would have concluded, with many wrinklings of his long face, that he (Continued on page 96)



Humphrey drew a big chair into the dining-room, the brightening, expanding youth before him

days in Chicago or "on the road." And in bearing and rearing his children. I never knew anything of her earlier life, before Arthur V. Henderson brought her to the modest house on Chestnut Avenue. I never could figure why she married him at all. Marriages are made in so many places besides heaven! He used to like to hear her play.

In those days and a little later, I judged her much as the village judged her—peering out at her through the gunports in the armor-plate of self-righteousness that is the



THIS article concerns men, but it concerns women more.

When citizens begin to learn, through newspapers and general rumor, that voluntary war-work is afoot, and that volunteers are badly wanted and that there is work for all who love their country, then those who love their country are at once sharply divided into two classes—the people to whom the work comes, and the people who have to go out to seek the work. The former are the people of prominent social position; the latter are the remainder of the population. The prominent persons will see work rolling up to their front doors in quantities huge enough to overthrow the entire house. The remainder will look out of the window and see nothing at all unusual in the street. They are then apt to say: "This is very odd. There is much work to do. I am ready to do my share. Why doesn't somebody come along and ask me to do it?" And they feel rather hurt at the neglect, and finally they sigh, "Well, if no one gives me anything to do, of course I can't do anything."

Such an attitude would be quite reasonable if society was like a telephone-exchange and anybody could get precisely the person he or she was after. But society not being like a telephone-exchange, the attitude is unreasonable. Patriots cannot expect the organizers of war-work to run up and down streets knocking at doors and crying, "Come; you are the very woman I need!" However much urgent war-work is waiting to be done, nine-tenths of the individuals who are anxious to do it will have to put themselves to a certain amount of trouble in order to discover the work, perhaps to a great deal of trouble. Having located the work, they may even have almost to beg for the privilege of doing it. Again they are rather hurt. They demand, why should they go on their knees? They are not asking a favor.

A woman will say: "I went and offered my services. And

## Some Axioms

By Arnold

Decoration by

he looked at me as if I was a doubtful character, and you never heard such a cross-examination as I had to go through! It was most humiliating."

True! True! But could she reasonably expect the cross-examiner to see into the inside of her head? The first use and the last use of the gift of speech is to ask questions. Moreover, respected madam, it is quite probable that the cross-examiner was a bit suspicious, and that his manner was simply due to dumfoundedness, to mere inability to believe that so ideal a person as yourself had, so to speak, fallen from heaven straight into his net. And further, respected madam, are not you yourself suspicious? If the cross-examiner had come to you, instead of you going to him, might not your first thought have been: "What advantage is he trying to gain by coming to me? I shall say, 'No.'" If it is true that people who ask for work are stared at, it is equally true that people who are asked to work also stare—a little haughtily. And when the latter graciously promise assistance, they often say to themselves, "I shall do as little as I can, because I'm not going to be taken advantage of." And they almost invariably end by doing more than they can and by insisting on being taken advantage of. Human

There is probably no subject interest in the public mind lief work. Everyone is and naturally wants his highest advantage. There of going about this work, toward it that make for efficiency and it is most necessary, them? In selecting this Cosmopolitan articles, Mr. given us some real help statement of several of the which the experience of his right foundation of this



# of War-Work

Bennett

W. T. Benda

of more universal and eager to-day than that of war-re-anxious to do something, forts to be expended to the are, of course, certain ways certain mental attributes ciency and the best results, first of all, to understand topic for the second of his Bennett has, we think, through the deduction and broad, general principles to own country points as the fine and patriotic service.

he or she discovered these things than yet another discovery destroys yet another illusion. The war-work, when brought to bay and caught, is not the right kind of war-work. You—for I may as well admit that I am talking direct to the eager volunteer—you had expected something else. This war-work that presents itself is either beneath your powers or it is beyond your powers, or it is unsuited to your individuality or to your social station or to your health or to your hands or feet. You can scarcely say what you had expected, but, at any rate, I will tell you what you had expected. You had expected the ideal—work that showed

nature is mean; but it is also noble.

*Axiom: The preliminary trouble and weariness and annoyance incidental to getting the work are themselves a necessary and inevitable part of war-work, just as much as bandaging the brows of heroes.*

## II

LIFE is a continual passage from one illusion to another. No sooner has the eager volunteer found out that the desire to help is apt to be treated as evidence of a criminal disposition, and that war-work is as shy as deer in the depths of a forest; no sooner has

you at your best, picturesque work, interesting work, work free from monotony, work of which you could see the immediate, beautiful results, work which taxed you without overtaxing you, really important work, without the moral risks attaching to real responsibility. Such was the work you expected, and the chances are ten to one that the work you have actually got is dull, monotonous, apparently futile. Any fool could do it, though it is exhausting and inconvenient; or, on the other hand, it is, while dull and monotonous, too exacting for a well-intentioned, mediocre brain like yours (you don't actually mean that, but you try to be modest)—in short, it is not suitable work.

*Axiom: There is not enough suitable work to go round, nor the thousandth part of what would be enough. Unsuitableness is a characteristic of nearly all war-work. Lowering your great powers down or forcing your little powers up to the level of the work offered—this, too, is part of war-work.*

## III

AGAIN, you have to get away from the illusion that you can live a new life and still keep on living the old life. Everybody, as has somewhere been stated, possesses twenty-four hours in each day. Everybody occupies every one of his twenty-four hours. You do, though you may think you don't. If you do not occupy them in labor, then you occupy them in idleness; if not in usefulness, then in futility. Now idleness and futility are much more difficult to expel from hours which they have appropriated than labor and usefulness are difficult to expel. But if war-work is brought in, something will have to be expelled. Habits of labor and usefulness are sometimes hard enough to change; habits of idleness and futility are still harder. If you were previously spending your afternoons in giving and accepting elaborate afternoon teas, you will (Continued on page 106)



**STEPHANIE** QUEST, after the death of her well-connected but worthless parents, is taken, at the age of eleven, into the home of John Cleland, a wealthy New Yorker, a widower with an only son, Jim. As she grows up, it seems to Cleland that the girl shows considerable latent talent, but for what he cannot determine. She does not care for society, and develops some radical ideas on the independence of women and their right to lead what life they wish. Cleland dies when she is eighteen; Jim goes abroad for two years, to study and observe life with the idea of writing fiction, and Stephanie after taking a course in hospital nursing, becomes so attracted to the bohemian life of a certain type of New York artist that she takes a studio with a friend, Helen Davis, an animal-sculptor. With legacies from Cleland and a wealthy aunt, she now enjoys a considerable income. After nearly three

years' residence in Paris, Jim receives a cable from Stephanie saying that she has married Oswald Grismer, a college-mate of his, who has taken up sculpture. Oswald's father was the uncle of Stephanie's mother. Jim, who now believes that he himself is in love with the girl, returns home. He finds an unusual state of things existing. Stephanie has kept her own name and has not yet lived with Grismer as his wife. She says she will not do so until she is sure she loves him. She thinks she will know after a year or two. Apparently she has married him because he has lost his money and is in straitened circumstances. Cleland's arrival is coincident with the Ball of the Gods, and he attends it, meeting many old friends including Philip Grayson, now a writer of promise, John Belter, Clarence Verne, Badger Spink, as well as Grismer, whom he treats somewhat coldly. Stephanie appears to be annoyed at the attention Cleland pays other women.

"**S**HALL we have some supper?" Oswald asked. "Where is it? Oh, down there! What a stuffy place! Couldn't you get something here?"

He managed to bribe one perspiring and distracted waiter, and, after a long while, he brought a tray towering with salads, ices, and bottles.

Helen and Philip Grayson came back, and the former immediately revealed a healthy appetite.

"Don't you want anything to eat, Steve?" she inquired. "I'm not hungry."

"You seem to be thirsty," remarked Helen, looking at the girl's flushed face and her half-filled wine-glass. "Where is Jim?"

"Dancing."

"With whom?"



A key rattled in the lock; she sprang to her feet. Helen the hallway. "Come in, everybody!" she cried.

"Some girl of sorts whom he picked up," said Stephanie, and the pink flush in her face deepened angrily.

"Was she worth it?" inquired Helen, frankly amused. Stephanie's cheeks cooled; she replied carelessly:

"She had button-eyes and a snub nose, and her attire was transparent—if that interests you." She rested her elbow on the edge of the box, supporting her chin on her cupped palm.

They were dancing again. Grayson came and took out Helen; a number of men arrived, clamoring for Stephanie. John Belter said:

"What's the trouble, Steve? I never saw you glum before in all my life!"

"I'm not glum," she said, with a forced laugh; "I'm thirsty. Isn't that enough to sadden any girl?"

Later, Helen, returning from the floor, paused beside Stephanie to bend over her and whisper:

"Jack Belter is behaving like a fool. Don't take anything more, Steve."

The girl lifted her flushed face.

"I feel like flinging discretion into the 'fire of spring,'" she said. Excitement burned in her pink cheeks and wide gray eyes, and she stood up in the box looking about her, poised lightly as some slim-winged thing on the verge of taking flight.

Grismer rose, too, and whispered to her, but she made a slight, impatient movement with her shoulders.

"Won't you dance this with me?" he repeated.

"No," she said, under her breath; "you annoy me, Oswald."

"What!"



# The Restless Sex

*A Chronicle of  
Insurgent Youth*

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

came in, and she saw Grayson and Grismer standing in  
"Shall we have breakfast before we part?"

"Please don't be quite so devoted—I'm restless."

She turned and started to leave the box. The others were leaving, too, for dancing had begun again. But at the steps she parted with the little company, they descending to the floor, she turning to mount the steps alone.

"Where on earth are you going, Steve?" called back Helen, halting on the steps below.

"I want to see the floor from the top gallery," replied Stephanie, without turning; and she ran lightly upward, her bells and bangles jingling.

At three in the morning, the Ball of the Gods was in full and terrific blast and still gathering momentum. A vast musical uproar filled the Garden; the myriad lights glittered like jewels through a fog; the dancing-floor was a bewildering, turbulent whirlpool of color.

With Lady Button-eyes on his arm, Cleland had threaded his way into the supper-room, where the gods, demigods, and heroes were banqueting most riotously.

It was becoming very rapidly a dubiously mixed affair. Bacchus, with his noisy crew, invaded the supper-room and pronounced Cleland's snub-nosed, button-eyed goddess "*tray chick*," and there arose immediately a terrific tumult around her—gods and satyrs doing battle for her; but she persisted in her capricious fancy for Cleland. He, however, remained in two minds: one was to abandon Button-eyes, retire, and find Stephanie again, in spite of the ever-smoldering resentment he felt for Grismer; the other was to teach himself without loss of time to keep away from her, school himself to do without her, preoccupy himself casually and recklessly with anything that might aid

in obliterating his desire for her companionship—with this snub-nosed one, for example.

The desire to see Stephanie remained, nevertheless, sometimes fiercely importunate, sometimes sullenly persistent—seemingly out of all proportion to any sentiment he had ever admittedly entertained for her—out of proportion, also, to his sulky resentment at the folly she had committed with Oswald Grismer.

For, after all, if she ultimately married Grismer in the orthodox way, her eccentric prenuptial behavior was nothing more serious than eccentric. And if she didn't, then it meant annulment or divorce; and he realized that nobody outside of the provinces paid any attention to such episodes nowadays. And nobody cared what clodhoppers thought about anything.

His button-eyed goddess had a pretty good soprano voice, and she was using it now, persuaded into a duet by Belter. Cleland looked at her sideways without enthusiasm, undecided, irritated, and gloomy. She was Broadway vulgarity personified.

Badger Spink dropped onto a chair on the other side of him, yawned, and gazed around, the satyr's horn emerging from his thick, wavy pompadour hair, accentuating his clever saturnine features. His expression was slightly satanic always.

"What do *you* think of this sort of thing in New York, Cleland?" he said. "We're drifting toward Babylon. That's the trend since the dance-craze swept this moral nation off its moral feet into a million tango-joints."

"There's something the matter with us; that's sure," said Cleland. "This sort of thing doesn't belong in the New World."

"It's up to our overrated American women," sneered Spink. "Only a few years ago we were slobbering over them, worshiping them, painting pictures of them—pictures influenced by the French naturalistic school—a lot of cow-faced American females suckling their young. Everybody was yelling for the simple life, summoning the nation back to nature, demanding that babies be produced in every family by the dozen, extolling procreation, and lauding the American woman. That's the sort of female we celebrated and pretended to want. Now look what we've got—a nation of dancing dolls! A herd of restless, brainless, aggressive, impudent women, proclaiming defiance and snapping their fingers at us!"

"I tell you there burns here in the Garden to-night something more than the irresponsible gaiety of a lot of artists and philistine pleasure-seekers. The world is on the verge

## The Restless Sex

of something terrifying; the restlessness of a universal fever is in its veins. Our entire human social structure is throbbing with it; every symptom is ominous of social collapse and a complete disintegration of the old order of civilization!"

"What's your other name, Spink—Jeremiah?" asked Cleland, laughing.

"No. I'm merely on my favorite topic. Listen to me, my young friend: All England faces strikes and political anarchy in Ireland and India; the restless sex is demanding its rights in London and menacing the empire. France, betrayed by one of the restless ones, strangling in the clutch of scandal, is standing bewildered by the roar of the proletariat; Russia seethes internally, watching the restless empress and her accursed priest out of millions of snaky Asiatic eyes; China splits open from end to end and vomits forth its dynasty on the tomb of the dead dowager; Austria watches for the death of an old, old widower—an imperial mummy long since dead in mind and spirit. Germany, who uses the lesser sex for breeding only, stares stolidly out of piglike eyes at the imperial litter of degenerates and defectives dropped with stolid regularity to keep the supply of Hohenzollerns unimpaired. Only radicals like myself feel the cataclysmic waves deep under the earth, symptomatic, ominous of profound and vital readjustments already under way.

"And here, in our once great republic of the West, the fever of universal unrest is becoming apparent in this nation-wide movement for suffrage. State after state becomes a battle-ground and surrenders; accepted standards are shattered; the old social order and balance between the sexes—all the established formalism and belief of a man-constructed status—totters as door and gate and avenue and byway are insanely flung open to the mindless invasion of the restless sex. Don't stop me, Cleland; I am magnificent to-night. Listen: I tell you that political equality, equal opportunity, absolute personal liberty are practically in sight for women. What more is left? Conscious of the itching urge of its constitutional inclination to fuss and fidget, the restless sex, fundamentally gallinaceous, continues to wander on into bourns beyond its ken, henlike, errant, pensively picking at the transcendently unattainable, but always in motion—motion as mechanical and meaningless as the negative essence of cosmic inertia. Now I'm through with you, Cleland. Thanks for listening. I don't think I want your goddess, after all. She looks too much like a tip-up snipe!"

And he took himself off, yawning.

The rushing din of the orchestra far below came up softened to Stephanie's ears, where she stood at the rail of the topmost gallery and looked down into the glimmering depths of the Ball of all the Gods.

Her jeweled fingers rested on the rail; her slender body pressed against it; she stood with bent head, gazing down into the vortex, pensive, somberly preoccupied with an indefinable anger that possessed her.

She turned restlessly and went up into the corridor. A dryad was performing flip-flaps there, and a gale of laughter and applause arose from her comrades watching her in a semicircle.

The Olympians, too, all seemed to have gathered there for a frolic—Zeus, Hermes, the long-legged Astarte, the amazingly realistic Aphrodite, and Eros, more realistic still—all clasp hands and dancing a ring-around-a-rosy, while Bacchus and Ariadne in the center performed a breakdown which drew frantic shouts of approval from the whirling ring.

Then, in this hilarious circle, Stephanie caught sight of the snub-nose and transparent raiment of the button-eyed Goddess of Night, and next her, hand clasping hand, she recognized Cleland as another link in the rapidly rotating ring.

Suddenly the mad dance broke up and flew into fragments, scattering its reeling, panting devotees into prancing couples

in every direction. And straight into this wild confusion stepped Stephanie, her pretty eyes brilliant with wrath, her face a trifle pale.

"Jim!"

He let go of Lady Button-eyes in astonishment and turned round. Stephanie said very coolly,

"If you're going to raise the devil, raise him with me, please."

Lady Button-eyes was not pleased, and she showed it by stamping, which alone had sufficiently fixed her level if she had not also placed both hands on her hips and laughed scornfully when Cleland took leave of her and walked over to Stephanie.

"Where are the others?" he inquired, rather red at being discovered with such a crew. "You're not alone, are you, Steve?"

"Not now," she said sweetly, and passed her left arm through his and clasped her right hand over it. "Now," she said, with an excited little laugh, "I am ready to raise the devil with you. Take me wherever you like, Jim."

The insulted gods gazed upon her with astonishment as she lifted her small head and sent an indifferent glance like an arrow at random among them. Then, not further noticing them, and absolutely indifferent to the button-eyed one, she strolled leisurely out of Olympus with her slightly disconcerted captive and disappeared from their view along the southern corridor. But once out of their range of vision, her hot wrath returned.

"It was abominable," she said, in a low, tense voice, "your going off that way, when I told you the whole evening would be spoiled for me without you! I am hurt and angry, Jim."

But his smoldering wrath also flickered into flame now.

"You had Grismer, didn't you?" he said. "What do you care whether I am with you or not?"

"What do you mean? Yes; of course I had him. What has that to do with you?"

He replied, with light insolence:

"Nothing. I'm not your husband."

His words fell like a blow. She caught her breath with the hurt of them; then,

"Is that why you have avoided me?" she demanded, in a tone of such concentrated passion that the unexpected flare-up startled him. "Why are you indifferent? Why are you unkind?" she stammered. "I've just found you again after all these years, haven't I? I—I can't stand it—to have you unkind—indifferent—to have you leave me this way—"

"I didn't leave you," he retorted sullenly. "You went away with—the man you married—"

"Don't speak of him that way!" she interrupted hotly. "Nobody speaks of that affair at all."

"Why not? You *did* marry him, didn't you?"

"What of it?" she flamed back. "Why do you refer to it? It's my personal affair, anyway."

He turned toward her, exasperated.

"If you think," he said, "that your behavior with Grismer means nothing to me, you'd better undeceive yourself—or I'll do it for you in a way you can't mistake."

"Undeceive me?" she repeated uneasily. "How?"

"By making a fight for you myself," he said; "by doing my best to get you back."

"I don't know what you mean, Jim," she said, her gray eyes intent on his flushed face. "Do you believe you have been insulted by what I did? Is that what you mean?"

He did not answer. They walked on, slowly pacing the deserted corridor. Her head was lowered now.

"I—didn't suppose you'd take—what I did—that way," she said unsteadily. "I—respect and love you. I supposed I was at liberty—to dispose of—myself. I didn't imagine you cared—very much."

Suddenly he freed his arm from her clasped fingers and passed it round her waist, and she caught her breath and placed her hand tightly over his to hold it there.





DRAWN BY W. H. STEVENSON

She laughed happily, yielding confidently to his embrace, responding swiftly and adorably and with a frank unreserve that told a more innocent story than his close caress and boyish heart on fire confirmed

"You adorable boy!" she whispered. "Am I forgiven? And you *do* care for me, don't you, Jim?"

"Care for you?" he repeated in a low, menacing voice. "I care for nobody else in the world, Steve. That's all that's the matter with me."

She laughed happily, yielding confidently to his embrace, responding swiftly and adorably and with a frank unreserve that told a more innocent story than his close caress and boyish heart on fire confirmed.

"I love you," he said. "I want you back. *Now* do you understand, Steve? I love you! I love you!"

Confused, crushed hotly in his embrace, she stared blankly at him for one dizzy instant; then, in silence, she twisted her supple body backward and aside, and with both nervous hands broke loose the circle of his arms.

They were both rather white now; her breath came and went irregularly, checked in her throat with a little sob at intervals. She leaned back against the wall, one jeweled hand against her breast, looking aside and away from where he stood.

"I *told* you," he said unsteadily. She remained silent, keeping her gaze resolutely averted. "You understand now, don't you, that I am in *love* with you, Steve?" He caught her in his arms again.

"Let me go, Jim!"

"Do you believe me?"

"I don't want to!" Suddenly she turned terribly white in his arms, swayed a moment against him. He released her, steadied her; she passed one arm through his, leaning heavily on him.

"Are you faint, Steve?" he whispered.

"A—little. It's nothing. The air here is stifling. I'm—tired." She dropped her head against his shoulder. Her lids were half closed as they descended the steps, he guiding her.

It seemed to her an interminable descent. She felt as though she were falling through space into a glittering, roaring abyss. In their box sat Helen and Grayson, gossiping gaily together and waiting for another dance to begin. Cleland warned Stephanie in a whisper, and she lifted her head and straightened up with an effort. She said mechanically,

"I'm going home; I'm very tired."

Helen and Grayson rose, and the former came toward her inquiringly. Stephanie smiled.

"Jim will take me back," she said. "Don't let me disturb your pleasure. And tell Oswald I was very sleepy. And not to come to the studio for a day or two. Good-night, dear."

She made a humorously tired little gesture of farewell



She went on modeling, apparently amused by her own analysis. "Where is Stephanie?" he inquired, after a slight pause

to Grayson also, and, taking Cleland's arm again, sauntered with him toward the lobby.

Her car, a toy limousine, was ultimately found. Cleland redeemed his overcoat and her wrap. When he came back to her, she smiled at him, suffered him to swathe her in the white-silk cloak, and, laying her dainty hand lightly on his sleeve, went out with him into the lamp-lit gray of dawn.

"You are feeling better?" he said, as they seated themselves in the limousine and the little car rolled away southward.

"Yes. It was the stifling atmosphere there, I suppose."

"It was horribly close," he assented.

They remained silent for a while. Then, abruptly,

"Have I made you angry, Steve?" he asked.

She looked up and laughed.

"You adorable boy!" she said.

"You don't mind if I'm in love with you?" he asked.

"I haven't any mind. I can't seem to think. But I don't think you'd better kiss me until I collect my senses again. Please don't, Jim."

They became silent again until the car drew up before her door. She had two keys in her cloak pocket; she paused to give the chauffeur an order, turning to ask Cleland whether he didn't want the car to take him to his hotel.



"Thanks; it's only a step. I'd rather walk."

So the car drove away. Cleland opened the front door for her, then her own studio door. She felt round the corner in the darkness and switched on the electric bulb in a standing lamp.

"Good-night, Steve," he said, taking her hand in both of his.

"Good-night—unless you care to talk to me for a little while."

"It's four o'clock in the morning."

"I can't sleep—I know that."

He said, in a low voice:

"Besides, I am very much in love with you. I think I had better go back."

"Oh—do you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"I told you that I haven't recovered enough sense to think."

She crossed the threshold and walked into the studio, dropping her cloak across a chair, and presently halted be-

fore the empty fireplace, gazing into its smoke-blackened depths. Then she turned her charming young head and looked across at him where he stood on the threshold.

"What do you think?" she said.

"Ought you to go?"

"I ought to. But I don't think I shall."

"No; don't go," she said, with a little laugh.

"After all, if we're not to remain brother and sister any longer, there's a most fascinating novelty in your being here."

He came in and closed the door. She made room for him on the sofa, and he flung his coat across her cloak and seated himself.

"Steve," he said, "I don't know what to do about it. I'm falling more deeply in love with you every moment; and you are merely kind and sweet and friendly about it. You might find it in your heart to respond."

"How can my heart hold any more of you than it does and always has?" she asked, with pretty impatience.

"Can't you love me?"

"I don't know how to any more than I do."

"But you did not find it agreeable when I kissed you."

"I—don't know what I felt. We always kissed."

She began to laugh. "I enjoyed *that*; but I don't think you did—always. You sometimes looked rather bored, Jim."

"I'm getting well paid back," he said.

This seemed to afford her infinite delight; there was malice in her gray eyes now, and a hint of pretty mockery in her laughter.

"To think," she said, "that James Cleland should ever become sentimental with poor little Stephanie Quest! What an unbending! What condescension! What a come-down! Oh, Jim, if I've really got you at last, I'm going to raise the very devil with you!"

"You're doing it."

"Am I? I hope I am. I mean to torment you. Why, when I think of the long, long years of childish adoration and awe—of the days when I tagged after you, grateful to be noticed, thankful when you found time for me—" She clapped her hands together delightedly, enchanted with his glum and reddening face. For what she said was the truth; he knew it, though she did not realize how true it had been—and meant merely to exaggerate. "Also," she said, "you



leave me quite alone for three whole years when you could have come back at the end of two!"

His face darkened and he bit his lip.

"You're quite right," he said, in a quiet voice. "A girl couldn't very well fall in love with that sort of man."

There was a silence. She had been enjoying her revenge, but she had not expected him to take it so seriously.

He sat there with lowered head, considering, gnawing at his underlip in silence. She had not intended to hurt him. She was inexperienced enough with him to be worried. His features seemed older, leaner, full of unfamiliar shadows, disturbingly aloof and stern.

She hesitated—the swift, confused memory of an hour before checking her for an instant; then she leaned toward him, quite certain of what would happen—silent and curious as he drew her into his arms. She was very silent, too, listening to his impetuous, broken avowal, suffering his close embrace, his lips on her eyes and mouth and throat. The enormous novelty of it preoccupied her, the intense interest in his state of mind. Her curiosity held her spellbound, too, and unresponsive but fascinated.

She lay very quietly in his arms, her lovely head resting on his shoulder, sometimes with eyes closed, sometimes watching him, meeting his eyes with a faint smile.

The gray tranquillity of her eyes, virginal and clear, the pulseless quiet of the girl chilled him.

"You don't love me, Steve, do you?"

"Not—as you—wish me to."

"Can't you?"

"I don't know."

"Is there any chance?"

She looked out across the studio, considering, and her gray eyes grew vague and remote.

"I don't know, Jim. I think that something has been left out of me—whatever it is. I don't know how to love—fall in love—as you wish me to. I don't know how to go about it. Perhaps it's because I've never thought about it. It's never occupied my mind."

"Then," he burst out, "how in God's name did you ever come to marry?"

She looked up at him gravely:

"That is very different," she said.

"Then you *are* in love with him?"

"I told you that he fascinates me."

"Is it *love*?" he asked violently.

"I don't know."

"You *must* know! You've got a mind."

"It doesn't explain what I feel for him. I can't put it into words."

He drew her roughly to him.

"Can't you love me, Steve? *Can't* you?" he stammered.

"I—want to. I wish I did—the way you want me to."

"Will you try?"

"I don't know how to try."

"Do your lips on mine mean nothing to you?"

"Yes—you are so dear. I am wonderfully contented and not afraid."

After a moment, she released herself, laughed, and sat up, adjusting her hair with one hand and resting against his shoulder.

A key rattled in the lock; she sprang to her feet. Helen came in, and she saw Grayson and Grismer standing in the hallway.

"Come in everybody!" she cried. "Shall we all have breakfast before we part? Don't you think it would be delightful, Phil? Don't you, Oswald? And you know we

could take up the rugs and dance while the coffee is boiling. Wait! I'll turn on the phonograph."

Helen and Grayson deliberately began a tango; Grismer came over to where Cleland was standing.

"They're still dancing in the Garden," he said pleasantly. "Did you and Stephanie get enough of it?"



## XXII

CLELAND, being young, required sleep, and it was not until noon that he awoke.

Cool-headed retrospection during tubbing and dressing increased his astonishment at the manner in which he had spent his first day in New York after the years of absence. For into that one day had been crowded a whole gamut of experience and of sensations that seemed incredible when he thought them over.

Every emotion that a young man could experience seemed to have been called into play during that bewildering day and night—curiosity, resentment, apprehension,

anger, jealousy, love, passion. And their swift and unexpected sequence had confused him, wrought him up to a pitch of excitement which set every nerve on edge.

He could not comprehend what had happened, what he had experienced and said and done, as he stood at his window looking out into the sunshine of the quiet street.

Breakfast was served in his room, and he ate it with a perfectly healthy appetite. Then he lighted a cigarette and walked to the window again to stare silently out across the sunny street and marshal his thoughts into some semblance of order.

The aromatic smoke from his cigarette curled against the window-pane, and he gazed absently through it at the vague phantom of a girl's face which memory evoked unbidden.

What had happened? Was it really love? Was it anger, wounded *amour propre*, jealousy? Was it

frightened, stunned her with hot, incoherent declarations? In the cold after-light of retrospection, did he *now* mean what he had said last night?

He had never been in love—never even tried to persuade himself that he had been, even when he had, in his boyish loneliness in Paris, built for himself a bewitching ideal out of a very familiar Stephanie and had addressed to this ideal several reams of romantic nonsense. That had been merely the safety-valve working in the very full and lonely heart of a boy.

And now, in the lurid light of the exaggerated, bewildering, disquieting events of the preceding day and night, he was trying to think clearly and honestly—trying to reconcile his deeds and words with what he had known of himself—trying to find out what really was the matter with him.

He did not know. He knew that Stephanie had exasperated him—exasperated him to reckless passion, exasperated him even more by not responding to that passion. He had declared his love for her; he had attempted to drive the declaration into her comprehension by the very violence of reiteration. The tranquil, happy loyalty, which always had been his, was all he evoked in her for all the impulsive vows he made, for all his reckless emotion loosened with the touch of her lips—so hotly ungoverned when her gray eyes looked into his, honestly perplexed, sweetly searching to comprehend the source of these fierce flames which merely warmed her with their breath.

"It's a curious thing," he thought, "that a man, part of



She read for an hour, her gray eyes never leaving the written pages, her pretty brows bent inward with the strain of concentration. He watched her, chin on hand, lying there on the sofa

resentment and disgust at the silly, meaningless thing that one whom he had considered as his own kinswoman had done in his absence? Was it a determination to tear her loose that had started the thing—an unreasoning, impulsive attempt at vengeance, born of hurt pride that incited him to get her back? For the bond between her and Grismer seemed to him intolerable, hateful—a thing he would not endure if he could shatter it.

Why? Was it because he himself had fallen in love with a girl whom, heretofore, he had regarded with the tranquil, tolerant affection of a brother? Was it love? Was there any other name for the impulse which had suddenly overmastered him when he caught this girl in his arms, confused,

whose profession is to write about love and analyze it, doesn't know whether he's in love or not."

He spent the day hunting for a studio-apartment.

About five o'clock he called Stephanie on the telephone and heard her voice presently.

"Have you quite recovered, Jim? I feel splendid."

"Recovered?" I was all right this morning when I woke up."

"I mean your senses?"

"Oh! Did you think I lost them last night, Steve?"

"Didn't you?" Her voice was very sweet, but there was in it a hint of hidden laughter.

"No," he said shortly.

"Oh! Then you really were in your right senses last night?" she inquired.

"Certainly. Were you?"

"Well, for a little while I seemed to have lost the power of thinking. But after that I was (Continued on page 148)

# In Came a Fat Man

*A New Adventure of  
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



"AN' I'll have to take it out o' eggs, Josiah Goodheart!" yelled the thinnest and sharpest-nosed of the thin, sharp-nosed directors. "Over three thousand dozen, at the prevailin' price o' eggs, I'll have to raise an' sell to git back my loss on your fool contraption."

"What's that got to do with it?" indignantly demanded Josiah, his sandy gray whiskers seeming to curl up from under his chin with extra crispness. "Anyhow, you don't have to take it out o' eggs. You got four hundred acres o' fine land, an' there's hay an' wheat an' live stock an'—"

"Eggs it is!" Noah Presber's thin lips set in a straight line which pushed knobs in his cheeks. "I a'ready tole my fambly not a egg do we eat till I make back my loss in the blamed Goodheart Storage-Motor Company. Now, listen to me Josh: You don't get one cent out o' what cash is left in the treasury for the stock we give you for your crazy invention. Does he?"

"No!" emphatically agreed the other thin, sharp-nosed directors who sat round the bench in the littered workshop.

"Ain't my stock reg'lar stock in the eyes o' the law? Ain't it? Answer me that!" And Josh was triumphant.

"No, it ain't!" denied Secretary Amos Wycliff, the eminent fish-dealer. "Here's the minute-book. It says 'to participate in the profits,' an' there ain't been none!"

"No," corroborated Noah, triumphant in his turn. "Here's what we're a goin' to do, Josh: We're a goin' to disband the Goodheart Storage-Motor Company and divide up what cash is left. Then we'll see if we can sell your patent, and if there's anything left out o' that, you can share in it pro rata."

The protest of the inventor on that proposition was so shrill as to be almost inarticulate, and, in the midst of it, the smallest and thinnest-lipped man, Pinchot Weeks—postmaster, notions, and drugs—the one who had sat in secret agony with his eyes screwed nearly shut, arose.

"I move we put the company into the hands of a receiver," he explosively proposed.

That well-nigh broke up the meeting. There rose a shrill pandemonium, and bony fists waved, and leathern faces wrinkled and reddened, and such passions as rise in the hungry of soul were approaching their apex when the door opened—and in among the lean came a fat man. He was a huge, glowing geniality, a broad-chested and wide-shouldered jovialness, a splendrous richness encased in broadcloth, adorned with a silk hat, and aglitter with huge diamonds in ring and stick-pin; and his big, round pink face was wreathed in a smile of greeting, as if he were a host and they the guests.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I hope I am not late."

Silence for a moment, and then the chairman.

"Wall, that depen's on what you come fur."

A chuckle from the genial stranger.

"I came to shoot my little white marble." He laid his silk hat on the bench, brim up, drew up a stool, and beamed on the directors. "I'm a stockholder in this company."

They gazed on him with more silence.

"Whose stock did you buy?" finally asked glum and grim Ashley Bevin.

"Giulio Masuppi's," returned the stranger, chuckling again, and producing a pocket-worn certificate.

"The dago barber!" enviously remarked the secretary. "Julius always was all-fired smart."

"It don't appear to me as it's much difference whose stock it was," considered Noah Presber. "It don't come to no account here, because this ain't a stockholders' meeting; it's a directors' meeting. An' we're just goin' out o' business. So, stranger, if you'll wait round a couple o' weeks, you'll git about four dollars for Julius's share o' stock."

The polished-walnut director, Jackson Hope—tombstones, brickwork, and money loaned—leaned over, weazened with a penny-saver's curiosity.

"How much did Julius git out o' you fur it?" he asked.

"A shave, a hair-cut, a sixty-cent tip, and four dollars," returned the stranger, his eyes twinkling. "In fact, Giulio told me that your company was about to disband, and I bought his ten-dollar share because you have four thousand dollars left in your treasury. A way can always be found to use four thousand dollars." More silence—staring silence.

"Permit me to introduce myself, gentlemen and fellow members of the Goodheart Storage-Motor Company," went on the suave newcomer. "I am J. Rufus Wallingford, and I am a professional money-raiser. It is my business to breed mature dollars to mature dollars and raise whole droves of little dollars. Now, why are we on the point of disbanding?"

More silence; then Amos Wycliff examined the stranger's certificate and said, cautiously,

"Wall, I don't see any objection to tellin' a stockholder."

"There's a motion been made, but it hain't been seconded," supplemented Ashley Bevin, still glum and grim.

"I'll tell you!" suddenly flared inventor Goodheart, his whiskers at their tightest. "They promised to git up a fifty-thousan'-dollar company to manufacture my storage-motor, but they only put in ten for a start. Well, we spent





"He's the onneriest loafer in Redshoal.  
What's he doin' here?"

two thousan' on this old shop an' three thousan' gettin' a sample machine ready, an' a thousan' advertisin', an' there's only four thousan' left. We been four months since the sample was finished, an' owin' to pifflin' methods an' bunglin' financierin' an' weak-hearted directors——"

"Now, just you hold on!" yelled the youngest of the sharp-nosed directors, who was also the baldest one. "You tell all the truth while you're at it, Goodheart. Your machine was showed to every factory in Redshoal and Intown and Baysedge, and not one o' the four factories would buy one. It ain't no good, and never will be!"

"You just look at it, Mr. Wallingford!" And the indignant inventor jerked the rubber-cloth covering from the machine in the corner. "It's an invention to take up the waste power in factories—idle shaftin' an' so on."

"Fine!" agreed Mr. Wallingford, nodding at the distant contrivance but making no move to examine it. "I'm willing to say the machine's a humdinger, but, after all, that's none of my business. I'm a financier, not an inventor, and so I don't care whether the motor motes or just looks well on a patent-office drawing. It listens like a million-dollar company to me."

The previous silence seemed noisy as compared with this one, for the stretching of the imagination is a slow and a

stupefying process. A million dollars! They looked across at the familiar machine, and tried to comprehend a million.

"A million dollars," repeated J. Rufus, nodding and beaming at them. "There might, perhaps, be a later increase to five millions, or possibly twenty-five millions; but just now"—and here, supporting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, he complacently twiddled his plump fingers on his distended chest—"but just now a million will do."

Ah! They were returning to life.

"Was you calculatin' on puttin' in the million dollars?" inquired Noah Presber, and they all leaned slowly forward.

"Me!" The genial Mr. Wallingford seemed to regard that as a very good joke indeed. "I don't intend to put up a cent. Why use your own money when there's so much other money in the world? I anteed four dollars and that's enough. No, fellow storagers, all we need for a start is an advertising fund, and for that we'll use your four thousand."

Silence, but not so much of it. Three grunts and a "Huh!" then Amos Wycliff said,

"Not by a dang sight!"

"Anyhow," added glum and grim Ashley Bevin, "if your sales on a thousand dollars' worth of advertisin' amount to exactly nothin', your sales on four thousand dollars' worth would amount to four times nothin', I guess. I second Pinchot Weeks' motion to throw this company into the

hands of a receiver."

"Tut, tut, boys!" For the first time, J. Rufus rose and expanded his chest to all its majestic breadth.

"I don't propose to advertise the machine. I propose to advertise the stock. That's the only way to cash an invention. You'd just as lief increase your thousand dollars to twenty thousand apiece through the sale of stock as through the sale of machines—now, wouldn't you?"

Silence, but a far different silence from the preceding ones. Lean face turned to

lean face in slow speculation; and thin noses sharpened while thin lips widened and small eyes wrinkled.

"Wall, if it's perfectly legitimate," cautiously remarked Amos Wycliff, polishing one brown hand with the other.

"All according to the law of the land," returned J. Rufus, and the twinkle in his eye began to meet with kindling sparks. "Be regular kings of finance. It's easy. You merely create a million dollars' worth of stock with a fountain pen and a six-dollar seal, sell the stock, and let the suckers who buy it find out if the invention's any good. It's the national game. I'll show you how to play it."

Lean grins on every face now, and every man rubbed his knees or nudged his neighbor or something. Inventor Goodheart looked across at his roughly finished storage-motor and sighed.

"I got five thousan' dollars' worth o' stock now, an' I couldn't buy a peanut with it."

"You'll have a hundred thousand when we reincorporate," J. Rufus told him, with a laugh. "You'll have fifty thousand to sell and fifty thousand to keep for the gamble. You'll probably have the fifty thousand cash in your pocket, less commissions, before we manufacture a motor, Mr. Goodheart. How's that?"

Josiah's partial paralysis found a reflection in every face.

"You don't say!" he breathed.

"I do say!" And J. Rufus distributed a friendly chuckle. "You all get twenty for one. We'll issue a million shares

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

at a dollar a share. Three hundred thousand to trade for you fellows' fifteen thousand. Three hundred thousand in the treasury for patents and so forth. Three hundred thousand to sell for manufacturing capital. The other hundred thousand for my services in promotion."

"Hold on!" Pinchot Weeks was gasping for breath. "I can't go so fast."

"I can though, by gravy!" And Noah Presber fixed the stranger with a stern eye. "Do you propose to come in here with a ten-dollar share o' stock and take out a hundred thousand for just tellin' us how to reorganize?"

The change in Mr. Wallingford was instantaneous and startling. His round face reddened with sudden wrath; his smile became a snarl, and his chest expanded until it seemed to bulge straight out from his collar.

"Not another word!" he yelled, and slapped his two plump hands on the bench with a resounding thwack. "You were just about to cash in your investments at the rate of four hundred dollars for every thousand. I come along to engineer a way for you to cash in that thousand for twenty thousand, and you dare to offer a piker criticism on my taking a paltry ten per cent. of the big gravy. Another word like that—one more word, remember—and I'll leave you to yourselves!"

He grabbed his stick; he grabbed his gloves; he grabbed his hat—but he did not go. They kept him there. Half of them held him and soothed him, while the other half attended to Noah Presber; and the, attended to Noah shrilly and well. Later, when they were eagerly engaged in the routine of dissolving the Goodheart Storage-Motor Company for the purpose of reincorporating at a million, Pinchot Weeks said, with awe in his tones:

"By jinks! I never made money so fast as this in all my born days. It seems sinful!"

## II

BEHOLD the steps by which a good live promoter prepared another addition to the commercial activity of his already feverishly active country! Before the ink was dry on the preliminary steps of the new company, J. Rufus Wallingford was up and away in his automobile. The shop was empty when he returned the next noon, and with him was a red-faced, unfinished-looking, lumpy, knobby sort of man, across the bridge of whose bulbous nose was a callous mark made by years of resting the upper edge of a beer-pail there. To him J. Rufus showed the motor, and explained three times what it was for and how it worked.

"Now," said he, "what improvements can we make in it?"

"Well, I don't know," speculated the man, every knob dull with incomprehension. "What's this screw-cap for?"

"That's where the liquid is poured in."

"I reckoned so. Well, now if that had a funneled tin neck, you wouldn't need a funnel to fill it." He looked at J. Rufus dubiously, but found that gentleman radiant.

"Just the thing, Tucker! Just the thing!"

"I thought it'd be purty good." And Tucker straightened so that he was a full inch taller. Also, he wiped his ragged mustache and smiled complacently.

"Then," added Wallingford, bound to make Tucker's suggestion patentable, "if we combined a specific-gravity tester with the cap, we'd have something, eh?"

Tucker folded his arms and frowned down at the thing.

"Well, mebbey," he grudgingly admitted.

"Of course we will—I mean you will," J. Rufus assured him, and slapped him on the back. "Naturally, the tester will be part of your own patent." Relief on the part of Tucker. "Now, how about this device for breaking the current when the battery is fully charged?"

Again Tucker frowned.

"Couldn't we make that brass piece out o' tin?" he suggested.

"Not quite." And J. Rufus suppressed a chuckle. "But

we can use some tin somewhere, I'm sure. Say—I have an idea. We——"

"What are you doin'?" shrilled an anxious voice, and Josiah Goodheart was right behind them, with Noah Presber and Pinchot Weeks.

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" Mr. Wallingford was as urbane as a bed of tulips. "We are considering a few improvements in the storage-motor."

"In my motor?" yelled Josiah, immediately trembling with indignation. "My motor don't need any improvements. Looky here, you Wallingford——"

"Tush, Josh," interrupted J. Rufus kindly. "This gentleman is Mr. Hillsign."

"Of course he is!" rasped Josh. "We know him. He's the onneriest loafer in Redshoal. What's he doin' here?"

"Two tushes and a tish, Josh," grinned Wallingford and he turned to the other directors as they came trooping in. "Don't you realize that Mr. Hillsign's inventions have made his name a household word, that Mr. Hillsign is the best known and most popular inventor in America to-day, that——"

"What are you a' talkin' about?" shrilled Josh, his voice at the breaking-point; and even Tucker looked startled. "This ain't Thomas Hillsign, the great American inventor—not by a dang sight! It's Tucker Hillsign, the tipsy tinsmith, from Redshoal. He couldn't invent a—a—a—anything."

"You are mistaken," returned Mr. Wallingford, with a trace of severity. "Mr. Hillsign has suggested improvements of such value that I am certain the board of directors will see their way clear, when they change the name of the company as I suggested, to call our million-share corporation the Hillsign Storage-Motor Company. Why, gentlemen—and here he turned to the directors and stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and smiled with a contagious joviality—"I hunted this county over to find a man by the name of Hillsign!"

Some snickers as they caught the joke. They relished it.

"Think of it!" went on J. Rufus proudly. "The Hillsign Storage Motor Company! Capital, one million shares! Don't that look like a full-page advertisement, gentlemen?"

Mr. Presber and Mr. Weeks and the others looked at each other with lean grins; then they laughed aloud, and Pinchot Weeks actually pounded J. Rufus on the back with four sharp knuckles.

"I won't have it!" screeched Josiah. "It's my motor. It's the Goodheart storage-motor and nothin' else. I'll git out an injunction. I'll—I'll—I'll——"

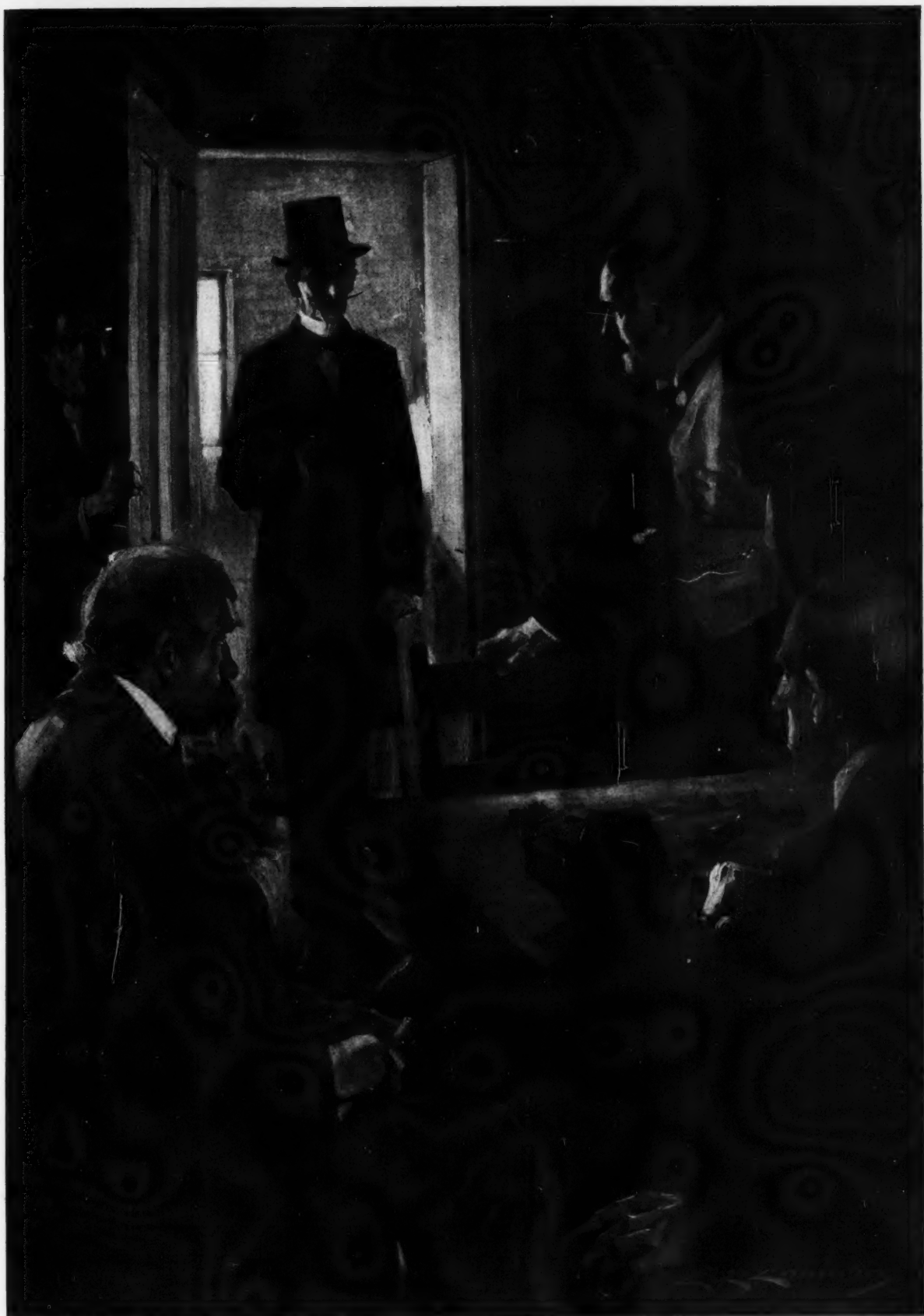
No chance for Josiah. Noah and Pinchot backed him into a corner and, with the determination of them who know the gripe of eternal hunger, told him about his hundred thousand shares, and their own stock, until his spirit gave way to his greed; and, meanwhile, the money-breeder and inventor Hillsign finished inventing and hurried away to the office of a notary, attorney, real-estate dealer, and insurance agent who also made patent-applications. Thus was conducted the first step in preparing an attractive investment for the public. The next step was when Rufus went to the largest machine-shop in the state, ordered two of the storage-motors made, and brought away some fine interior photographs of the shop.

A lean and lank gentleman with sharply pointed black mustaches and eager black eyes sat at a table in a richly furnished New York office with three other gentlemen, and he was the Horace G. Daw whose name was freshly gilded on the door as a stock-and-bond broker and underwriter, Class A securities only.

"Not on your life, Bermuda!" he yelled to the totally bald gentleman across from him. "Keep your sandwich-clamp off those chips because—behold!" And he threw down four sevens and a king.

Just then the wall 'phone rang. Mr. Daw sprang to answer it, and an instant later his countenance had changed.

"Quick, you lobs; set up the frame!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES D. CHAMBERS

The jaw of the guilty Wallingford dropped and his eyes rounded, while his big pink face actually turned pale. "You!" he stammered. "Yes: me, scoundrel!" returned Mr. Daw, in firm tones





At the desk sat Daw himself, his hair disheveled, his tie disarranged. He was talking into the telephone

When the superintendent and the Finance Committee of the Hillsign Storage-Motor Company walked into

the outer office of Horace G. Daw, they found, sitting at the desk, entering millions in a big book, Tim Meazen, one side of his mustache chewed to a tassel and every finger on his freckled hands smeared with ink. He went back to his work with a jerk as he met the watchful eye of the money-breeder.

"Is Mr. Daw in?" asked J. Rufus, advancing, while Josiah Goodheart and Noah Presber and Pinchot Weeks kept in the background.

"Got any appointment?"

"No," confessed J. Rufus, respectfully. "I am J. Rufus Wallingford, and we represent the Hillsign Storage-Motor Company, capital one million shares. Kindly send my card in to Mr. Daw."

"I'll have to know your business first."

Mr. Wallingford frowned and turned to his fellow travelers, but in them there was no trace of suspicion of the inky Meazen. They were numb with awe of this place.

"Very well," agreed Mr. Wallingford, and, setting chairs, for himself and the Finance Committee in a solemn semicircle round the end of Meazen's desk, J. Rufus patiently explained all about the excellence of the storage-motor, the virtues of the directors of the company, and the plan of incorporation. To all of this, Mr. Meazen listened with an impersonal gravity which might have passed for dumbness with those who promote instead of those who invest; but inasmuch as he kept his face expressionless and his eyes on the floor, and chewed the tasseled end of his mustache, the high expectations of the committee began to ebb. However, he did, at the finish, give them a ray of hope.

"I don't think we'll handle it, but I'll let you see Mr. Daw's secretary." And he led the way into the adjoining room, where Chinchilla Williams sat amid his glossy black

whiskers at another desk, signing and stamping one thousand bright-purple stock-certificates, working at a furious rate, scritch-scratch, stimp-stamp; and it was indicative of Mr. Williams' superior rank that he only had ink on two fingers and a thumb, though there was purple stamp-ink on the only bare spot of his right cheek. More suave, too, as he asked what he could do for them, and decided that they must explain their business thoroughly before he could consider taking it up with Mr. Daw. Thereupon, Mr. Wallingford set chairs in a solemn semicircle for himself and the Finance Committee, and as he explained and the committee watched the unimpressed countenance of Mr. Williams, they felt that their mission was a failure. If only Mr. Daw would handle their stock, they could get money for it they were certain by this time;

but the machine was no good—even with those high-priced Hillsign improvements.

"Well," decided Mr. Williams, after stroking his whiskers doubtfully for an age or so, "it don't impress me, but sometimes the chief takes on these small companies when I wouldn't. I believe I'll let you see Mr. Daw."

Hope rose then; they were, at least, to see the great Daw, and it was with bated breath that they entered the third and last room, where Onion Jones, with a stenographer's note-book in his hand, stood in respectful attention at the end of a desk. At the desk sat Daw himself, his black hair disheveled, his tie disarranged. He was talking into the telephone, and he paid no attention to the open-mouthed group in the doorway.

"No!" he snapped. "I don't care if Mr. Rockefeller is back of the company. I don't like the proposition at five billions any better than I did at two, and I won't offer the stock to my investors. Who? Tell Mr. Gould to go to the dickens! No use, I tell you. Good-by." He clicked sharply at his switch and turned to Onion Jones. "Write that letter yourself. Tell Astor I'll place his stock for seventy-five per cent. of the cash received, or he can take it elsewhere. And get out that prospectus."

Onion Jones, casting but the fragment of a sidelong glance at J. Rufus, went behind his screen and began pecking furiously at a typewriter, while Blackie Daw whirled sharply in his chair and looked at his watch.

"Well, gentlemen?"

Mr. Wallingford set chairs for himself and the Finance Committee in a solemn semicircle round Mr. Daw, and patiently he explained all about the Hillsign Storage-Motor Company.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Daw rapidly, twirling his pointed black mustaches into corkscrews. "Well, well! I'll take it—at two-thirds."

"You will!" It was inspiring to see how Mr. Wallingford brightened from his gloom. He was delighted with this unexpected triumph. "He'll take it, gentlemen. Mr. Daw, I thank you."

"Wait a minute!" shrilled Pinchot Weeks. "Who gets the two-thirds?"

"I do!" was the prompt reply of Mr. Daw, and he picked up his 'phone as the buzzer sounded. "Who? J. P. Morgan? I'm busy." He turned to his callers. "Leave your stock with my secretary."

"Wait a minute!" Noah Presber this time. "Do you mean that this million-dollar company will only get a hundred thousand dollars to do business with, for its three-hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock that you sell?"

"Certainly," explained J. Rufus, with a laugh. "That's all a company ever gets, as you'd know if you kept track of

modern finance. One dollar out of ten. That's because there are nine boobs to every good business man."

Blackie Daw suddenly cocked his head to one side as he listened to the click of the typewriter.

"But—but—but," sputtered Pinchot Weeks, "you said we'd offer three hundred thousand to the public—and—and where does the two hundred thousand go?"

"Selling-expense," was the brisk rejoinder. "That's regular. When a stockholder's dollar gets down to actual work, so many people have had a bite that it's shrunk to a dime. That's why we have stockholders."

"Yes; I've heard of that," considered Josiah Goodheart. "Everybody's heard of it, so I suppose it's all right an' we all have to do it. But what I don't see is this: How Wallingford buys those Hillsign patents-applied-for from the tinner for ten thousan' dollars' worth of his stock, an' sells 'em to us for three hundred thousan'—all our extra treasury stock. An' I only get—"

J. Rufus turned on him fiercely.

"You get a hundred thousand, which might increase to a million. And you wouldn't have had it except for me. How often must I tell you that? By thunder, I'll sell out! I'll offer my stock with yours."

That settled it again, and they all jumped on Josh. This was while Blackie Daw, waiting for the cover of an argument, darted behind the screen and hissed fiercely in the ear of Onion Jones:

"Change time, you big knuckle of garlic! If you hammer out 'Turkey in the Straw' any more on this machine, I'll crack your egg." He reappeared briskly at his desk. "Gentlemen, you'll have to pay for the preliminary advertising," he said.

"Yes; Mr. Wallingford told us that," returned Noah Presher, his brow deeply knotted. "But looky here, Mr. Daw: The company gets its hundred thousand out of the very first sales."

For only an instant, Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw glanced at each other speculatively in the eyes; then said Mr. Daw:

"Certainly. Leave your check for three thousand with my secretary as you go out."

### III

REAL clerks in the office of Horace G. Daw, real stenographers, real business! Why not? The great American public, always quick to see and to seize a glittering financial opportunity, were crowding each other to dive into the spouting fountain of fortune opened by the Hillsign Storage-Motor Company. Why not? With the morning and evening and noonday meals, the public was confronted with a full-page announcement of the latest money-making invention of the great Mr. Hillsign. And didn't the public know all about the sensational Thomas A. Hillsign? Was there a house without the Hillsign iceless refrigerator, which cooled and frapped on nothing a week by an ingenious application of the principle of evaporation? Was there a family without his sunlight candles, which bottled up daylight all day long to give out the light at night? Was there a home without his electrical converter, which turned a nickel's worth of salt and a barrel of water into better fuel than gasoline? Indeed, they knew the great Hillsign, knew and revered

him; and boys were admonished under every roof to grow up like him, and invent and make fortunes. Well, here he was! Not often did the public have such a chance to grasp the ground-floor, full participating stock of such a company. Usually the big financiers gobbled it up and kept it for themselves, but Mr. Hillsign had insisted that the public have a chance at the profits made from its own support. And this was a going concern—a going concern, with a big factory already running! Why, here was a photograph of the enormous molding shop, where huge, towering crucibles were pouring out the white-hot metal to make castings for the Hillsign storage-motors! And here was the machine-shop, where the gears were being cut for the marvelous Hillsign storage-motors, a shop blocks long, a shop filled with rows upon rows of whirling machinery, a shop so vast that the perspective of its interior narrowed down to a pin-point at the other end—capacity ten thousand motors a day! And listen! The profit on each motor was a hundred dollars! A share was worth a dollar in the beginning. There were a million shares. Ten thousand motors at a profit of a hundred dollars each was a profit of a million—a dollar a share. Now, if the factory worked to capacity and turned out its ten thousand motors a day, there was a dollar a day profit for every dollar you invested. Why, say! If you invested ten dollars, your income was ten a day. Better than working, eh? But fifty would make fifty dollars a day! How was that, eh? For the balance of your life! That's enough for anybody. (Continued on page 130)

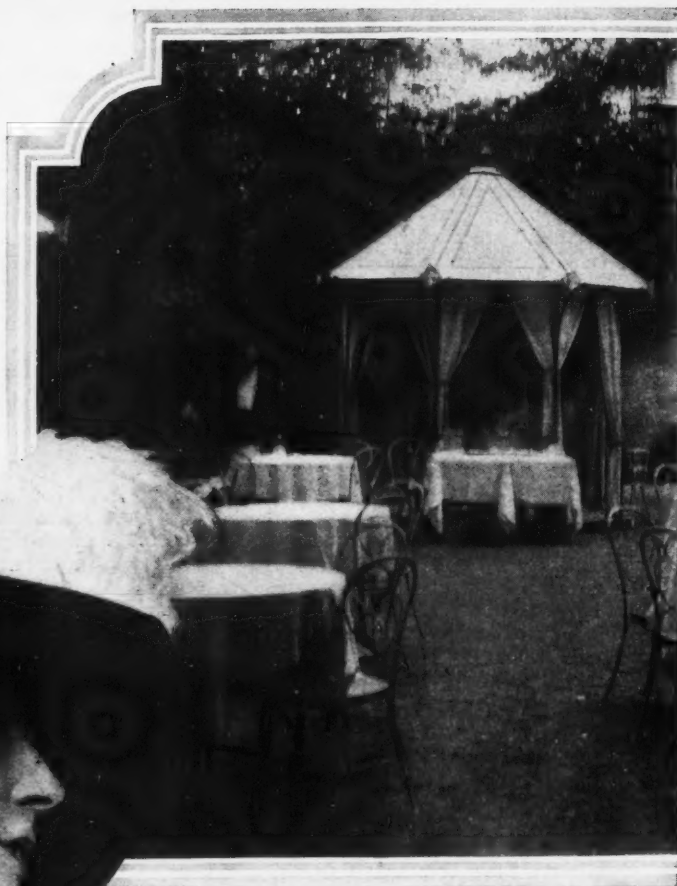


Blackie Daw, waiting for the cover of an argument, darted behind the screen and hissed fiercely in the ear of Onion Jones: "Change time, you big knuckle of garlic! If you hammer out 'Turkey in the Straw' any more on this machine, I'll crack your egg"

# Myself and Others

By Lillie Langtry  
(Lady De Bathe)

Mrs. Langtry here tells of unusual experiences both as hostess and guest in London society, and of an interesting visit to the unlucky Crown Prince of Austria's palace in the city of Vienna.



Sacher's Restaurant

## At Home and Abroad

IT seems almost unjust to accuse the tiny house we took in London of being our initial extravagance. It was so small, so modest, so blushing, just one of a row of similar red-brick abodes forming one side of Norfolk Street, Park Lane. We had decided, after our first experience of a London season, that we must have a *pied à terre* somewhere in the West End, and I was delighted with the prospect of a home of my own. When I became engaged to be married to Edward Langtry, he was the complacent proprietor of a stud of hunters, a coach and four (which he tooled fairly well), an Elizabethan house called Cliff Lodge, near Southampton, and besides the schooner-yacht, Red Gauntlet, mentioned earlier, he had a sixty-ton fishing-cutter equipped with a plethora of piscatorial apparatus, and a small racer, the *Ildegonda*, which had covered itself with cups and glory at the various regattas held along the coast of England.

All these possessions had filled my youthful mind with pleasurable anticipation, which was, however, rudely shattered on the rock of parental investigation when the nuptial settlement was being considered, that inevitable meddler, the family lawyer, making it clear to my "Very Reverend" father and my prospective husband that these expensive recreations were out of all proportion to his fortune, whereon Edward politely permitted himself to be

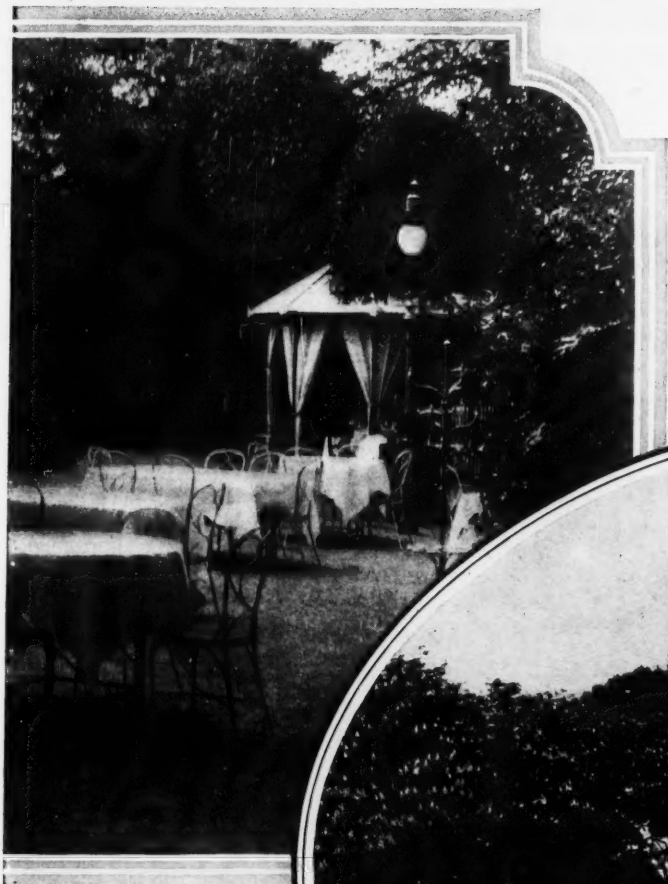


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Lady De Bathe

(From a recent photograph)





in the Prater, Vienna

shorn of most of the aforesaid luxuries before I was allowed to become Lillie Langtry. The Elizabethan house sheltered us for our honeymoon and then went "by the board" with his other doomed superfluities. Following on these trying disappointments, it is not astonishing that I was impatient to "consolidate" my position this time; so after one hurried survey, we shackled ourselves with a long lease of Number 17, finding later, to our dismay, that the chimneys smoked and that the saloon next door was a vexatiously prosperous concern. The furnishing of this hoodwinking little abode was a pleasurable excitement, though I fell an easy prey to the so-called "antique dealers." In one's salad-days, no matter how much forewarned, it is only by bitter experience that one learns to look below the surface and so detect the real from the sham (in people as well as in things). Trusting boldly, therefore, to my superficial knowledge, I secured "amazing bargains" in artificially worm-eaten and blackened-oak furniture, with which I overcrowded the narrow dining-room—a poor compliment to the rare old prints, which had been contributed by Lord Malmesbury from his exhaustless collection to embellish its terra-cotta walls.

The drawing-room is the only one of the eight or nine others that calls for description, and that I draped with some plum-colored material which made it look prematurely funereal. To the rescue of this gloomy room came Whistler unexpectedly one morning, bearing bundles of palm-leaf fans and a tin of gold paint. It seemed strange that the apostle of the demi-tone should advocate garishness, but feeling that I had missed my expected effect and that he realized it, I listened gladly to his suggestion of gilded trophies to brighten the walls. So we set to work to

burnish the fans, but the gold paint rained on us and splashed us with such animate persistence that, by the time our work was finished, our eyelashes glittered and destruction sat on our clothes. Still, the addition of a painted ceiling dimly representing the firmament with a pair of birds prophetically depicted in full flight thereon made the drawing-room, at all events, *original* as regards decoration, though it may have been—and probably was—caviar to many of my friends.

Our newly acquired nest stood on the site of the infamous gallows called Tyburn Tree, where, in bygone days, executions raged fast and furiously, which fact perhaps accounted for the ghostly happenings in that elfin house. Personally, I can only



An entrance to the Prater, Vienna's famous park



Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, whose career was one of the most tragic of all the ill-fated Hapsburgs



John Ruskin

chronicle the sudden bursting-open of firmly closed doors at odd and sometimes embarrassing moments and of an unaccountably eerie atmosphere, but a butler, sleeping in the basement, shiveringly bemoaned the repeated apparitions of Tyburn victims, who devoted the witching-hours to such rollicking sports as rolling over his bed with their heads in their hands or rearing gibbets at its foot. Finding me steadily indifferent to his terrifying experiences and his haggard morning face—both induced, in my opinion, by the fumes of whisky—he eventually fled from these uproarious nocturnal frolics and our service. Only months after, when a young housemaid, whose reputation rivaled that of Cæsar's wife, related how a man with long and beauteous curls and the profusion of lace associated with the cavalier barred her way down-stairs one morning in broad daylight, did I feel belated sympathy for the departed butler.

My efforts at entertaining—practised only on intimate friends—were at that time distinctly defective (subsequently, in America, I learned to appreciate the epicurean side of food), but the antique blue-glass bowl (the *pièce de résistance* on the dining-table), with a single yellow water-lily floating on the water therein—and which has since become a popular decoration—caused much frankly expressed derision from those guests whose sense of fitness called for artistic food as its obvious accompaniment.

An early visitor to this little house of bizarre effects was John Ruskin, then Slade Professor of Art at the University of Oxford. He came one afternoon with Oscar Wilde, who assumed an attitude of such extreme reverence and humility toward the "master" that he could scarcely find breath to introduce him to me. This unusually meek demeanor on Oscar's part aggravated my natural shyness and filled me with exaggerated awe. After a few moments, however, Ruskin's winning voice and charm of manner reassured me, and, taking courage to look at him, I noted that his blue-gray eyes were smiling at me from under bushy eyebrows, that his forehead was large and intellectual, that his nose was aquiline, and that the side-whiskers, made familiar by his earlier portraits, had become supplementary to a gray leonine beard. His hair was rather long and flopped over his ears—indeed, he was a shaggy-looking individual. He held forth on his pet topic, Greek art, in a fervently enthusiastic manner, and as vehemently denounced the Japanese style, then at the beginning of its vogue, describing it as the "glorification of ugliness and artificiality," and contrasting the unbalanced form of Japanese with the fine composition and color of Chinese art—of which he declared it to be a caricature.

At this moment, James McNeill Whistler was bringing a libel suit against the professor on account of the following remark, said to have been uttered by the latter and published in a newspaper of the time.

I have seen much and heard much of cockney impudence, but never expected to have a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.

James of the white lock did not content himself on



"The Falling Rocket—Nocturne in Black and Gold," by Whistler. Ruskin's criticism of which was the cause of a libel suit brought against him by the painter



James McNeill Whistler

this occasion with writing valedictory letters and lengthening the sting of his signatorial butterfly, but brought an action at law against the alleged traducer of his work. The case was hotly contested and had comic interludes, one of the most amusing of these being the exhibition in court of some of the "nocturnes" and "symphonies," which had called forth the harsh criticism to which Jimmy had taken exception. Whistler's counsel, perplexedly unfamiliar with the American impressionist's work, held one of the famous "arrangements" upside down for the inspection of the jury. Ruskin's lawyer sarcastically drew their attention to the fact, and the two barristers disputed contumaciously the possible top and bottom of this disturbing "harmony," the critic's defender gaining the day on declaring that he had seen the picture in question hanging in the Grosvenor Gallery, where it was presumably placed in position by the painter himself. This altercation practically decided the suit, for it served to convince the jury that the paintings could not be meritorious if even the plaintiff's wise lawyer was unable to make "head or tail" of them, and the verdict was a virtual victory for Ruskin, Whistler being awarded *one farthing* damages. The recipient thereafter wore this expensive coin on his watch-chain. Nevertheless, I wondered why the eminent critic who raved of Turner and wrote reams in praise of his sublime art should have failed to understand and appreciate the delicate beauty of Jimmy Whistler's work, which is infused with so much of Turneresque feeling.

It was naturally a great delight to meet these celebrated makers of history, who all seemed amiably bent on making my acquaintance, including the then prime minister, though I admit that my recollection of Benjamin Disraeli, or, rather, Lord Beaconsfield (for he had been raised to the peerage), is somewhat hazy. On the evening that I saw him first, he was sitting at the end of a long room at a big reception at the Foreign Office, and I was led up and introduced to him. I was very shy and he was very condescending, so conversation flagged somewhat. Feeling that he ought to say something, I suppose, he quizzically remarked, "What can I do for you?" As it happened to be just before Ascot races—a meeting attended in state by royalty, where women all like to wear fresh, beautiful frocks—I answered jokingly, "Four new gowns for Ascot," on which he laughed, patted my hand, and said: "You are a sensible young woman. Some of your sex would have asked to be made a duchess."

Among the many stories illustrative of Disraeli's dry humor is the following: He bestowed an important living on a poor curate who had to deliver his first sermon before a most exalted personage. Naturally anxious to make a good



Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild

impression, he begged Disraeli to tell him how long he should preach and "Dizzy's" answer is said to have been, "If your sermon lasts three-quarters of an hour, you will never be heard of again; if thirty minutes, the exalted personage will snore; if fifteen, you will be favorably considered, but if you preach for five minutes only, the exalted personage will make you a bishop in three years."

I am under the impression that Lord Beaconsfield was wearing an unusual amount of orders and jewels that night at the Foreign Office, which gave him, in my eyes, the look of an Eastern potentate, but although I met him elsewhere occasionally, the picture I

retain of him is a blurred one.

Most of the royalties of Europe came from time to time to London in the season. Among them was King Oscar of Sweden, whose signed photograph I still possess, though I cannot recollect much about his personality. But this



© 1904, J. H. MORA

Mrs. Langtry, in the early days of her professional career





Leopold II, King of the Belgians

extract from a letter written to me much later from Stockholm shows that King Oscar's memory was much better than mine.

I continue to enjoy my trips and since the 2d am the King's guest. I told him I had heard from you, and he particularly begged to be remembered to you and to wish you success in your new profession. He told me he had always got the photo you had given him.

Again, at one of the small dinners given at Marlborough House, I met Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia and our own princess royal. But the monarch who came oftenest in those far-off days to England was Leopold, King of the Belgians. Paris and London were his recreation-grounds. He used to enjoy himself in these capitals in the most democratic way, walking about the streets unattended even by an equerry, and often paying visits to his acquaintances—in London, at all events—at curious and unconventional hours. For instance, one morning at nine o'clock, the butler, rapping on my boudoir door—I was not yet down—made the startling announcement that His

Majesty, the King of the Belgians, had called and was waiting in the drawing-room. Very much astonished, I scrambled into my gown, rushed down, and there sat his majesty, wet through, with a dripping umbrella in his hand, having trudged through the pouring rain from his hotel. After making the formal courtesy demanded by etiquette, I sat rather wondering what explanation he would offer me of this early visit; but apparently thinking none necessary, he talked somewhat uninterestingly for what seemed to me an interminable period. His majesty wore his usual apparel—a frock-coat suit and its etceteras—but on this occasion the costume looked ludicrously out of place considering the weather and the time of day.

One afternoon, I chanced to meet King Leopold hurrying along the platform of King's Cross Station almost hidden behind an enormous cardboard box he was carrying and which, he said, contained a bouquet for Queen Victoria, who was then in Scotland and to whom he was on the way to pay his respects.

The Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria was a callow youth who burst upon the horizon of London one spring. Still in his teens, he was more or less in charge of a tutor, who accompanied him everywhere, and I think the poor man had a difficult and strenuous task. Prince Rudolph was tall, slight, fair-haired, but not good-looking, with deep-set gray eyes and the prominent Hapsburg lip. He seemed very headstrong and impulsive and was, I thought, a thoroughly spoiled child. Being heir apparent to the Austrian throne, he was extensively entertained, and I think made the most of his temporary emancipation from the rigid etiquette of the Viennese court.

One of the first private dances in his honor—at which the Prince of Wales was present—was given by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, known to his friends as "Ferdy." The baron had exquisite taste—as indeed have all the Rothschilds—and his house in Piccadilly was artistically decorated in the Louis XVI period. The white ballroom was especially refreshing at a time when the inspiration of the moment was expressed in a rather ponderous and heavy style of oak and that terrible material called



Mrs. Langtry, in street costume

(From a photograph of the period of her first visit to the United States)

"plush." Of course, I am not speaking of the lovely interiors of homes which retained their decorations of the various Queen Anne, Georgian, and Adam periods, but of the "others." In any case, Baron de Rothschild's ballroom was a searching background for doubtfully clean gowns, a fact our prospective host constantly impressed on those whom he knew well enough. Certainly, at this particular entertainment, credit was done to his white room, all the beauties of London being present and looking perfectly gowned. I also tried to live up to the requirements of my surroundings in a pale-pink dress of clinging crêpe de Chine.

Having been presented to the young prince early in the evening, I danced with him once or twice, and after promising to be his partner for the cotillion, the royalties went to supper, the crown prince taking in the baron's sister. About ten minutes later, Ferdie hastily returned to the ballroom and took me forcibly down to sit beside Prince Rudolph who (spoiled boy

reply was? "*C'est vous qui suiez, madame.*" (It is you who are perspiring, madame.)

During his stay in London, this precocious youth and his chaperon came often to our house in Norfolk Street, but one evening, about seven o'clock, he arrived alone, excited in manner and rather untidy, the only explanation he volunteered being that he had left his tutor in an overturned four-wheeler in the street below. Whether he had had a hand in upsetting the "growler" in order to escape his irksome guardian I do not know, but it seemed to my husband and myself as if this might have been the case, especially as the erratic boy seemed to consider it a huge joke.

It was some time before I renewed my acquaintance with the Crown Prince of Austria. I had been touring in the United States, and the following summer traveled on the Continent with some American friends. Included in our itinerary was Vienna, which I had never visited, and we arrived there one broiling August day to find the city practically deserted. Everyone who could do



(Above) Oscar II, King of Sweden  
(Below) Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield

that he was) had manifested an unappeasable appetite for my presence. After supper he claimed me for the cotillion, much embarrassing me by collecting all the favors for the different figures and presenting them to me. As he danced in the most enthusiastic manner, the natural consequence was that he got very hot, which caused a friend of mine to whisper: "Take care of your dress; there are marks on it. Make him put on his gloves." This I proceeded to do on the first opportunity, calling attention to the finger-marks round the waist in support of my request. And what do you think the young man's astonishing



Elizabeth, Empress of Austria

so had fled from the hot pavements either to the mountains, to Carlsbad, or to one of the sea-shore resorts of the Adriatic. Prince Rudolph was in residence at his shooting-box, Meyerling, which was destined to be the scene, later, of such a terrible tragedy. Nevertheless, mindful of a promise made to let him know if chance should ever bring me to his country, I sent him a wire announcing the fact. A few hours later, his imperial highness answered the telegram in person, still wearing his picturesque Tyrolean costume de chasse. He (Continued on page 110)

# New Fables

By George Ade

## The Fable of the Rise and

**M**R. FULGROVE BLIMLEY started as a Desk Worm and finished as an Asteroid. He inherited a Few of everything—a few Thousands in the Bank, a few bundles of Securities in the Tin Box, a few pieces of improved Real Estate, and an Office at which a few chalk-faced Fridays sat at a few quarter-sawed Oak Desks.

He went to call on Bertha McGonnigle a few times, and next we find him purchasing a few necessary articles for a few Offspring.

Any good Fore-caster might have predicted that the light of Blimley never would effulge beyond the limits of the Eighth Ward.

He seemed cut out to be a carrier of Pork Chops and a mower of Lawns, a Porch Warmer, a Perambulator Pusher, a passer of the Contribution Box, a reader of Evening Papers, a Furnace Feeder, a Strap-Hanger, a believer in Government through the moral Uplift of all Persons wearing Alpaca Coats, Goloshes, and Wristlets.

In other Words, a Deuce.

But you never can tell how much Heat there is behind the Asbestos or how wildly a Heart is beating underneath the starched White Vest.

It was early in the Game that Mr. Blimley became Joseph to the vital Fact that no matter how much of a Blob a man may be in his own Bailiwick, he becomes a Mastodon



The Babble of many Voices as Delegate greeted Delegate and the Joe Millers sped from Tongue to Tongue was music to his Listeners

on Platforms and pulling the Chautauqua Beam on helpless Audiences for a few Years, he forgot how to Blush at all. Solitude had no charms for the Subject of this Sketch.

He loved to lope with the Herd.

The Babble of many Voices as Delegate greeted Delegate and the Joe Millers sped from Tongue to Tongue was music to his Listeners.

He relished a whiff of the overcrowded Assembly Hall.

To stand beside a Table bearing a Pitcher of Lecture Juice, and gaze at the Wide Eyes and pendulous Sub-Maxillaries of all the other Beetles—Oh, that were Joy enough for Fulgrove!

Admitting that there is no cure for Conventionitis, let it be said in the same Breath that the Blimleys who sleep five in a Room with the Windows down never want to be cured.

One of the inalienable Rights granted by the Constitution to every Citizen pulling down more than \$800 a year is that of Membership.

Fulgrove looked out from his early Obscurity and discerned many Organizations waiting to be joined.

It came to him that every Lodge, or Society, or Union, or Club, or Association needed a full set of Officers, Delegates to Interstate and National Round-Ups, Members of the Banquet Committee, some one to wear the Ribbons marked "Reception," some one to receive the Loving Cup or the Solid Silver Service.

His first working Capital was a connection with a Protestant Sect that still



To stand beside a Table bearing a Pitcher of Lecture Juice, and gaze at the Wide Eyes and pendulous Sub-Maxillaries of all the other Beetles—Oh, that were Joy enough for Fulgrove!



# in Slang

Illustrated by  
John T. McCutcheon

## Flight of the Winged Insect

believed in Hell, and an inherited affiliation with a Political Party that believed in what-  
eversounds all right in the Platform.

You have no idea how many Brotherhoods and Leagues and Unions and Alliances a busy Blimley can scare up inside of a perfectly good Protestant Church and a well-rooted Political Party.

And every one of them has to throw a Convention once a year and have Group Pictures printed in the Newspapers and listen to an Address of Welcome by the Mayor and raise Cain generally.

It has been suggested that Mr. Blimley came into some Real Estate.

Because he was Custodian of two Dwelling Houses and four Vacant Lots, he took a front seat in the Chamber of Commerce and was a Bright Light in the Business Men's Booster Club and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federation of Taxpayers.

It may be urged that almost any small-sized Gillie can horn his way into a Chamber of Commerce or enlist as a Booster or claim the doubtful distinction of being a taxpayer.

True, but Harken!

Once in a while, or oftener, all the Chambers of Commerce get together for a Conference at Columbus or Omaha or Atlantic City, and then there are Tall Doings, with Cabaret Features and a Member of the Cabinet at the \$5-a-Plate Orgy.

As for the Boosters, they may go along without attracting much attention until the Governor or Vice-President Marshall or somebody like that looms on the Horizon, and then they leap to their Places and begin naming Committees.

Mr. Blimley did not despise the Boosters, because he knew that, if he stuck along, sooner or later he would be seen wearing a high Tile and riding in a ——— Car (deleted by Censor) with a Congressman.

As for the Federation of Taxpayers, it might suddenly be called upon to appoint a few Spokesmen to lay certain

matters before the Legislature, and, naturally, these visitors to the State Capital would be interviewed by the Newspapers and would be seen whispering around the Hotels, and what more could anyone ask?

On the Farm which Mr. Blimley discovered among his Assets were several kinds of growing Crops and some of the best known varieties of Domestic Animals.

The products were relatively unimportant except as providing Mr. Blimley with a bona-

fide Pretext for joining every Agricultural, Horticultural, Live-Stock, and Conservation Society within range.

He had the satisfaction of knowing that he came as near to being a Farmer as most of the other gentlemanly and well-dressed Faddists who were plowing Corn by Proxy.

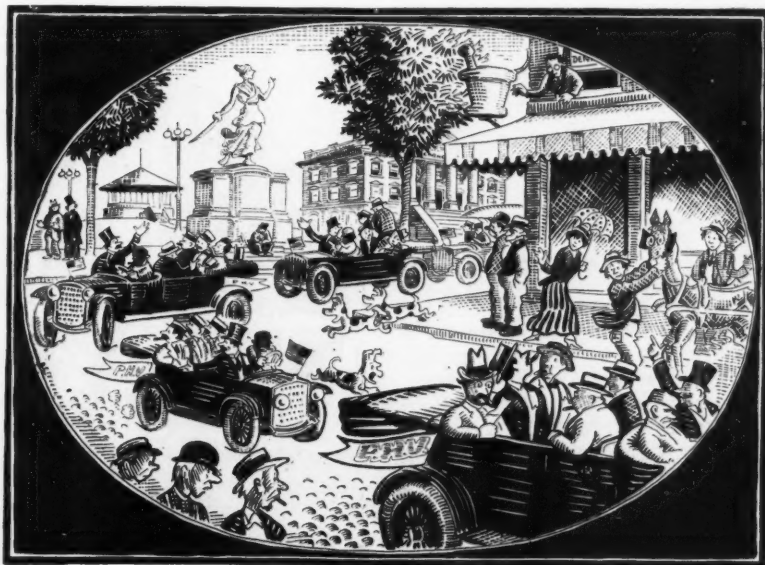
If Mr. Blimley's Fingers seemed to be a trifle Spread and his Hands slightly warped out of Shape, it was because every whispering Order had a different kind of Grip, with

much interlocking of Digits, pressure on the Wrist, and other Hanky-Pank.

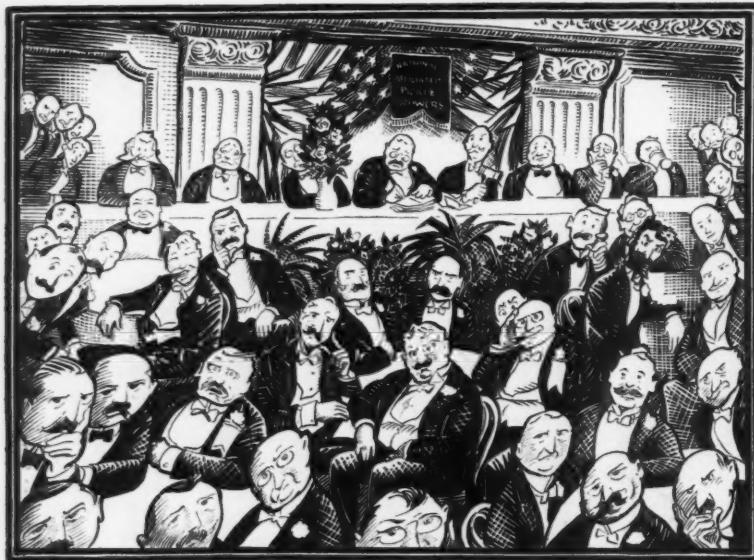
Secret Mottoes and Passwords and Grand Hailing Signs and Signs of Distress may seem to be Fol-de-Rol and Pish-Tush to the cold-blooded Skinics who have faulty ignition in their Carbureters, but they were the real Paprika to old Fulgrove.



Admitting that there is no cure for Conventionitis, let it be said in the same  
Breath that the Blimleys who sleep five in a Room with the  
Windows down never want to be cured



Now we see the Guests of Honor riding to the Hotel, conveyed by busy  
little Explainers. A few hours previous they had been incon-  
spicuous Units in their various Tank Towns



The picture finds him prominently in the Foreground, and it is pretty hard for a Picture to find him anywhere else

He was a Joiner from away Back and some Funeral Attender. By the time he was 35, nothing seemed to give him greater Satisfaction than the sight of a well laid-out Corpse.

And he could truthfully say to Friend Wife, any old night in the week, that he was due at a Meeting and the Brothers expected him.

The more Degrees he took and the more kinds of Insignia he accumulated to wear on the Watch-Chain and in the Cravat and through the Buttonhole, the more he craved.

In the final Stages of what is known as Fraternal Fever, the Victims are not satisfied with belonging to all the Clans listed in the back part of the Directory.

They incorporate and apply for Charters and frame up new Rituals and have a simply Wonderful Time.

If Mr. Blimley had found himself troubled with the Hives and had learned that two Neighbors were similarly afflicted, he would have called a Meeting of all such Persons as were differentiated from the ordinary Run of Humanity by reason of their possessing Nettle-Rash.

Out of the three founders of the new Society he could have selected at least a dozen Committees.

There would have been a Constitution, By-Laws, Ritualistic Description of Inside Stuff and Paraphernalia, and an Exposition of Symbols, prepared in Cipher.

Suppose the secret name of the Brotherhood to have been Philanthropic Hive Victims.

Then the jeweled Pin worn by a Member would have borne the mystic Letters, P. H. V., which might mean Parrots Have Voices, Pickles Help Violinists, Pups Hate Vivisectionists, Papa Hires Veterinarians, Please Help Violet, or any other Fool Thing.

To further tantalize and mislead the Outsiders, the official Emblem would have carried an engraved Representation of a Hive, which might easily be mistaken for Pike's Peak, thereby adding to its Value as a part of the oath-bound and underground Boshmarosh.

The Foregoing may sound Pipey, but if all the Boys who Belong could violate their Solemn Obligations and Snitch on what happens behind the Drawn Curtains, it would come out that most of the Benevolent Ku Kluxes are more or less P. H. V.

Why, then, do the Fulgrove Blimleys climb a dark Stairway every evening, and give a certain number of Raps on the Door, and whisper a little Bunk through a Peek-Hole, and do other Things for which the High-School Fraternities are severely punished?

The Answer is that eventually each Frater who stays on the Job gets a chance to twinkle at the Olympian Revels in the Supreme Conclave.

When first he is despatched, all bathed and barbered, as Special Emissary of the home Verein, he tries to leave the impression that he is a hard-working Patsy and serving under Protest, but after a few Pullman rides he blossoms out as a shameless Professional.

He becomes one of the Minutemen who keep their Grips packed and are ever ready to sacrifice Private Interests

and step modestly into the Spot-Light.

When one has climbed to a dizzy Pinnacle and is Recording Secretary of the United States Poland-China Breeders' Association, the Wife and Children in the Valley below look very much foreshortened.

One is not inclined to speak in disparagement of F. Blimley's whetted Ambitions when One comes to learn that the Pomp and Glory of Conventions are more filling than Roast Beef and more exhilarating than Cocktails.

For several Days previous to one of these sublime Powwows, it could be seen that Mr. Blimley was working himself into an Exalted Mood and accumulating Steam.

He wrote many Letters and sent cabalistic Wires, mostly in regard to the Election of Officers, for many a benevolent Order is 8 per cent. Brotherly Love and 92 per cent. Tomahawk.

Then there was the annual Report of the Sub-Committee on the Revision of By-Laws, proposing (Concluded on page 94)



Some are born Great: some achieve Greatness, and others have it pinned on them



## The Keystone

*Campbell's Tomato Soup* fits into your daily menu like a perfect keystone in a Roman arch.

Almost every day you find some occasion where it seems as if this delicious soup was made expressly for that particular use.

Its exceptional quality and flavor make it the ideal soup-course for a company dinner or formal luncheon. Again, it provides exactly the

wholesome invigorating introduction you want for any family meal. You haven't a food-product in your larder more acceptable and satisfying than

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is just the nourishing appetizer which the tired men folks crave when they come home "done up" from the day's work. The children thrive on it. And yourself—busy and often fatigued from extra demands on your time and strength—find there is nothing which meets your physical needs more completely than this delightful soup—so

nutritious, so tempting, so easily digested; and all ready for your enjoyment any time at three minutes' notice.

You can have it as light or as hearty as you choose. You can serve it plain—simply adding hot water, or as a rich Cream of Tomato—adding milk instead of water. And there are many other inviting ways to prepare it.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. This lightens delivery cost. And you have the mainstay of a pleasing meal always at hand when you want it.

Asparagus  
Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken  
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)  
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder  
Consommé  
Julienne  
Mock Turtle  
Mulligatawny  
Mutton  
Ox Tail

Pea  
Pepper Pot  
Printanier  
Tomato  
Tomato-Okra  
Vegetable  
Vermicelli-Tomato



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



## New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 92)

the Omission in Article 23, Section 7; of the Comma following the word "Effervescent," and the substitution thereof of a Semicolon.

That meant two or three Days' hard work in the Library, and some long-distance 'phoning, because one Faction was bitterly opposed to the introduction of the Semicolon, claiming that it would involve a distinct departure from the Traditions that had been handed down in the Organization ever since about 1898, which meant that Blimley and the other fearless Revisers would have to be Alert and hold their Forces well in hand and be prepared instantler to meet and repel a Covert Attack from the Reactionaries and those who submitted blindly to the Leadership of Malcontents who were not in touch with the Modern Spirit now animating the Chapters throughout the Length and Breadth of the Land from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, California.

Hence the Necessity of getting up a Report that would cover all the Points.

And so on.

Then the portentous Morning would arrive when Mr. Blimley had to mobilize himself and entrain, after giving due Notice to both of the Newspapers and reminding them that he was the K. M. B. of the 9th Province.

As soon as the Train had started for Mecca, Delegate Blimley would move down the Aisle and size up his Fellow Passengers, and if he found one with a recent Hair Cut, he would take a Chance and flag him.

If the Challenged Party responded by placing the Right Hand on the Abdomen, then the Challenger would sit alongside of him and begin to warm his Ear with important Dope delivered at Short Range.

For the inside Machinery of any Association of Indefinite Purpose and the apparent Specific Gravity of a Gas Balloon are more complicated than the Russian Political Situation.

If a lot of confirmed Propagandists start for the big Camp Fire and find that no Business of Importance is in sight, then some Comrade always gets busy and cooks up an Issue just to enliven the Proceedings.

Usually it is a Resolution either approving or panning to a Whisper something geographically remote.

Mr. Blimley seldom left home without carrying at least one Resolution, fully loaded with Explosives and supplied with a Fuse.

The war was a Godsend to the Resoluters.

Let us observe the eager Pilgrims alighting at Union Station.

The official Greeters rush forward, glad-handing with the Grip, but doing it well Under Cover, so that the Station Policeman and the Man on the Gate will not be Next.

Now we see the Guests of Honor riding to the Hotel, convoyed by busy little Explainers.

A few hours previous they had been inconspicuous Units in their various Tank Towns.

Now they are visiting Notables.

Following Registration comes the proud Moment when the Decoration is conferred by the Royal Keeper of the Hardware.

As soon as the Honored Guests are tagged, they are sent out for Exhibition Purposes, undecided between the Buffet and the Manicure Parlor.

The metallic portion of an Official Badge seldom weighs more than a half-pound, and the unobtrusive Lettering of Gold on Blue Satin is surmounted by only a few inches of Tassel, and yet this simple Decoration seems to transmogrify the Provincial and make him a Dinger for two or three days at a Time.

In the overcrowded Office or Main Corral, Mr. Blimley found the familiar Sights which are the Joy and Reward of every Badge-Bug.

He saw the Paper Suitcases piled in Barricades, the Struggle for Picture Post-Cards, the Brother from Kansas who has slaked a long Thirst and passed away sitting up, the haggard Clerk ordering the Porter to unfold more Cots.

He loved to hear the Boy paging "Mister Flooh-flah" and the shrill cry of "Front!" and the shuffle of Feet.

Then the Important Conference in Brother Felix McClure's Bedroom and the Decision to bring in a Minority Report and fight it out on the Floor of the Convention.

There never was a national Snake-Dance at which something or other didn't have to be fought out on the Floor of the Convention.

When Brother meets Brother, then somebody gets bit in the Arm.

Let us not forget the long wait for Food in the disorganized Restaurant, the 65 minutes of Drool by the Past Grand Wallopus, the triumphant substitution of the Semicolon for the Comma, and the Automobile Tour of the City, with little Boys cheering and all the Lads from Squantamville and Silo sitting back trying to appear unmoved and unconcerned.

Will Mr. Blimley order one of the Flash-Light Photographs taken just before the Stevedores bring in the Warm Oysters and the Cold Soup?

Aye; that will he, provided the Picture finds him prominently in the Foreground, and it is pretty hard for a Picture to find him anywhere else.

What if Blimley does return home with his Feet pointed in the wrong Direction and the Lamps a mite bleary and Cinders under the Collar?

He can truthfully report to the Missus and to the Local Branch that the Show was an enormous Success and an Inspiration to all the Faithful.

*Moral: Some are born Great; some achieve Greatness, and others have it pinned on them.*

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *The Straight and Narrow Path leading to the Refreshment Counter*, will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.



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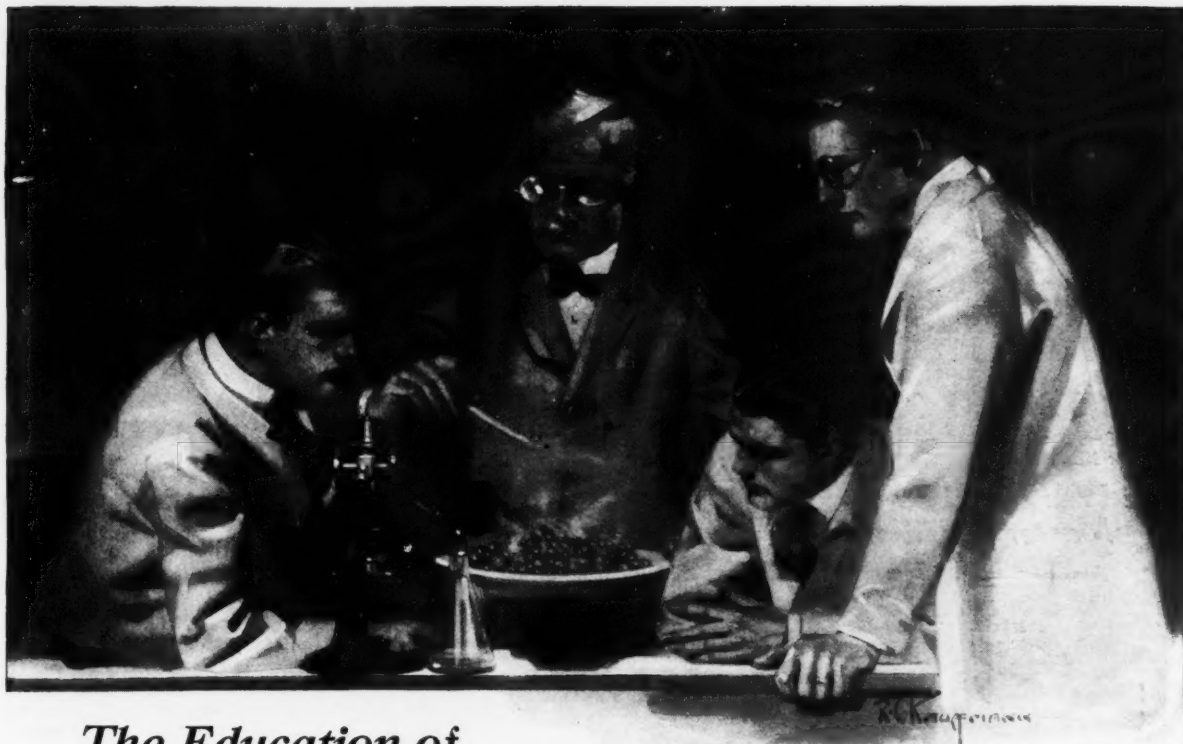
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As a result, every Van Camp dish is a supreme creation. It

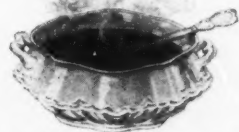
embodies every possible betterment. Some are ten times better than old-time dishes. Each is a masterpiece of culinary art. We urge you to make comparisons. See what vast difference these new methods make. It will bring you new respect for the technical schools of today.

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## The Stimulant

(Continued from page 67)



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knew Henry Calverly not at all. And Miss Wombast, could she have looked in, would have been thrilled and frightened, perhaps to the point of never speaking to Henry again.

As the scene has a bearing on the later events of the day, we will take a look.

They stood in the butler's pantry, Henry and Corinne. The shards of a shattered coffee-cup lay unobserved at their feet. Out in the kitchen sink, all the silver and the other cups and saucers lay in the rinsing-rack, the soap-suds dry on them. Henry held Corinne in his arms. He was kissing deliberately her eyes, her temples, her ears, stroking her hair.

"Henry," she whispered, "we must finish the dishes!"

"Not till I get ready," murmured Henry. "Having too good a time right here."

"It must be all hours. What on earth will Mildred think?"

"Let her think," said Henry, close to her ear, and again there was silence.

Corinne leaned back against the shelves, disengaged her hands long enough to smooth her hair, then let them rest on his shoulders and looked at him.

"We'll hurry and finish the dishes," she murmured; then, a little later: "Henry—for goodness' sake! You take my breath away! I never thought——"

"Never thought what?"

"Wait! My hair's all down again. They might come out here. I mean, you seemed——"

"How did I seem? Say it!"

"Oh, well—Henry—I mean sort of—well, reserved. I thought you were shy."

"Think so now?"

"I—well, no. Not exactly. Really, Henry, you mustn't be so—so intense."

"But I am intense! I'm not the way I look. Nobody knows—" Here he interrupted himself.

"Oh, Henry!" she breathed, her head on his shoulder now, her arm clinging about his neck. He felt very manly. Life, "real" life, whirled, glowed, sparkled about him. "You dear boy—I'm afraid you've made love to lots of girls! You're so—so——"

"I haven't!" he protested, with unquestionable sincerity. "Not to lots. Maybe you don't like the way I make love."

"Silly!" A silence. Then he felt her draw even closer to him. "Henry, talk to me! Make love to me! Tell me you'll take me away with you—to-day—now! Make me feel how wonderful it would be! Say it, anyway—even if—oh, Henry, say it!"

For an instant, Henry's mind went cold and clear. He was a little frightened. He found himself wondering if this tempestuous young woman who clung so to him could possibly be the easy, lazy, comfortably smiling Corinne. He thought of Carmen—the Carmen of Calvé. He had supped once in that opera down at the Auditorium.

He was making love to her at this moment, while his thoughts so coolly ranged. But he felt inadequate. The thrill of the conqueror was his. But he was beginning to feel that this was enough, that he had best rest his case, perhaps, at this point.

As for asking her to fly away with him he couldn't conscientiously so much as ask her to have dinner with him in Chicago. Not in the present state of his pocket.

One fact, however, emerged: He must have it out with old Boice. Settle that salary business. He'd have to.

The door from dining-room to kitchen opened—rather slowly. There was a light step in the kitchen, and Mildred Henderson's musical little voice humming the theme of the andante from the Fifth Symphony. Henry and Corinne leaped apart. They heard her at the sink. Rinsing the dishes and the silver, doubtless.

"Hate to disturb you two," she called; "but I promised Humphrey I'd get after you, Henry. He says you simply must get some work done to-day."

Henry stood motionless, trying to think.

Corinne, moving with hardly a rustle, slid her arm again about his neck. She wanted him to kiss her again, of course.

"Do your work here," she whispered.

He shook his head.

"A lot I'd get done—here with you."

"Please. I'll help you. Couldn't I be just a little inspiration to you?"

"It ain't inspiring work."

"Henry—write something for me! Write me a poem!"

"All right. Not to-day, though. Gotta do this darn Business Men's Picnic." With an odd feeling of cold detachment, he kissed her again. Then he said, "Wait a minute," pushed her away, went into the kitchen.

"Going over town," he remarked, off-hand, to Mrs. Henderson.

At the outer door, Corinne murmured, "You'll come back, Henry?"

With a vague little wave of one hand and a perplexed expression, he replied, "Yes, of course." And hurried off.

Mr. Boice wasn't at his desk at the Voice sanctum. Henry could see that much through the front window. He didn't go in. He felt that he couldn't talk with Humphrey—or anybody—right now. Except old Boice. He was gunning for him. Equal to him, too. Equal to anything. Could lick a regiment.

He found his employer down at the post-office. In his little den behind the money-order window. He asked Miss Hemple, there, if he could please speak to Mr. Boice.

Once again on this eventful day, that conservative member of the village triumvirate found himself forced to gaze at the dressy if now slightly rumpled youth with a silly little mustache that he couldn't seem to let go of, and the thin bamboo stick with a crook at the end. The youth whose time was so valuable that he couldn't arrange to do his work. And once again irritation stirred behind the spotted, rounded-out vest and the thick, wavy, yellowish white whiskers.

He sat back in his swivel-chair, looked at Henry with lusterless eyes, made sounds.

"Mr. Boice," said Henry, "I—I want to speak with you. It's—it's this way: I don't feel that you're doing quite the right thing by me." Another sound from the editor-postmaster. Then silence.





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Mr. Boice clasped his hands on his stomach and sat still. Henry chafed. After a time, Mr. Boice asked,

"Have you done the story of the Business Men's Picnic?"

Henry shook his head.

"Better get it done, hadn't you?"

Henry shook his head again.

Mr. Boice continued to sit—motionless, expressionless. His thoughts ran to this effect: The article on the picnic was by far the most important matter of the whole summer. Every advertiser on Simpson Street looked for whole paragraphs about himself and his family. Henry was supposed to cover it. He had been there. It would be by no means easy now to work up a proper story from any other quarter.

"Suppose," he remarked, "you go ahead and get the story in. Then we can have a little talk if you like. I'm rather busy this afternoon."

He tried to say it ingratiatingly, but it sounded like all other sounds that passed his lips—colorless, casual.

Henry stood up very stiff, drew in a deep breath or two. His fingers tightened about his stick. His color rose.

"Mr. Boice," he said, firmly if huskily, and a good deal louder than was desirable, here in the post-office, within ear-shot of the money-order window, "Mr. Boice, what I want from you won't take two minutes of your time. You'd better tell me right now whether I'm worth ten dollars a week to the *Voice*. Beginning this week. If I'm not, I'll hand in my string Saturday and quit. Think I can't do better'n this? I wonder! You wait till about next November. Maybe I'll show the whole crowd of you a thing or two! Maybe—"

For the second time on this remarkable day, the unexpected happened to and through Norton P. Boice. Slowly, with an effort and a grunt, he got to his feet. Color appeared in his face above the whiskers. He pointed a huge, knobby finger at the door.

"Get out of here!" he roared. "And stay out!"

Henry hesitated, swung away, turned back to face him, finally obeyed.

Jobless, stirred by a rather fascinating sense of utter catastrophe, thinking, with a sudden renewal of exultation, about Corinne, Henry wandered up to the Y. M. C. A. rooms and idly, moodily, practised shooting crokinole counters.

Shortly he wandered out. An overpowering restlessness was upon him. He wanted desperately to do something, but didn't know what it could be. It was as if a live wild animal, caged within his breast, was struggling to get out. He walked over to Humphrey's rooms, back of the Parmenter place. He was living there now. He threw off his coat, tried fooling at the piano, gave it up, and took to pacing the floor.

There were peculiar difficulties here, in the big living-room that Humphrey had fitted up so comfortably. Corinne had spent an evening here. She had sat in this chair and that, had danced over the

hard-wood floor, had smiled on him. The place without her was painfully empty.

He knew now that he wanted to write. But he didn't know what. The wild animal was a story. Or a play. Or a poem. Perhaps the poem Corinne had begged for. He stood in the middle of the room, closed his eyes, and saw and felt Corinne close to him. In his arms. It was a mad but sweet reverie. Yes; surely it was the poem! He found pencil and paper—a wad of copy-paper, and curled up in the window-seat.

Things were not right. Not yet. He was the victim of wild forces. They were tearing at him. It was no longer restlessness—it was a mighty passion. It was uncomfortable and thrilling. Queer that the impulse to write should come so overwhelmingly without giving him, so far, a hint as to what he was to write! Yet it was not vague. He had to do it. And at once. Find the right place and go straight at it. It would come out. It would have to come out.

Mr. Boice came heavily into the *Voice* office and sank into his creaking chair by the front window. Humphrey went swiftly, steadily through galley after galley of proof. He smoked his cob pipe as he worked.

Mr. Boice drew a few sheets of copy-paper from a pigeonhole, took up a pencil in his stiff fingers, and gazed down over his whiskers.

It was a decade or more since the editor of the *Voice* had done any actual work. Every day he dropped quiet suggestions, whispered a word of guidance to this or that lieutenant, and listened to assorted ideas and opinions. But to compose and write out three columns of his own paper was hopelessly beyond him. It called for youth or for the long habit of a country hack.

For an hour he sat there. Gradually, Humphrey became aware of him. It was odd, anyway, that he should be here. He seldom returned in the afternoon. Finally, he looked over at the younger man and made sounds. Humphrey raised his head, removed his pipe.

"Guess you better fix up a little account of the Business Men's Picnic, Weaver," he remarked.

"Henry's doing that."

Mr. Boice's massive head moved slowly sidewise.

"No," he said; "he won't be doing it."

Humphrey leaned back in his chair. His face wrinkled reflectively; his brows knotted. He held up his pipe, rubbed the warm cob with the palm of his hand. Mr. Boice got up and moved toward the door.

"I've let Henry go," he said.

Humphrey went on rubbing his pipe, squinting at it. Mr. Boice paused in the door, looked back.

"I'll ask you to attend to it, Weaver."

Humphrey shook his head. Mr. Boice stood looking at him.

"No," said Humphrey; "afraid I can't help you out." Mr. Boice stood motionless. There was no expression on his face, but Humphrey knew what the steady look meant. He added, "I wasn't there."

Still Mr. Boice stood. Humphrey took a fresh galley-proof from the hook and fell to work at it. After a little, Mr. Boice moved back to his desk and creaked

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down into his chair. Again he reached for the copy-paper.

Humphrey, in a merciful moment when he was leaving for the day, thought of suggesting that Murray Johnston, local man for the City Press Association, might be called on in the emergency. He had been at the picnic. He could write the story easily enough if he could spare the time. A faint smile flitted across his face at the reflection that it would cost old Boice five or six times what he was usually willing to pay in the *Voice*.

But Mr. Boice, bending over the desk, a pencil gripped in his fingers, a sentence

in my life saw such concentration. It seems that he's promised Corinne a poem."

"Wonder what's got into him," Humphrey mused.

Mildred returned to her salad-dressing. "Genius has got into him," she said, a bright little snap in her eyes, "and it's coming out. He's been up there nearly two hours now. Corinne's guarding. She'd kill you if you disturbed him."

"Hm," said Humphrey.

"Humphrey, my dear," said Mildred then, "I'm really afraid we've got to watch those two a little. Something's been happening to-day. Corinne has

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### *Penrod Jashber,*

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**January Cosmopolitan.**

or two written and crossed out on the top sheet of copy-paper, did not so much as lift his eyes. And Humphrey, his lips compressed tightly on the suggestion he might have made, went on out.

Humphrey let himself into Mrs. Henderson's front hall, closed the screen door gently behind him, and looked about the dim interior. There seemed to be no one in the living-room. The girls were in the kitchen, doubtless, getting supper. Mildred had faithfully promised not to bother cooking anything hot. He hung up his hat. Then he saw a feminine figure up the stairs, curled up on the top step.

It was Corinne. She was pressing her finger to her lips and shaking her head. He peered up at her and saw that she was smiling mysteriously. She motioned him out toward the kitchen. There he found his hostess.

"Seen Henry?" he asked. "Old Boice fired him to-day."

"He's here," said Mildred. "A very interesting thing is happening, Humphrey. I've always told you he was a genius."

"But what's up?"

"We've got him up-stairs at my desk. He's writing something. I think it's a poem for Corinne."

"A poem! But—"

"It's really quite wonderful. Now don't you go and throw cold water on it, Humphrey." She came over, very trim and pretty in her long apron, her face flushed with the heat of the stove, slipped her hand through his arm, and looked up at him. "It's really very exciting. He came in here, all out of breath, and said he had to write. He's quite wild. I never

gone perfectly mad over him—to-day—all of a sudden. She fretted every minute he was away. Henry doesn't know it, but Corinne is a pretty self-willed girl. And just now she's got her mind on him." She came over again, took his arm, and looked up at Humphrey. She was at once sophisticated and confiding. "I've really been worrying a little about them. About Henry particularly, for some reason." She gave a soft little laugh, and pressed his arm. "They're so young, Humphrey—such green little things. Or he is, at least. I've been impatient for you to come."

"I got down as soon as I could."

"Of course. I know."

"I've been worrying about him, too."

When the supper was ready, Mildred made Humphrey sit at the table and herself tiptoed up the stairs. She came back smiling, as if at her own thoughts.

"He won't eat," she explained. "He's still at it."

"Corinne coming down?"

"Not she. She won't budge from the stairs. And she flared up when I suggested bringing up a tray. I never thought that Corinne was romantic, but—well, it gives us a nice little *tête-à-tête* supper. I've made iced coffee, Humphrey. Just dip into the salad, won't you?"

After supper, they went out to the hall. Corinne, still on the top step, had switched on the light and was sorting out a pile of loose sheets. She beckoned to them. They came tiptoeing up the stairs.

"I can't make it out," she whispered. "It isn't poetry. And he doesn't number his pages."

"How did you ever get them?" asked Mildred.



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"Went in and gathered them up. He didn't hear me. He's still at it."

Humphrey reached for the sheets, held them to the light, read bits of this sheet and that, found a few that went together and read them in order, finally turned a wrinkled, astonished face to the two young women.

"What is it?" they asked.

He chuckled softly.

"Well, it isn't poetry."

"I saw that much," Corinne murmured rather mournfully.

"It's—wait a minute! I couldn't believe it at first. Yes; that's what it is."

"What?"

"It's an account of the Business Men's Picnic."

Then Humphrey dropped down at Mildred's feet and laughed, softly at first, then with increasing vigor. Mildred clapped her hand over his mouth and ran him down the stairs and through into the living-room. There they dropped side by side on the sofa and laughed until tears came. Corinne, laughing a little herself now, but perplexed, followed them.

"Here," said Humphrey, when he could speak; "let's get into this."

They moved to the table. Humphrey spread out the pages and skimmed them over with a practised eye, arranging as he read. Once he muttered, "What on earth!" And shortly after, "Why, the young devil!"

"Please," said Corinne; "please! I want to know what it is."

Humphrey stacked up the sheets and laid them on the table.

"Well," he remarked, "it is certainly an account of the Business Men's Picnic. And it certainly was not written for the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury*. I'll start in a minute and read it though. But from what I've seen—well, while it may be a little Kiplingesque—naturally—still it comes pretty close to being a work of art."

"Tell you what the boy's done. He's gone at that little community outing just as an artistic god would have gone at it. As if he'd never seen any of these Simpson Street folks before. Berger, the grocer, and William F. Donovan, and Mr. Wombast, and Charlie Waterhouse, and Weston of the bank, and—and, here, the little Dutchman that runs the lunch-counter down by the tracks, and Heinie Schultz, and Bill Schwartz, and old Boice. It's a crime what he's done to Boice. If this ever appears, Sunbury will be too small for Henry Calverly. But oh, it's grand writing! He's got 'em all in—their clothes, their little mannerisms, their tricks of speech. Wait; I'll read it!"

Forty minutes later, the three sat back in their chairs, weak from laughter.

"One thing I don't quite understand," said Mildred. "It's a lovely bit of writing—he makes you see it and feel it—where Mr. Boice and Charles Waterhouse were around behind the lemonade-stand, and Mr. Waterhouse is upset because the purse they're going to surprise him with for being the most popular man in town isn't large enough. What is all that, anyway?"

"I know," said Humphrey. "I was wondering about that. It's funny as the dickens, those two birds out there behind the lemonade-stand, quarreling about it. It's—let's see—oh, yes! And Boice says: 'It won't help you to worry, Charlie. We're doing what we can for you. But

it'll take time. And it's a chance.' Funny!" He lowered the manuscript and stared at the wall. "Hm," he remarked thoughtfully, "I'm thinking that Bob McGibbon would give a hundred dollars for this story as it stands right now."

"Why?"

"Because he's gunning for Charlie. And for Boice."

"And what's this?"

"Evidence." Humphrey was grave.

"Not quite it. But warm. Very warm."

"He's really stumbled on something? How perfectly lovely!"

"And he doesn't know it. Sees nothing but the story-value of it. But it may be serious. They'd duck him in the lake. They'd drown him."

"But how lovely if Henry, by one stroke of his pencil, should puncture the frauds in this smug, respectable sham town!"

"There is something in that," mused

Humphrey

"Sh," from Mildred.

They heard a slow step on the stairs. A moment, and Henry appeared in the doorway. He stopped short when he saw them. His glasses hung dangling against his shirt-front. He was coatless, but plainly didn't know it. His straight brown hair was rumpled up on one side and down in a shock over the farther eye. He was pale, and looked tired about the eyes. He carried more of the manuscript.

He stared at them as if he couldn't quite make them out, or as if not sure he had met them. Then he brushed a hand across his forehead and slowly, rather wanly, smiled.

"I had no idea it was so late," he said.

Mildred and Corinne fed him and petted him while Humphrey drew a big chair into the dining-room, smoked cigarette after cigarette, and studied the brightening, expanding youth before him. He reflected too, on the curious, instant responsiveness that is roused in woman at the first evidence of the creative impulse in a man. As if the elemental mother were moved.

"That's probably it," he thought.

"And it's what the boy has needed. Martha Caldwell couldn't give it to him—never in the world! He was groping to find it in that tough little Wilcox girl. It wouldn't do to tell him—No; I mustn't tell him; got to steady him down all I can—but I rather guess he's been needing a Mildred and a Corinne. These two years."

Humphrey stood up then, said he was going out for half an hour, and picked up the manuscript from the living-room table as he passed. He went straight to Boice's house on upper Chestnut Avenue.

"What has all this to do with me?" asked Mr. Boice, behind closed doors in his roomy library. "Let him write anything he likes!"

Humphrey sat back, slowly turned the pages of the manuscript.

"This," he said, "is a real piece of writing. It's the best picture of a community outing I ever read in my life. It's vivid. The characters are so real that a stranger, after reading this, could walk up Simpson Street and call fifteen people by name. It is humor of the finest kind. But they won't know it on Simpson Street. They'll be sore as pups, every man. He's taken their skulls off and looked in."

This sounded pretty highfalutin to Mr. Boice. He made a reflective sound, then remarked,



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"Well, what—"

Humphrey quietly interrupted.

"Little scenes all through. Funny as 'Pickwick.' There really is a touch of genius in it. Handles you pretty roughly. But they'd laugh. No doubt about that. All sorts of scenes—you and Charlie Waterhouse behind the lemonade-stand—"

He read on to himself. But he knew that Mr. Boice sat up stiffly in his chair with a grunt. He heard him rise ponderously and move down the room then come back. When he spoke, Humphrey, aware of his perturbation, was moved to momentary admiration by his apparent calmness. He sounded just as usual.

"What are you getting at?" he asked.

"You want something?"

"I want you to take Henry back at—say, twelve a week."

"Hm. Have him rewrite this?"

"No. Henry won't be able to write another word this week. He's empty. My idea is, Mr. Boice, that you'll want to do the cutting yourself. When you've done that, I'll pitch in on the rewrite. We can get our three columns out of it, all right."

"Hm."

"There's one thing you may be sure of: Henry doesn't know what he's written. No idea. It's a flash of pure genius."

"Don't know that we've got much use for a genius on the *Voice*," grunted Mr. Boice. "He ought to go to Chicago or New York."

"He will, some day," Humphrey rose. "Will you send for him in the morning?" There was a long silence. Then a sound. Then,

"Tell him to come around."

"Twelve a week, including this week?"

The massive yellowish gray head inclined slowly. "Very well; I'll tell him."

"You can leave the manuscript here, Weaver."

"No." Humphrey deliberately folded it and put it in an inside pocket. "Henry will have to give it to you himself. It's his. Good-night."

Out on the street, Humphrey reflected, with a touch of exuberance rare in his life:

"We won't either of us be long on the *Voice*. Not now. But it's great going while it lasts."

And he wondered, with a little stir of excitement, just why that purse wasn't enough for Charlie Waterhouse—just what old Boice knew. Why, it was a chance! Curious! Something back of it, something that McGibbon was eternally pounding at—hinting—insinuating. Something real there; something that might never be known.

Humphrey felt that the little triumph—though it might indeed prove temporary; any victory over old Boice in Sunbury affairs was likely to be that—called for celebrating in some special degree. He had, it seemed, a few bottles of beer at the rooms.

So thither they adjourned, Mildred and Humphrey strolling slowly ahead, Corinne and Henry strolling still more slowly behind.

Henry seemed fagged. At least, he was quiet.

Corinne, stirred with a sympathetic interest not common to her sort of nature, stole hesitant glances at him, even finally, slipped her hand through his arm. She hung back. Mildred and Humphrey disappeared in the shadows of the maples a block ahead.

"I suppose you're pretty tired," Corinne murmured.

Her voice seemed to waken him out of a dream.

"I—I—what was that? Oh—tired? Why, I don't know. Sort of."

Her hand slipped down his forearm, within easy reach of his; but he was unaware.

"I'm frightfully excited," he said, brightening. "If you knew what this meant to me! Feeling like this. The Power—but you wouldn't know what that meant. Only, it lifts me up. I know I'm all right now. It's been an awful two years. You've no idea. Drudgery. Plugging along. But I'm up again now. I can do it any time I want. I'm free of this darn town. They can't hold me back now."

"You'll do big things," she said, a mournful note in her voice.

"I know. I feel that." And now she stopped short. In a shadow. "What is it?" he asked, casually. "What's the matter?"

She glanced at his face, then down.

"Do you think you'll write a—poem?" she asked, almost sullenly.

"Maybe. I don't know. It's queer—you get all stirred up inside, and then something comes. You can't tell what it's going to be. It's as if it came from outside yourself. You know. Spooky."

She moved on now, bringing him with her.

"Mildred and Humphrey'll wonder where we are," she said crossly.

Henry glanced down at her, then at the shadowy arch of maples ahead. He wondered what was the matter with her. Girls were, of course, notoriously difficult. Never knew their own minds. He was exultantly happy. It had been a great day. Twelve a week now, and going up! Hump was a good old soul. He recalled, with a recurrence of both the thrill and the conservatism that had come then, that he had had a great time with Corinne in the early afternoon. Mustn't go too far with that sort of thing, of course. But she was sure a peach. And she didn't seem the sort that would be forever trying to pin you down. He took her hand now. It was great to feel her there, close beside him.

Corinne walked more rapidly. He didn't know that she was biting her lip. Nor did he perceive what she saw clearly, bitterly, that she had unwittingly served a purpose in his life which he would never understand. And she saw, too, that the little job was, for the present, at least, over and done with.

She stole another sidelong glance at him. He was twisting up the ends of his mustache. And humming.

The next *Henry Calverly* story, *The White Star*, will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.

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## Some Axioms of War-Work

(Continued from page 60)

have more trouble in devoting your afternoons to war-work than if you had been spending them, for example, in the pursuit of knowledge. It is child's play to abandon the pursuit of knowledge; no moral stamina is required. But to give up the exciting sociabilities of afternoon teas is a tremendous feat. So much so that, if you are a votary of this indigestive practise, you will infallibly endeavor to persuade yourself at first: "I can manage the two—war-work and afternoon teas as well. I can fit them in."

You cannot fit them in—at any rate successfully. The essence of war-work is that it may not be fitted in. If it does not mean sacrifice, it means naught.

*Axiom: If a teacup is full, you cannot pour anything into it until you have poured something out.*

### IV

THE next, and the next to the last, illusion to go is a masterpiece of simple-mindedness, and yet nearly all who take up war-work are found at first to be under its sway. It is the illusion that war-work, being a fine and noble thing, ought to change people's natures and dispositions in such a manner as to produce the maximum of cooperating effort with the minimum of friction.

Now, the very heart of all war-work is the grand and awe-inspiring institution of the committee. If you are engaged on war-work, you are bound to sit on a committee or, in default of a committee, a sub-committee (which usually has more real power than the bumptious and unwieldy body that overlords it). And if you are on neither a committee nor a sub-committee, then you are bound, sooner or later, to be called up before a committee or a sub-committee and to be in a position to give the committee or sub-committee a piece of your mind.

Thus, your legitimate ambition will somehow be satisfied.

But let us suppose that you are at once elected to a committee. Well, among the members of the committee are three persons you know: Miss X, Mr. Y, and Mrs. Z. Miss X used to be a mannish and reckless and cheeky young maid. Mr. Y used to be an interfering and narrow-minded old maid. Mrs. Z used to be nothing in particular. You enter the committee-room, and you see these three, together with a few others who have a not very promising air. (Probably no sight is more depressing than the cordon of faces round a committee-room table.)

You, however, are not downcast. You feel in yourself the uplifting power of a great ideal. You are determined to make the best of yourself and of everybody. And you are convinced that everybody is determined to do the same. But in less than five minutes, Miss X, despite her obvious lack of experience, is offering the most absurd proposals; she has put her elbows on the table, and she is calmly teaching all her grandmothers to suck

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eggs. Mr. Y is objecting to the ruling of the chairman, and obstinately arguing against a resolution that has been carried, and indeed implying that the committee ought not to do anything at all. As for Mrs. Z, she has scarcely opened her mouth; when the chairman asked her for her opinion, she blushed and said she "rather agreed," and she voted both for and against the first resolution.

"Is it conceivable," you exclaim, in your soul, "is it conceivable that these individuals can behave so in such a supreme crisis of the nation's history, at a moment when the nation has need of every citizen's loyal good-will, of every—" etc., etc? "No! They cannot have realized that we are at war."

And sundry other members of the committee are not much better than the ignoble three. Indeed, your faith in committees is practically destroyed. You say to yourself, with your blunt, vigorous common sense, "If only the committee would adjourn and leave the whole matter to me, I am sure I could manage it much better than they are doing." You consider that a committee is a device for wasting time and for flattering the conceit of opinionated fools. Then Mr. Y becomes absolutely impossible. You feel that you are prepared to stand a lot, but that there is a limit, and that Mr. Y has gone beyond it. You are ready to work, and to work hard, but you cannot be expected to work with people who are impossible. You decide to send in your resignation to the chairman at once.

I hope you will not send it in. For, at least, half the committee is thinking just as you are thinking. And one or two of them are thinking these things, not apropos of Miss X, Mr. Y, or Mrs. Z, but apropos of you! And if you are startled at the spectacle of people persisting in being just themselves in war-work, then the fault is yours and you should be gently ashamed.

You ought to have known that people are never more themselves than in a great crisis, especially when the crisis is prolonged. You ought to be thankful that the committee has unscaled your eyes to so fundamental a truth. You have realized that we are at war; you ought also to realize that it takes all sorts to make a world, even a world at war. You ought to imagine what would happen if every member of the committee, like you, resigned because Mr. Y was impossible, and thus left the impossible Mr. Y in possession of the table and the secretary.

*Axiom: The most valorous and morally valuable war-work is the work of working with impossible people.*

And may I warn you that you will later on, if you succeed as a war-worker, encounter more terrible phenomena than Mr. Y, who, at the worst, can always be outvoted? You will encounter, for example the famous and fashionable lady who, justifiably relying on human nature's profound and incurable snobbishness, will give all the hard work to you and those like you, while appropriating all the glory and advertisement for herself. And, more terrible even than the famous and fashionable lady, you will run up against the Official Mind. The Official Mind is the worst of all obstacles to getting things



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done. And the gravest danger of the war-worker, particularly if he attains high rank on committees, is the danger of becoming official-minded himself.

V

WHEN you have proved that in war-work you are a decent human being—and you will prove this by sticking to the work long after you are weary of it and by refusing to fly off to something else because it promises to be more diverting and less annoying than your present job, then you will part company with the war-worker's last illusion—namely, the illusion that her efforts will meet with gratitude. Gratitude is going to be an extremely rare commodity, and it is not a very good thing to receive, anyhow. You see, there will be so few people with leisure to devote to gratitude. Everybody is or will be war-working. Even soldiers and sailors are doing something for the war, though to listen to some civilians, one would suppose the military side of war to be relatively quite unimportant.

No; gratitude will not choke the market. On the contrary, criticism will be rife, for we are all experts in war-work. The highest hope of the average war-worker must be to escape censure. Official food-controllers, who are possibly the supreme type of war-worker, are thankful if they escape with their heads. And herein is a great lesson.

*Axiom: The reward of war-work will be in the treaty of peace.*

The next **Arnold Bennett** article, **A Dangerous Lecture to a Young Woman**, will appear in **January Cosmopolitan**.

## The Other Lobster

(Continued from page 42)

really you do! On the way back to the hotel, he began to complain of—"Windham didn't quite catch the word. She repeated it, in a very small voice, "Gripes," and hurried on. "By the time we reached the hotel, he was in agony. On the way up-stairs he became suddenly unconscious, and so remained until the end."

On Windham's face were written relief and joy.

"Of all the merciful dispensations of Providence!" he cried.

"The excitement," she explained, "the wedding breakfast, the journey in the train, the spin afterward, all the good things to eat and the champagne had finished the poor old boy. He died of acute indigestion."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Windham. "I don't mean I'm particular about its having been acute indigestion—what makes me glad is that he died when he did. When you make up your mind to a thing, don't put it off. That's what I say."

"Aren't you a little heartless?"

But she smiled indulgently.

"If I didn't feel the way I do, I'd be heartless."

"He left me everything," said Mrs. Jordan, "but only on the condition that I should never marry again."

In silence, Windham considered this



cataclysmic announcement. Then he said slowly,

"What are you worth?"

"Five or six millions."

"Which you forfeit if you marry me?"

"I don't mind," she said, with wonderful sweetness.

The young man caught her hand across the cloth and pressed it ardently.

"What a brick you are!" he exclaimed.

"That's all right," she murmured.

"What's all right?"

"We are—the moon—everything."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he said solemnly; "things are far from right! I couldn't; you see, I just couldn't—"

"Eric," she cried, "don't frighten me!"

"It's one thing," he explained, "to marry a girl who has no money. It is very different to marry a girl who will have no money because of your marrying her."

"But you have enough for two!"

"If you had nothing, yes—my beggarly ten thousand would be something. But you've had everything—everything that is easy and luxurious and beautiful. With me, all you'd have would be the prospects of me making good some time or other."

"And love, Eric; don't forget that."

"I'd love you. But you'd be too pinched and uncomfortable to keep on loving me. You'd have one very best dress, and some day somebody would spill soup on it, and then you'd hate me."

"Listen to me! I love you. I think I'll always love you. With all my heart I want to be your wife. I have had ease and luxury; but I haven't been happy. I'd never known what it was to be really happy until you kissed me. But"—here a steely note crept into her voice—"if your income isn't enough for two, if you aren't willing to share it with me—"

"Don't you dare to talk to me like that!" he cried. "What do you think I am? When I have made a fortune, I'll come back."

"Eric!"

"There is no other way out. I know how generous you are, how wonderful and how beautiful. But all human experience goes to prove that some day, sooner or later, if we stayed poor—and we might, God knows we might!—some day, you would begin to regret your forfeited millions, and, when you had begun to regret, the iron of it would eat into your soul and into mine."

"I wish I were dead," she said simply.

"Don't say that! It's not a tragedy yet. It's not going to be a tragedy if I can help it. I'm going to take the old world by the throat and shake him until money flows out of his nose and ears. Our marriage is only postponed. Let's believe that with all our might. This '89 champagne—a vintage almost as extinct as the great dodo—this bottle and I first saw the light in the same year. I only drink when I am unhappy. Dolly?"

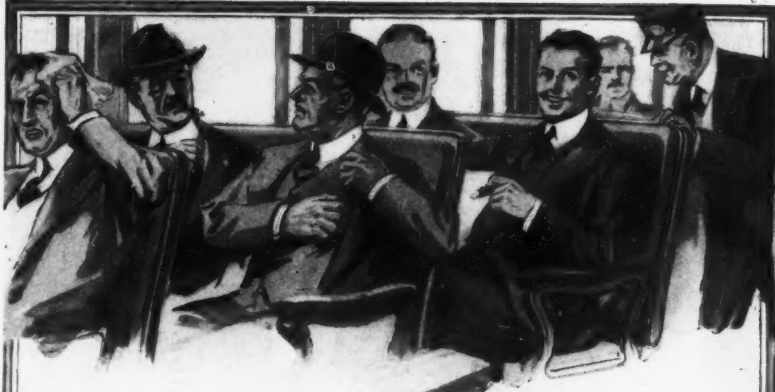
"Just a drop—you've filled my glass!"

"Be a sport! There's more than one heart breaking round this gay and festive board. I'll tell you what we'll do, Dolly: just for old sake's sake, and because it's '89, and because we only do such things when we are unhappy, we'll finish this bottle and eat that other lobster!"

"We'll be sorry in the morning."

"We may be sorry before morning."

"Oh, Eric, don't you think that maybe to-morrow, after you've had a chance to



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think things over, you'll feel differently about the money and all?"

"On the contrary. To-morrow you will see the thing as I see it."

"I'll do no such thing!"

There was a silence, not a cheerful one. Then Windham sighed and said,

"Well, let's share that other lobster and call it a day."

A little later, they were wishing each other good-night. And the pleasant dreams which they also wished each other might have been pleasanter if it hadn't been for—the other lobster.

The conclusion of *The Other Lobster* will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.

## Myself and Others

(Continued from page 89)

looked sunburned and manly, and a short, pointed fair beard vastly improved his appearance. Impulsively seizing both my hands, he exclaimed, in his rather high voice—in which I detected a pathetic note—"Vous voilà à Vienne, chère madame; vous voilà à Vienne enfin!" (Here you are in Vienna at last, madame.) He certainly seemed genuinely pleased to see me, and I felt touched by his warm welcome, in view of the several years which had elapsed since, as a boy, the prince had visited England. Moreover, I confess to feeling a little flattered when he proceeded to plan entertainments for myself and my companions during our few days' stay. Sacher's famous restaurant in the Prater is known to everyone, but there is, in addition to the café, a semiprivate villa in the grounds, to which Prince Rudolph was in the habit of inviting his intimate friends to informal dinners and delightfully gay suppers. "Rudy" was an excellent host, even "commanding" special performances of vaudeville artists and Viennese orchestras to help enliven these pleasant evenings.

Although the crown prince's palace was dismantled for the summer, he was anxious that I should see it. Wandering, at his invitation, through the apartments shrouded in brown holland, I perceived that the clocks and candelabra on the mantelpieces and other ornaments in the various rooms were encased in glass domes, relics of an artistically hideous period. Perhaps, however, I should have passed on in silence had I anticipated the consequence of calling his attention to those atrocities. For he instantly replied by smashing them all to atoms with his cane. He was odd, excitable, strange as ever, but there was an added note of sadness that made him gentler and more human and attractive than he had promised to be as a youth.

And now let me digress a moment to relate a little personal anecdote which leads to another concerning his mother, the Empress of Austria. It was then the fashion to change the color of the hair to such an extent that it was quite usual to expect any variation of tint, and mine—naturally chestnut—had gradually become almost canary. The change was not generally admired, and, as I was tired of it myself, Prince Rudolph suggested that the empress's *coiffeur* should employ his skill to find a remedy; so the court hair-dresser bustled to my hotel in the Ringstrasse

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Poor Complexion	Weakness
Poor Circulation	Rheumatism
Lame Back	Colds
Headache	Turgid Liver
Sleeplessness	Malaria
Lack of Reserve	Malassimilation

with a bagful of bottles and brushes, and spent several hours—hours which I patiently endured—dying my peroxidized hair raven black.

How becoming it was, I thought, as I looked at myself in the glass (I had always yearned for black hair), and as it met with enthusiastic approval on the part of the artist who had achieved the innovation, I felt I had scored yet another success. But alas!—after several washings it became yellow again, with the added glory of heliotrope—literally heliotrope—zebra-like streaks! The Viennese dye had only worked partially. I was in despair, and, when I arrived in Paris a week later, I consulted Dondel and Petit, the greatest *coiffeurs* and hair-specialists of the day in that city, but though both were greatly impressed with the novel effect, they declined to take any responsibility, suggesting a wig as the only solution. To my sensitive mind, it seemed that everyone in the street turned and looked after my variegated locks. Moreover, I had, that autumn, to face the Argus-eyed American interviewer, but as my transformed head passed unnoticed by him, I suppose feminine ingenuity had concealed it somehow, though I bought my experience of dyes somewhat dearly.

During the all-day séance to which I have referred, the empress's *coiffeur* kept me interested by gossiping about his client, one story I retain being to the effect that her majesty was so careful of her abundant hair that, whenever it was brushed, she had a white cloth laid on the floor, and if one hair was subsequently found on it, she was upset for the day. The Empress Elizabeth—beautiful always—was at her best on horseback, and she spent most winters fox-hunting either in Leicestershire or Ireland, piloted by that good rider, Bay Middleton. She received so much attention and was so run after and mobbed when she took her walks abroad, that she laughingly remarked to one of her suite that no poor fox was ever hunted half so energetically as she was. Still, I think she liked and appreciated all the adulation she received.

Her majesty was a great walker, and thus preserved her perfect figure. Arriving in London one autumn, with a new lady-in-waiting (the Countess S—), the two ladies set out at eight A. M. to walk twice round Hyde Park (about eight miles) and finished their tramp by ascending the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral—all before breakfast! The poor countess hobbling along, wearing Viennese high-heeled shoes! "Ach!" she wailed to a cousin at the Austrian embassy, after that excruciating experience. "Where can I buy seven-league boots? My empress will kill me!"

Even with the heir to the throne as an agreeable cicerone, my first impression of Vienna was one of disappointment. Though the Ringstrasse justly ranks with the fine thoroughfares of the world, the greater part of the city consisted of narrow and hilly streets in which insignificant shops and proud palaces stood cheek by jowl. The beautiful Prater, with its lovely woods to wander in by day, and its endless cafés and cabarets which provide good music by night, remains crowned in my memory as the glory of the imperial city.

The next instalment of  
*Myself and Others* will appear in  
January *Cosmopolitan*.



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## On the Heights

(Continued from page 23)

gloved hand, her supple limbs crossed and one white-spatted ankle dangling.

"It's more the shape of his head, mamma; I never saw a fellow with a finer cut to his forehead than Art has."

"He's handsome enough for the movies."

"And so unconceited! It's a pleasure to go out with a boy like Art Miller, never hear him brag about himself like most fellows—always trying to run himself down."

"I tell you it's wonderful how that Hollenbeck raises his boys."

"Mamma, I wish you wouldn't keep harping on that! How do you know he's a Hollenbeck? Just because an old talking-machine like Mrs. Saltus starts a rumor, does that make it true? Art's never let on to me so much as a word."

"If Mrs. Saltus had never opened her mouth, I could have told it for myself. Look how he dresses! Hotel clerks don't dress like that. Like I said to Mr. Sheldorne last night—"

"All hotel clerks are swell dressers. Look how that poor red-headed one that got caught in the elevator used to dress! He put it all over Art."

"Did you see how flustered he got when I asked him if he'd ever been to California?"

"He didn't, mamma. Any fellow would get rattled, though, the way you ask questions. I wish, mamma, you'd stop pumping Art. It embarrasses me something terrible. I'll soon get so I'm ashamed to go with him."

"He's a fine fellow. This kind of experience will do more for him than a college education."

"How do you know, mamma, he hasn't got a college education? He never told you."

"I read in the paper how his father don't believe in it and makes 'em be everything in all his hotels from bookkeeper to general inspector of them all."

"There you go again! Honest, it just embarrasses me something terrible."

"All right then, I'm encouraging my child to run around with nothing but a hotel clerk, just because he's a pretty blond, if that'll make you feel any better."

"What difference does it make, if he's the fine fellow you keep saying he is?"

"Why, none a-tall; I'm sure it would be my greatest happiness that my daughter should marry a twenty-dollar-a-week hotel clerk."

"Thirty."

"Just as bad."

"But I thought you said last night that Art would be a fine fellow, no matter what he—"

"I did, but—"

"Sh-h-h-h! He's looking over at us, mamma; he knows we're talking about him."

Across the stretch of lobby, a smile sped between Miss Loth and Mr. Miller, standing there with his back to the letter-and-key rack. Through the mere stretching of eye-rims and a flash of teeth had been telegraphed to Miss Loth a message without words that sent a lovely flood of color up under her face-veil.

She pursed her lips, wagging a finger at him in a sort of ecstasy or remonstrance.

"Bad boy!" she mouthed to him. "Bad boy! Hurry!"

He made a great feint of trying to understand, pantomimed toward the clock, and then finally disappeared behind the letter-rack.

"I thought he was only off on Wednesday mornings."

"Christmas week—he's got to-day for shopping."

"Where'll he take you for lunch?"

"We go to a little place down on Sixth Avenue near Fortieth—all white—it's darling!"

"Darling," she calls the White Kitchen. Don't it go to show a rich man can get away with anything! I'd like to see any other fellow dare to take you to the White Kitchen!"

"Mamma—please!"

Mr. Miller approached then, gray-gloved, hat in hand, glossy head bared to them.

"Good-morning," he said, bowing to an angle before each. "And how are the ladies—God bless 'em!—this morning? How's the cold, Mrs. Loth?"

"Better. Fancy your remembering, Mr. Miller, that I had a cold!"

"I remember every little thing about a lady as well worth remembering as you, Mrs. Loth."

She struck out at him with her muff.

"Jollier! No wonder you got all the girls daffy about you. I think I'll have to chain my little girl up in her room if you don't stop turning her head with that million-dollar smile of yours."

"Mamma!"

He turned to Miss Loth as she sat there, her eyes trying not to diffuse too much of their perturbation.

"And how's the Little Major this morning?" he said, a note lower in his throat.

"Fine," she said, looking up and looking down again.

"Where you two children going this cold day?"

"We don't know, but we're on our way, eh, Little Major?"

"Don't stay out too late, like you did last week."

"We won't. We're just going to show each other the sights. The park is something scrumptious these nippy days, and say, did you see the Avenue yesterday, filled with the college youngsters home for Christmas?"

"Have you ever been to college, Mr. Miller?"

He colored, giving a characteristic nervous toss of the head, as if he had a mane to shake.

"No, Mrs. Loth; about as near as I ever got to college was a grade-school."

"Well, I always say to Sadie, it's not always the college-educated ones that get there. If I had a son, I'd start him at the bottom of—"

Miss Loth rose, hurriedly fastening the emine-faced collar high about her face.

"If we're going, Art, hadn't we better get a hurry on?"

He stepped around immediately to her.

"Will you join us, Mrs. Loth?"

She sat back with her arms along the chair-sides, smiling upon them in a benevolent sort of well-being.

"No; you two children run along. Here comes Mr. Shelburne over to keep me

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company awhile. You've got no time for an old woman tagging after."

"We have, too, mamma."

"Run along quick now, before I change my mind."

"Good-by, mamma dear!"

"Good-by, Mrs. Loth; I'll take good care of her."

"Good-by, children!"

One half of New York does not know how the other two million lives. Fifth Street runs at right angles to but never bisects Fifth Avenue. Madison Avenue and Mott Street neither speak the same language nor use an interpreter.

By what devilish paradox it is that Fifth Avenue struts in furs and First Avenue skulks in wind-sheltered doorways?

Walking through Central Park, the palatial line of the Avenue showing through bare trees, the sunlight cutting as brilliantly and as without warmth as a diamond ray, her small head up to the inhalation of cold, thin air, and her coat snug up against its sting, it was to Sadie Loth as if life could have but one meaning—not the chillblains of First Avenue or the ragged fringe of the city's poor, but only the melody in her heart at every pressure of the gray-gloved finger-tips mounting higher, higher.

"I feel like I could begin to run and just never stop running, Art."

They were at the base of an ice-hung fountain that was locked, as it were, in the very attitude of play.

Sparrows hopped on the stone rim of its basin.

"I'd start running after you and never stop until I caught you."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

She mounted the coping of the basin, sparrows scattering, and balanced by her hand in his, walked its complete circle.

"When my dear father was alive, he used to do this with me every Sunday morning when he was off the road."

"You and he were great pals weren't you?"

"Oh, we were. Mamma used to say he and me were as plain in our tastes as old shoes. Mamma was always the society one in our family. Papa and me used to love to just stick around home, puttering."

He kicked off an icicle from the scroll rim of an iron bench, stooping to pick it up.

"I—I guess maybe that's why a girl like you, living in the same hotel where I'm only clerk, takes time to—to run around with my kind of a fellow."

"Art!"

"I know you're only kidding around with me a little—I'd be a pretty big fool if I didn't."

"Kidding around?"

"Oh, it's all right, Little Major; I'm darn lucky at that. I'm not kicking only—only—"

"Only what?"

"Well—well—I got to get used to the idea that I—I'm showing myself a good time in a fool's paradise; that's all. A fellow like me can't go on seeing as much of a girl as I see of you and—and not feel himself getting in bad with himself. I guess we got to call a halt somewhere—isn't that about the thing in a nutshell, Little Major?"

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She hooked into his arm.

"You mean, Art—you—you're getting tired?"

He brushed off her touch.

"You know I don't mean that," he said, with brusqueness.

"Why—I—honest, Art, I don't know what you're talking about, then." An artless naïveté lifted her voice a bit too obviously.

He looked down at her, unsmiling.

"Come now, Little Major; you know as well as I do that two people like us can't go drifting on this way without getting in dangerous waters."

"I don't know *what* you mean," she persisted, star-points in her eyes.

He faced her on the small deserted area of asphalt surrounding the fountain, put out his two hands on her shoulders.

"I mean that I'm getting to like you too much, Little Major; I'm getting so I can't close my eyes tight enough to shut out your little face and the way your eyes are set in kind of slanting, and the little curlicues 'at the back of your neck, and—and all the cuteness of you put together. That's the fix I'm finding myself in, Little Major. Can a fellow talk plainer than that?"

"Well," she said, all tremolo, and tip-toeing up at him, "well?"

"That's all," he said.

They stood face to face, the steel-pointed air not cold enough to pierce the penumbra of their glowing. The traffic of the curving macadamized park-drive flowed past them unheeded.

"I—why—well—"

"Well, what?"

"I—like you too, Art."

He broke into a rapid trot, she in running quicksteps beside him, then stopped suddenly.

"You mean that, Little Major?"

"Oh, Art I—I do—like you—so!"

"You mean, Little Major, you like me just as I am. A fellow without a cent in the world except what he earns from week to week as a hotel clerk? Hotel clerk, you understand."

"Why, yes—Art!"

"Not a chance, Little Major," he said. "You mean it all right enough while you say it, just us two out here in the park as if there wasn't no red-and-gold Fredonia and a marble Fifth Avenue to buy the pretties of the world on; but it don't happen once in a thousand times, little one, that a girl like you can like a fellow like me well enough to give up all the things you been used to for the love-in-a-cottage-stuff."

"Why, I—I haven't been used to things, Art!"

"Nonsense!"

"Before my father died, only two years ago, we lived in a little five-room flat up on Hundred and eighty-second Street. It's just since—the insurance—my mother—she's the one. But me—Art—didn't I tell you we were the old shoes of the family? Him and I used to love just having each other together, sitting around home evenings—playing rummy—fooling around. Nothing means anything to me, Art, except for me to love some one the way I loved my father—the—the way I—like you—Art."

"Why, you little darling—you little darling!"

"Maybe you won't believe it, but in the

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"Why, Sadie, girl, I—I just don't know what to say—you—liking me this way—just as I am."

"I do; I love it there. I—I'd rather be up there on the Heights—with you—than anywhere with anybody."

"Why, it—it's the most beautiful, the most wonderful thing in the world, Little Major, to think you—like me that way—with nothing more to offer you than what I am. It's wonderful!"

He looked down at her, cupping her elbow in his hand, the cloud of his breath melting with the cloud of hers.

"I do, Art."

"You think you do, Little Major, and God knows I love you for it; but I—why, I couldn't buy you shoe-strings."

She would not be gainsaid.

"I'll wear 'em unlaced. On the Heights, style don't matter."

"Your mother—even with the way she jollies me along, I'd never in a thousand years have the nerve to ask for this little bit of porcelain unless I could keep it wrapped in cotton batting."

"My mother—"

"Every time she shoots one of those knock-out questions at me, I know it's just her polite way of reminding me where I truly bluely stand. She wants a college man for her girl, a classical kind of guy with the means to keep her like a little queen, the way she ought to be kept."

"There's nothing about me could keep up with a college fellow, Art. I never even went to high."

"To think," he said, not releasing his hold of her elbow, "to think of a beautiful little thing like you wanting me for myself!"

"I do, Art."

"If only I was now where I intend to be five years from now, 'way up in the hotel business from the bottom up, on my own hook. That's the kind of record I want to bring to my girl."

"It would kill me, Art, the waiting. What's the good waiting for what we can do now?"

"What do you mean, Little Major?"

"Don't make me say it, Art, the way you've made me say pretty nearly everything else."

"You mean—"

"Don't make the girl do the proposing."

"You mean—"

"Now, Art—to-day—you and me!"

"Why, Little Major, you've knocked me silly—I—how—"

"Well, if I've got to say it, darling, from here to a jewelry counter in a taxi is ten minutes; from there to the Municipal Building is thirty minutes, another fifteen for a license, and then—a magistrate—an hour and a half would finish the job, dear."

"Why darling—your mother—the—"  
"It's a beautiful day-before-Christmas, dearest!"

"But I—you don't know anything about me—who I am—where I come from—where I—"

"There's a lifetime for that, dear. That's plenty of time to get better acquainted. I only know—I like you Art—like you enough to know everything I want to know about you. Ain't that enough?"

A cab came jouncing along, flag down. He hailed it, lunging well into the roadway from the momentum of the gesture.

"Taxi!"

It drew up to a quick-thrown clutch.

In the corridor of the Municipal Building, a pair stepped rather gingerly out of a door that self-closed noiselessly behind them. A quiet lay in that hallway; the tunnel-like quiet of the modern fireproof, sound-proof, sun-proof, office-building.

"We're it—Artie dear! It's over! It wasn't so awful—now was it?"

He was for gathering her to him there on the spot.

"My own beautiful little fixer!"

She held up her just-ringed hand.

"No, no, darling; not here. There's our elevator."

Riding down, he held her unostensibly, but in the cove of his arm, out of the crowd. They could see each other's wonder-lit face in the mirror.

In the cab, after the unfathomable manner of women, she cried a little, laughing finally through her tears at the ecstasy and perplexity of him.

"Foolish darling!" she said. "I'm crying because I'm too happy to laugh."

"Dear, dear thing!"

"Give me my powder-puff, honey, out of my bag."

He fumbled into the shallow silk trifle, finally spilling its content to the floor, bouncing against every side of the cab as he recovered each heterogeneous article.

"Good Lord," he said, pursuing an evasive silver coin-ball, "is this how you women go loaded?"

"Clumsy old darling!" she said, dabbing out the little tear paths down her cheeks.

Last he recovered a bit of cardboard turned down at one corner; read it, full of his new air of proprietorship,

CASS HOWARD HOLLENBECK,

and written across the engraving in hurried scrawl:

Now will you be good and meet that high-noon flier?

Watch out for special, and explanation tomorrow."

"Hollenbeck? Do you know any of the Hollenbeck boys, dear? I used to know Cass Hollenbeck when I was clerking in the Detroit house. He lived there for three months on the q. t. inspecting—"

"Darling," she cried suddenly, leaning toward him, "darling, you got a cow-lick here—let me kiss it quick—now—this beautiful day of Our Lord before Christmas!"

The clock in Metropolitan tower was striking high noon as they sped past.

The next **Fannie Hurst** story, **Nightshade**, will appear in **January Cosmopolitan**.

## On the Trail of the Cowardly Cougar

(Continued from page 37)

Navajo blanket skinned me. However, it is an interesting if deceptive country; although it appears to be as level as a floor, in reality it is rent by ravines, cracked by cañons, and pitted with pot-holes—altogether quite the place a mountain-lion would select for a residence.

The complexion of our outing, by the way, began to alter immediately after our first glimpse of the cañon. Doubts began to rise in our minds as to whether we were, after all, precisely the men for this undertaking. These doubts were intensified when, as a matter of precaution, Louis looked up in the hotel encyclopedia a description of the animal we had come to capture. What he found caused us to question the complete frankness of Mr. "Buffalo" Jones' report to us, for it read in part:

The cougar, or puma, is ordinarily a cowardly animal, but when wounded or brought to bay, it is dangerous. It is entirely silent. Etc.

It seemed that we had been deceived. Mr. Jones had not dealt fairly with us, and Ambrose Means—well, he had probably never read an encyclopedia with care. The question arose, therefore, whether we should satisfy our longing for adventure by a sightseeing trip on a buckboard and return to face our respective and expectant wives, or whether we should go on across the cañon and risk the lions. When the matter was put in this light, not one man wavered. A lion at bay is not a pleasant neighbor, but, for that matter, neither is a disappointed and sarcastic wife. We knew our wives, but we didn't know those lions; therefore we proceeded with our preparations. After careful debate, it seemed to us that, by the exercise of some caution, we could probably avoid wounding our prey, no matter how sensitive he should prove; as for bringing him to bay, as for cornering him where he would have to sell his life dearly, such, we agreed was no part of our program. Lions are God's creatures; they have a right to live. The news that they are silent was, on the whole, welcome, for we reasoned that, if worse came to the worst, they could be depended upon to say nothing and we could drop the matter at any time.

We "went over the rim" from Bass's Camp the next morning, and Mr. Bass, himself a young man of some sixty-odd years, accompanied us for the exercise of climbing down into the cañon and out again.

Mr. Bass was sent West by the doctors thirty-five years ago to die of tuberculosis, but the Arizona climate has foiled his every effort to carry out instructions and he remains a disappointment to those few physicians who survive him. He is, accidentally, a geologist; incidentally, he is a poet, a minstrel who sings of the open road, the wind, and the sunshine. Providentially, he is a livery-man, and it was his burro-train which carried our motion-picture camera, cigars, smoking-tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, golf-clubs, and various articles of impedimenta. Yes; we had brought golf-clubs. Louis was not satisfied with his "long" game; it was his ambition to execute a four hundred-yard drive,

and he had figured that by teeing up on the edge of some precipitous bluff, he could realize his life's dream. But alas! he was doomed to disappointment, for Fate interfered in her characteristic manner.

On the night of our arrival, when we built our signal-fire to notify Uncle Jim that we were ready to "go over," Louis had complained of the altitude. He spent a bad night, and in the morning he felt worse. His pulse was behaving erratically, and he displayed all the symptoms of mountain-sickness. Although he insisted upon making the start with us, we were forced to send him back after an hour or more. We acted wisely, as it transpired, for he was certainly in no physical condition to stand the hard, high climbing which we later encountered. Gloom settled upon us at losing our friend, for not only did his absence promise to increase the per-capita risk for the rest of us, if risk there should prove to be, but in his outfit there were several boxes of the largest, most expensive cigars we had ever beheld at close range. To be deprived of both him and them caused us honest grief. However, we made the best of an unfortunate business, bade Louis a heart-felt farewell in which the apprehensive quavers of our voices matched the regretful tremor in his, and that night we frisked his baggage for those Havanas.

Mr. Bass is proud of his little trail, and during the long, arduous descent thereof, he referred fondly to it more than once. He told us how an Indian had shown it to him, and although I listened courteously, it was my private belief that said Indian might have found better use for his time. I pretended to echo Mr. Bass's words of praise, but in reality my heart was black and my tongue was forked, this being a quaint Supai figure of speech meaning that I was stalling. In reality, I considered it the worst thing in the shape of a road, route, right of way, or public easement which I had ever clung to. In the first place, it was about as wide as a rut or a bicycle-track, and it showed plainly that the copper-skinned brave who laid it out wore an AA last. The worst feature about the trail, however, was that it had only one side, and that side was forever trying to shove us off. Where the other side should have been there was invariably a void, some yawning cavity with a lot of repulsive scenery at the bottom. I am at home in oblique countries, but this was my first experience in the land of the perpendicular, and it taught me something.

For instance, I never knew that a horse is a lopsided animal, and that it can walk with its feet on a ledge while its entire body projects over an adjoining gorge. Nor did I know how the ancient cliff-dwellers built their fires. It was not by rubbing sticks together, as has been claimed; it was by striking bones, one upon the other. This I discovered when, out of consideration for my tired mount, I got off and shinned round the edge of a cliff upon what seemed to be a poor imitation of a rain-gutter. Pausing to admire the wondrous panorama outspread below me and to change my grip from a thorn-bush to a cactus, I noticed, first, that the outline of

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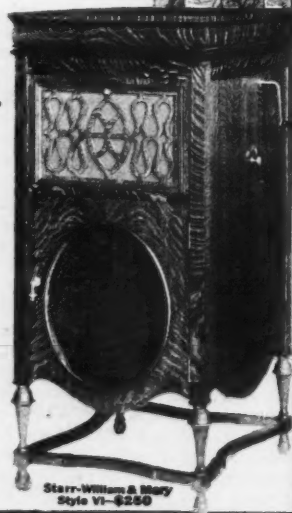
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my legs was indistinct, like a blurred photograph, then that my knee-caps were striking sparks, like a flint and steel.

But all things are comparative; no matter how sick we are, we can always get worse. When I recrossed the cañon, three weeks later, when I clambered down off the north rim and struck the Bass Trail up the south side, it looked like Broadway.

That first night we camped among some boulders near a spring, and winged Zulus assailed us. No tourists had passed this way in a long time, and those mosquitoes were on their last legs, but we saved them. It was hot; there was sand in the butter; there were rocks under our blankets; our cigars were broken and were becoming dried out. However, we bore these hardships stoically and looked forward to the time when we would romp about in the exhilarating ozone of the Kaibab Plateau, engaging the cougar in its native sports and pastimes.

Bass's Ferry consists of four spidery wires spanning the gorge of the Colorado. From these wires is suspended a rickety wooden cage, which works with a windlass. It is a sort of magnified cash-conveyer, and by means of it we set about crossing our horses and outfit early the following morning. Inasmuch as there appeared to be an unvoiced question as to whether the contraption would carry a horse, we set up the camera in the hope of getting a good picture in case it wouldn't.

This was a splendid setting for a moving-picture calamity, for the cables extend from one bleak, black wall to another, and seventy-five feet below them the river rushes past, breaking up a short distance down-stream into a picturesque cataract.

When the first horse descended to the niche which forms the cage-landing and got a peek at the river below, he shook his head, folded his arms, crossed his feet, and sat down.

"Women and children first," he plainly said.

You may not know that a horse's neck is of elastic construction and will stretch like the coil of lemon peel in that beverage from which his neck derives its name; but such is the case. We stretched this animal's neck to the size of a garden-hose; we tied granny knots in his tail, and then, more in sorrow than anger, we took him in our arms, carried him into the cage, tied him securely, and barred him in with pieces of plank. This done, there followed a call for volunteers to windlass the burden across, thus ascertaining if the cables would stand the strain.

It was Ambrose and Bert Lauzon who finally manned the windlass, cast off, and went flying down the wires.

These wires sag considerably; hence the start of their journey was swift. Perhaps a third of the way across, the car came to a pause; whereupon the boys set about winding it slowly onward and upward by main strength and awkwardness.

Miller, the operator, was frankly disappointed when nothing gave way. When the cage went bobbing and creaking onward, a foot at a time, he quit turning the camera-crank and seated himself dejectedly, with his legs hanging over the gorge. Near him was a high pinnacle of rock, round the base of which the river foamed; sizing it up, he announced that he could get a good picture if Fred would

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ascend it and do some fancy roping at the top. Evidently it was a matter of complete indifference to him who supplied the thrills on this trip, who fell in, so long as he got it, but we dared not risk offending him thus early in the game, so we boosted Fred up to the peak of the rock, where he balanced dizzily, whirling his lariat until Miller again stopped the machine, saying he guessed it was no use.

We lost our third horse. He went into the cage more easily than the first two, and therefore less care was taken in tying him close. Just before the start, he began to plunge and, in a sudden frenzy of terror, he managed, as a result of our carelessness, to get partially over the bars in front of him and fetch up, head down, in which position he threatened to strangle, for the ropes at his neck, although they prevented him from sliding out of the open end of the cage, also shut off his wind.

Lauzon leaped to the rescue, but the animal's struggles broke the cage loose from its moorings, and it shot out from the landing. Bert was as quick to appreciate the perils of an aerial trip in a cage with a struggling horse as were we, and even as we yelled at him to jump, he quitted the car. Immediately below him was a steep slope of broken rock, the foot of which was swept by the rushing river. Out over this, man, horse, and car had begun their trip. Bert landed on a thin knife-edge of rock, slipped, but caught himself with his hands, steadied himself, and climbed back to us. The cage had come to rest a short distance out, and the horse was threatening to demolish it in his dying struggles.

"He's done for," said Bert. "He'll choke before we can skin out there and windlass the cage back."

"Shall I cut him down?" inquired one of the boys.

Plainly that was the quickest way of ending the creature's agony, so the suggestion was acted upon.

As the first rope was cut, the horse, in a final spasm, kicked himself free of the bars, slid head first out of the tip-tilted cage, and hanged himself high in mid-air over the torrent.

We were all very much relieved when he had been cut down, when the cage failed to follow him, and when the entire transaction was closed. These events had not taken long, and we had quite forgotten Miller and his machine, which he had been industriously turning. Now he called down to us:

"Good work! But the censors won't pass it. I got everything except the leap for life. If you'll start the cage again and let Bert make another jump, I'll get him in the air."

We realized that we had with us a good operator.

When we had sent our last horse over, had loaded our outfit, and were ready to step into the car, Mr. Bass's party bade us farewell. The simple earnestness of their assurances that it had indeed pleased them to know us, even thus briefly, was depressing. Their sincerity seemed to argue that they feared the pleasure would not be renewed, and that they expected to know us henceforth only in memory—which, in view of our immediate surroundings, we ourselves had begun to fear.

To anyone suffering from ennui, I can recommend as a cure a trip across the

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gorge of the Colorado River on a wire cable. The view is fine, and it extends in all directions, especially up and down. I know now that I would never care for flying. As we dangled 'twixt wind and water, and the cage sprang up and down while the whole rigging gave and took with sundry alarming groans and warnings, we stared hypnotically at the river below us and vowed that already this Arizona country had made better men of us.

In answer to our signal-fire, Uncle Jim had sent two cowboys to meet us and, once across the river, they helped us to repack and resaddle the horses we had brought, together with some others which Uncle Jim had sent by them. They bore us the glad tidings that the trail up was a "heller," and that Shinumo Creek, along which it led for a way, was so high that, in coming down, their horses had been swept away and they had lost most of their grub.

But interest did not wait until we arrived at the Shinumo. En route thereto, over a bold and frowning ridge which separated us from that brawling stream, one of our pack-horses was seized with a bilious attack of vertigo and made a scene. He it was upon whose back we had lashed our moving-picture camera, all of the cigars, cigarettes, plug and pipe-tobacco, cigarette-papers, pipe-cleaners, and the like, and he it was who occupied the place of honor in our caravan. The trail was a sick affair at best. It writhed in agony; it zigged painfully upward for a short distance, then changed its mind and zagged back again. This it repeated over and over.

When the camera-horse had selected a place too steep and too narrow for us to turn round in, he let go, flung himself into our arms, saying, "Take me as I am!"

It is no part of a restful vacation to dig your hobnails into solid rock, hold a hysterical horse against the side of a precipice while you unload, resurrect, and repack him. To successfully perform the feat one should be deaf, dumb, and blind to outside impressions, and he should possess as many legs as a spider and as many arms as an octopus. We were quite ready to camp when we finally arrived at the Shinumo.

The Shinumo occupies a high-sided cañon, through which it dashes in a spirited fashion, regardless of the comfort of travelers. The melting snows had raised it and had turned it to a milky whiteness. We negotiated our first ford at no greater cost than a partial wetting and a total paralysis of mind and body. Neither Paul nor Miller, the operator, could swim, so precautions were taken. The loop of a lariat was placed about the neck of each, it being Ambrose's ingenious idea that if the horses were carried away, he could haul the riders to safety and at the same time prevent getting any water into their lungs.

Our optimism increased when the second crossing had been effected without casualty, but as we made ready for the third and last adventure, Pat, who was in the lead, warned us to follow in his tracks as nearly as possible.

"The creek runs over a ledge here," he explained. "But you'll go through safe enough if you stay on it. If you don't stay on it, you'll drop off below and wet yourself and all your fixtures."

"Lead your ace!" we quavered, above the turmoil of rushing waters.

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## Infantile Paralysis

left 8-year-old Evlyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture. Her mother has this to say:

We feel it our duty to recommend your Sanitarium. Evlyn was stricken with Infantile Paralysis in August 1915. March 1, 1916, we carried her to you. Five months later she could walk without crutches or braces. Words cannot express our thanks.

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The McLain  
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Pat spurred his horse in, and after a breathless period of uncertainty, he emerged upon the opposite side, giving voice to a shrill yell of triumph and encouragement. He had carried in his hand a long lead-rope, made fast to the camera-horse. The animal had less success with its endeavor. When the water foamed about its belly, it tumbled, lost its footing, slipped, and staggered down-stream for a few feet, then tore the halter out of Pat's grasp and was washed away.

"There goes the machine!" cried Miller. "And a thousand feet of film!" Fred groaned.

"And all our cigars!" I wailed.

We were frozen with horror, but Bill Vaughan seized a rope, and, with loop whirling above his head, went loping down the bank abreast of the U-horse. Now its head appeared, now its belly; again the white pack cover came into view. Bill made a cast, lost his slippery footing, and fell into the stream, whereupon, to quote that immortal lyric dealing with the fatal adventures of Ten Little Indians, "there were two."

Ambrose had remained upon the opposite bank. Fortunately enough, he had retained his lariat—trust your cow-man to keep his tobacco and his rope handy. By the time we had unlimbered our still cameras, he, too, was endeavoring to save the unfortunate beast. But the current foiled him; it swept his loop off time after time, until, at last, the horse turned its head up-stream, whereupon he made a perfect catch, sat back on his haunches, and was dragged stiff-legged over the rocks, like the anchor of an air-ship. He took a dally around a small quaking-asp near the water's edge, and although the tree came out by the roots, the horse came to rest under a steep bank. Just below was a nasty chute, which would have been its undoing had it failed to end its journey at this point.

"I've got him," Ambrose yelled, "and he's a dandy!"

It was quite as exciting as shark-fishing—while it lasted. Thus far, the horse was little the worse for its ducking, but it had experienced quite enough of this sort of thing and refused to help itself. The lariat was slowly choking it, which made it necessary to salvage quickly the submerged pack—no easy task in ice-water waist-deep. Eventually, however, it was unloaded, and, with the aid of two other horses, it was dragged and rolled up the bank to safety.

Our brand-new "movie" camera did not leak light, but it leaked water when we held it up. It leaked like a defective samovar, and that thousand feet of film resembled some sort of gelatinous breakfast food. But those aromatic Havanas! They presented a heartrending sight to us weak nicotine-lovers. We sat down and wept silently into our beards, casting sand upon our unhappy heads. You can wipe the moisture out of an aluminum camera; you can get along without taking pictures, if you have to, but a man must smoke, and who—who can smoke wet cigars and survive? We were strong men—we were made of stern stuff, but there is a limit to human endurance. Ambrose's joyous announcement that "This is the life, boys!

*Cosmopolitan for December, 1917*

Nothing to do but eat, sleep and ride a horse!" fell upon unheeding ears. It was a ghastly failure as an effort to cheer.

We got safely across the Shinumo—we must have done so, for I am here—but the memory of how it was accomplished is lost in the black shadows of forgetfulness. We were dumb, suffering, spiritless creatures. Doubtless those unfeeling cow-boys tied their ropes in our collars and towed us across, hand over hand, as they towed Red, the visiting hound-dog whom they were taking along as an addition to Uncle Jim's pack. I don't know.

After leaving the Shinumo, the scenery becomes more arresting, and so does the trail. Whoever is responsible for either or both tried to show off, and succeeded. In one place, as we dug our heels into a ledge and supported the weight of an overhanging cliff upon our shoulders, Fred exclaimed mournfully:

"Gee, I'm sorry the camera is wet! This would make a great picture."

Paul's eyes were closed, but he was not sleeping.

"It would, indeed," he declared with feeling, "and I'd like to be in a plush orchestra-seat, looking at it."

Paul has a simple, clear way of putting things: Had I dared to let go of anything, I would have gripped his hand.

While the Grand Cañon, as I have stated, is mostly perpendicular, there are certain slopes, reputed to be the result of erosion. Such is not the reason of their being—they are the result of pressure from visiting tourists, who, in terror, have shoved them out of plumb.

It began to rain early in the afternoon, and inasmuch as our grass-fed horses were weak, this being the third day they had been practically without food, we failed to "top out" that night. When darkness came, we spread our fly in a thorny thicket and Pat molded a set of death-balls, which he case-hardened in the Dutch oven. We had no baking-powder—the Shinumo had seen to that—but minor discomforts were forgotten in the cheerful thought that each of us was all here. Having escaped destruction thus far, we began to feel hopeful that we could avoid coming to close quarters with the cowardly cougar. In fact, we began to dare to hope that we would not even see one.

Hunger and apprehension somewhat relieved, we crept into our wet blankets, only to hear our guides engaged in a heated argument regarding hydrophobia skunks.

"Pshaw! There's not a bit of danger in a place like this," Ambrose was saying.

"Um—m! Prob'ly not; but it's just the kind of a night for 'em," Pat declared. "Remember that one that got in bed with me on the last trip?"

Bill Vaughan seemed to recall the incident clearly, for he said:

"I sure thought you was a dead ox that time, Pat. By the way, that feller at Fredonia that was bit in his sleep, hydrophobated last week. He was foam-in' like a sody-fountain when I left. I'd rather have a rattler in my blankets."

"I'm used to 'em," Ambrose yawned, "and, anyhow, they don't touch me."

Undoubtedly this Arizona lion-roping was great sport. We knew we were going to enjoy it—if we lived.

The next instalment of *On the Trail of the Cowardly Cougar* will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.

# Exquisite Nails without cutting the cuticle

*Cutting ruins the cuticle—gives you rough,  
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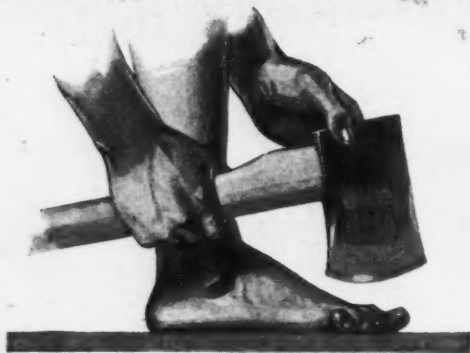
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At least a million corns a month are ended in this easy, gentle way. Users of Blue-jay apply it as soon as a corn is felt. And it never pains again.

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## For She Loved Much

(Continued from page 48)

"Well, of all the exhibitions!" she remarked, in low, cutting tones. "Have you lost your head, Phil?" Then as he remained silent, she raised her voice. "I won't say anything about your deliberately slighting my opinions and those of Grace and Adelaide. I'll ask you merely: Is this a man's idea of justice? What claim has that girl on your kindness beyond her mates? None, except that she has misbehaved herself. And yet among the twenty-odd maids in this hotel, self-respecting girls who know how to keep themselves spotless and hold men at a proper distance, you pick out this vicious weakling for your especial favor—for a wedding, and a fat job in the country for her new husband, and your protection for her interesting offspring?"

"My reasons, Lily? It might be hard to formulate them. But perhaps a chap that's never been granted any children of his own may like to take a whack at a little vicarious fatherhood, once in a while."

The blood rushed into Mrs. Brundidge's face. She bit her lip and retorted,

"Then, in that case, my dear Phil, why not befriend a respectable married woman in the same situation?"

"When I was a boy," returned Brundidge slowly, "my mother used to take me to church Sunday mornings. In sermon-time, I used to read. I remember one old story I read—about a 'bad' woman, as you'd call her, who was taken to somebody to be judged, and who was forgiven—because she loved much. And this poor wretch of a Callie—she has loved much, too. That janitor chap—she thought of him, not of herself. She wouldn't give his name, because she was afraid of doing him harm. She wouldn't even hear him blamed." He paused a moment, then added reflectively: "I don't mind owning that's what got me. She thought of him before herself. I didn't think there was a woman in this city capable of doing that. And as a member of the most downtrodden sex in America, I respectfully submit that a woman who's capable of sacrificing herself for a mere man oughtn't to be allowed to sink into ruin."

Wetmore laughed harshly.

"She might make money exhibiting herself at the Museum of Prehistoric Remains, along with the dodo-bird—an extinct specimen, a woman."

Grace Wetmore flushed hotly under her delicate *maquillage*. Wrath glittered from her handsome eyes, and she turned, with an apologetic air, to the two other women.

"Will you kindly excuse Carroll—he evidently doesn't know what he's saying? They've had a stag-dinner, and they've evidently drunk too much."

McGrew, who was always irritated by her magisterial manner, glared at her angrily. He was still sore over his disappointment in not being able to make fitting announcement of his day's triumph to his wife, and now he seized the first opportunity for a good snarl.

"No, my dear Grace; we're none of us drunk—not on one cocktail apiece. Though I don't know as you girls'd have the right to kick if we were—going off and giving us the chuck the way you did."

Brundidge added, slowly:

"No, my fair ladies; we're not drunk—though who can say? Perhaps we're a bit upset—a bit dazed still by that strong breath of life that blew through this vapid hotel parlor a few minutes ago. It wasn't the stage. It was the real thing—that woman! The look in her eyes—the sound of her voice! The tragedy in them! The ecstasy!" He paused. "Of course, a business man isn't supposed to dream dreams. Anyway, he doesn't talk about them. But just the same—" He broke off abruptly and remained lost in thought, his chin sunk upon his hand.

Wetmore stirred uneasily. His little eyes narrowed to pin-points with an expression his wife had never seen in them before as he rose heavily to his feet.

"You throw stones at that girl, do you? Well, don't ask me which I call the 'bad' woman—Callie, who loves a man too much and gives him all she has, or the other kind of woman, who, safe in a sheltered life, without temptation or inclination to wrong-doing, gives her husband neither a home nor children. I'm going down-town. You fellows come along?"

In obvious relief, the two other men jumped to their feet.

"A bully idea!" declared Brundidge.

"We won't come home till morning!" caroled McGrew, with bitter gaiety. His eyes passed over his wife's form as over empty space. With suddenly born terror in her pretty blue eyes, Adelaide sprang up and trotted after her husband as he strode off toward the hall. As for the stately Grace Wetmore, she remained motionless, petrified at the sudden rebellion of her fifteen years' slave. Then, like Adelaide McGrew, she rose and hurried out into the hall. But Lily Brundidge, with the assurance of her imperious nature, barred her husband's passage.

"What nonsense is this?" she asked sharply. "Of course there's no reason you shouldn't go down-town if you choose—only, you're all so strange about it. Phil, what are you going to do?"

"Make a night of it," he replied, looking sullenly into her eyes.

"What! You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do," returned the man defiantly; "just exactly the way I did when I was a bachelor and felt like raising the roof. Well, I feel like it to-night. What have I to hold me back? I haven't any home, any children, any wife. Excuse me—there's a lady who bears my name, and who shares my hotel suite with me, and occasionally dines in the hotel dining-room with me—if you call that marriage, I don't. I tell you what—I'm sick of the restrictions of marriage with none of its consolations. I'm sick of this futile monotony of a bachelor existence without its compensating liberty. So now, I'll grab the liberty for myself. I'm off!"

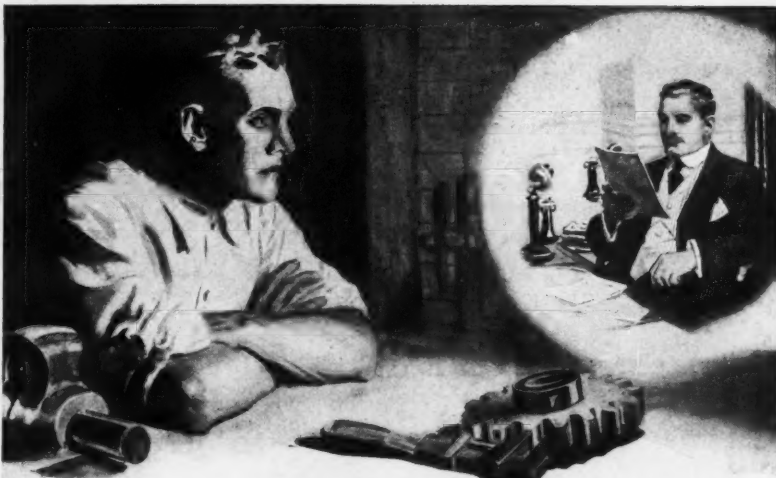
Still the woman barred his way. Her beautiful eyes probed his. She hissed:

"Understand me: If you leave me for—that sort of thing, I'll leave you! You won't find me here when you come back!"

"I'll find the hotel," he answered brutally.

"What else is there?"

Again their hostile glances clashed like glancing spears. In the far end of the room, a silver-chiming clock struck ten strokes. Almost simultaneously, the telephone-bell on the table rang. Brundidge sprang to speak to it.



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Kalamazoo, Michigan

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NO matter how far you live from Cleveland you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest Trust Company in Ohio.

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**THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.**  
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ASSETS OVER SIXTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS



## LEA & PERRINS

The Original Worcestershire Sauce

is the secret of a delicious turkey-dressing—one that will remind you of your childhood when "stuffin's" was the best part of the Christmas Dinner. It is a dressing everybody will like.

This is the recipe for making it: Blanch 50 chestnuts, boil 30 minutes, drain and mash. Add 2 cups chopped cooked veal or poultry, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Sauce, 4 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning.

This famous relish helps also in many other ways toward the enjoyment of the Yuletide Feast. In the oyster-cocktail sauce, the soup, the entree: in the turkey gravy and the salad dressing it lends an appetizing zest and smack that makes of each and every course a feature of the feast.

Send postal for complete directions for roasting turkey stuffed with chestnut dressing described opposite. This and 100 other recipes by Marion H. Neil, in handy Kitchen Hanger, free from

LEA & PERRINS  
241 West St., New York

### A "Penrod" Serial, By Booth Tarkington

The irrepressible Penrod, coming under the powerful influence of motion-picture plays, loses his sympathy for bandits, pirates, and the like, and ranges himself on the side of law and order. He develops a new ambition and aim in life, and, merging his personality in one of his own creation, George B. Jashber, a famous detective, embarks on a series of adventures which go quite beyond his previous amazing exploits. These are related in *Penrod Jashber*, a serial, the first installment of which appears in

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To meet Cap'n Abe, is never to forget him

## CAP'N ABE STOREKEEPER

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Strong, Patriotic and Uplifting

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"For those who want a tinge of blood in every chapter."—*The Boston Post*.  
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SULLY AND KLEINTEICH, Publishers, NEW YORK



"Yes, yes; this is Brundidge. Florrie! It's you!"

With the shining little instrument held up to his head, the wintry harshness of his expression dissolved like snow beneath a burning glass. A sharp spasm contracted the heart of the woman watching him. More conclusively than his wrath, this sudden tenderness evoked by another hand than hers showed her how completely she had lost him. And, inevitably, what had appeared of small import while indisputably her own revealed itself in its true value as she saw it slip from her grasp. Good, easy-going, generous old Phil, whom, in her heart, she had half despised for his unquestioning compliance with all her wishes—was this he, this commanding handsome stranger, with the stony eyes and the bitter, sneering lips, eyes and lips that had softened to sudden tenderness at the sound of a voice other than hers? And, for the first time in her glitteringly successful life, the regal woman knew the humiliating emotion of jealousy. She quivered and cowered while Brundidge continued to telephone.

"Your dad's got through the operation safely? Heart-action beginning again all right? . . . The doctors say I can see him to-morrow evening? . . . All right! I'll run out about six o'clock—and—God bless you, Florrie!"

His hand was unsteady as he laid the instrument down on the table.

"Old Charley's out of the woods all right," he said vaguely. And sinking into an armchair, he covered his face with his hand.

A curious medley of emotions struggled in the heart of the woman watching him. Finally, conquering her pride, she approached his bent form and laid a white hand on his shoulder.

"Phil, I'm so glad! I'm so glad for poor Charley and Julie—and for you!" Unconsciously, her haughty voice had fallen to accents of pleading. "Phil, will you let me go out to Nutley with you to-morrow afternoon?"

He lifted a ravaged face whereon bitterness had again stamped its haggard mark.

"You, Lily? What'd you find to interest you, out there? Just a plain little house—a home, with a sick man and his dowdy little wife. You know you always turn up your nose at Julie. No, Lily; I don't think you need to come. What'd you do in a house like that?"

It was the first time he had ever opposed a categorical refusal to a bequest of hers. The breath strangled in Lily's throat. She had a confused sensation of fighting for life—for something more precious than life. She, the skilled and fluent orator, fumbled wildly for a fitting reply.

"What could I do? Why, I—I could make myself useful. I could look after the children, for instance."

"You?"

The monosyllable was a lash of scorn. Lily shrank away. Her husband rose to his feet, remarking briefly:

"The less you say about children, Lily, the better. And now, I'm off down-town. Good night!"

Mrs. Brundidge's beautiful face was blanched and contorted. So this was the end of her conquering day! After her sweeping triumph in the world of women, here she had returned home to find herself face to face with utter defeat. And, in a





"See how wonderful Vanishing Cream has made my skin look—so soft and pink and velvety—and it will stay so all evening too."

"Until I used Pond's Cold Cream I did not know how purifying, how refreshing a cleansing and massage cream could be."

## Why every normal skin needs two creams

**T**O give your complexion the care it needs, *two* creams are necessary. For cleansing and massage, a *cold* cream (oil cream) should be used. To protect the skin and keep it soft and pliant, a *greaseless* cream should be used.

### For cleansing and massage

No matter how sensitive the grit and grime of dust have made your skin, with Pond's Cold Cream you can thoroughly cleanse it of all impurities without creating the least irritation. For massage, where smooth consistency is so important, Pond's Cold Cream was especially formulated.

### When your skin needs Vanishing Cream

To keep the skin soft and pliable even through the hardest, wintriest weather, use Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is a *greaseless* cream; contains no oil, and the moment you apply it, the skin absorbs it entirely, leaving not the slightest trace of shine.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient which has a peculiar affinity for

the skin—an ingredient which physicians have long recognized as one of the utmost value in the care of the skin.

### People with oily skins should use only Vanishing Cream

The famous skin specialist, William Allen Pusey, A.M., M.D., says that



Billie Burke whose beautiful skin is envied by everyone who sees her says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I."

The beautiful Marion Davies starred in the motion picture "Runaway Romany" says—  
"Now that I use Pond's Vanishing Cream, I don't see how I ever got along without it."



persons with coarse pores and large fat glands should avoid fatty toilet preparations. Pond's Vanishing Cream is just what the oily skin needs. Having no oil in it, it can add none to your skin. It vanishes at once—does not fill up the already distended pores.

Neither Pond's Cold Cream nor Pond's Vanishing Cream will cause the growth of hair.

On sale in all drug stores and department stores. Get a tube or jar of each cream today and see how quickly their use will improve your skin.

### Send for free samples

If you would like to try Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, fill out the coupon now and we will send you samples of each cream free. Or send 4c for enough of either cream to last two weeks—8c if you wish both. Write today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 152 Hudson Street, New York.

Mail this coupon today

### When to use Cold Cream

**For cleansing.** To cleanse your skin of all the dirt which lodges in the pores through the day, and which, more than anything else, injures the skin, Pond's Cold Cream is just what you should use.

**For massage.** You will find Pond's Cold Cream wonderful for massage. It is exceptionally smooth and works into the pores so easily.

**For dry skin.** Pond's Cold Cream will add just the oil your skin needs to restore its pliancy and keep it in good condition.

### When Vanishing Cream is necessary

**Chapped skin.** If your skin is rough, red and chapped, one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream will relieve it.

**As a protection.** Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out. Notice the soft, fresh condition in which it keeps your skin.

**As a base for powder.** The next time you want your skin to look its loveliest, make Pond's Vanishing Cream your finishing touch and one powdering will be sufficient for a whole evening.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.  
152 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me free the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount.

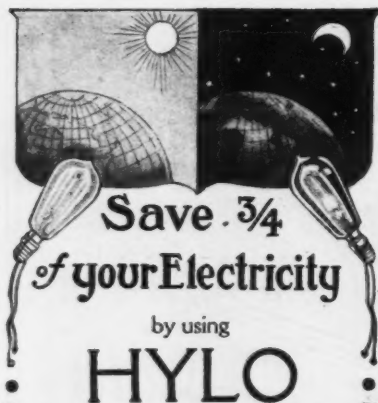
A 4c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A 4c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



Save  $\frac{3}{4}$   
of your Electricity

by using

**HYLO**

### The Turn-down Lamp

The simple turning of HYLO Mazda Lamp up or down may aptly be compared to the functions of the Sun and Moon.

Turned "HY" you get a brilliant, clear white light—turned "LO" a subdued light that is ample for your needs in sickroom, nursery, bathroom, bedroom, stairway, hall, storeroom, porch, and garage.

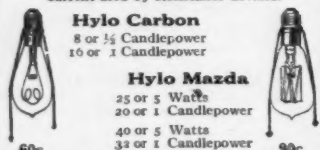
You save  $\frac{3}{4}$  the Electricity when turned "LO", which means that each lamp pays for itself 4 to 5 times over during its life.

### A Little Light All Night is Right

The advantages of a little light instead of dense darkness in the home are many. Accidents—trivial and serious—are prevented—Burglars keep their distance and night calls, whether sickness or other emergency, are not half as disturbing as when your home is in total darkness. In

**Home—Office—Factory—Store**  
HYLO means safety and protection. Turned "LO" the cost is only  $\frac{1}{2}$  a cent all night for each HYLO Lamp.

HYLO turned "LO" consumes one-fourth of the current used by Resistance devices.



HYLO Mazda for Private Home and Farm plants. Same price—28 or 32 volts. Ask your Electric Light Company, Electric or Hardware Dealer or Department Store to supply you.

Every HYLO is guaranteed—Money back if you want it.

Write for new Booklet "Electric Light Economy and Comfort"

**ECONOMICAL ELECTRIC LAMP DIVISION**  
National Lamp Works of General Electric Company  
22 West Broadway New York City

flash of clairvoyance that stopped the very beating of her heart, she realized that here, where there was a pitiful failure, was her place and her life, and that her success in the world outside was ashes in her mouth.

"Phil," she said humbly; "Phil." Then suddenly her woman's heart, long deadened by vanity and futile ambitions, stirred to life within her. She leaned toward her husband. The very lines of her proud figure had become those of pleading.

"Don't go yet—listen to me just a moment! I've been blind. I never realized how you felt about things. That is, when we were first married, I told you, 'Later on, time enough to tie ourselves down with a house and children.' Then the years went by—we got into the habit of living like this. I got interested in suffrage and the Woman's movement, and clubs and things. But, oh, Phil, all these other things, without you—they're dust and ashes to me! And if I have to choose, it's you I want, my dearest—I want you for mine, as I want to be all

yours. Take me back, Phil! Let me be your wife again—your real wife, this time! Take me out to Nutley with you tomorrow! Let's pick out a house together—there or anywhere you like—that'll be a home—a real home—"

She stopped short, and, with a gesture so implicit that it seemed as though her very body spoke, her arms curved up toward her beautiful bosom in the attitude of a Madonna, and into her tormented eyes crept for a moment something of the rich peace of the painted canvases. Doubtful whether her eloquence was that of real emotion or of her facile oratory, her husband stared at her. In the face of his hesitation, tears started from her eyes. She cried out, weeping and trembling:

"That woman in the Bible that you talked about—she was forgiven because she loved much. And I—I've been a bad woman, too, though I never intended—I never realized— But oh, Phil, I ought to be forgiven like her, because I love much, too—I do—oh, indeed I do!"

Bruce's arms, flung outward, seized their own.

## In Came a Fat Man

(Continued from page 83)

Oh, pshaw! A hundred dollars a day would—but no—what was the use of being greedy? You couldn't spend a hundred a day if you tried. Still, there were the children—and the grandchildren. And look here, Jimmy: You can't figure on a hundred all the days and every day, anyhow. There's Sundays and holidays off; and you have to allow for slack seasons and strikes and such things. Say a hundred, and you'd be sure of fifty. Out of that, you could live as extravagant as a human being could live, and still save forty dollars a day. How much would that be in a year, John, counting, say, just for rough, on three hundred working-days? Twelve thousand dollars. Do you suppose uncle Ben would lend us a hundred?

Even those calloused commercial adventurers, J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw, were astounded at the response to the golden opportunity.

"This legitimate-business thing gets me, jim," confessed Blackie, in his private office, and he gazed incredulously at the pile of checks, money-orders, and cash in the wire basket on his desk. "It beats any graft I ever saw."

"Yes," agreed J. Rufus, frowning; "but it's crooked."

"It's what?" Blackie looked at his partner in surprise; then he laughed. "I see; you're spiffing the spoof. Why, Jim, we never tackled a deal so square. We're doing it just like regular promoters. We have that letter you got Hillsign to write, insisting that the stock be thrown open to popular subscription; the motor is a wonder if it works and proves practical; these are the actual photographs of the shops where the motors are being made—all two of them; and there will be a profit of a hundred apiece in the motors if they ever sell at the price we set. There isn't a lie in this advertisement. Why, I feel like a regular business man!"

"I feel like a thief," growled Wallingford; then he looked into the basket and began to chuckle. "I guess I can stand it

though, old pal. A man can stand a lot when the money's rolling in. Anyhow, as long as the boob public believes anything and everything it sees in an advertisement, somebody's going to trim them; and it might as well be done by trimmers. How soon do we get to ours?"

"Now!" exulted Blackie. "Do you see this check for fifty thousand. Well, that's the second and last payment on the company's hundred thousand. I sent 'em the other fifty last week."

"I was there when they got it," grinned J. Rufus. "Noah Presber and four other directors took it to the bank."

"This morning's receipts and yesterday's pay the advertising bill; then the balance is velvet. All for us, Jimmy! Then the stockholders are going to sell half of their three hundred thousand; we'll get two-thirds of that half, which will give us—"

"Say!" Chinchilla Williams, with an expression of grave concern amid his glossy black whiskers. He came in and closed the door behind him, drew near, and lowered his voice. "There's a little six-cylinder guy out there wants to see Mr. Hillsign."

"Not in!" chorused the partners, grinning.

"Oh, yes; I told him, just like that," retorted Chinchilla, "and he won't go away. Say, boys, my wife's kinda sick, and I think I'll take her up in the country for a few days."

The grins changed to looks of concern. "What is he?" demanded Wallingford, "a gum-shoe bull or a plain Pink?"

"Well, he wants to know how and when and where and why this man Hillsign came into the company—before or after he invented the machine."

Low, very low whistles from the partners. A lawyer!

"Tell him Hillsign will be here all next week," was Wallingford's carefully considered decision. "And as soon as he's gone, scrape Blackie's name off the entrance, but leave the Hillsign Company's name on the middle door."

## Pain!

No matter what the cause—you will find instant relief in Thermo-lite. Attach to any electric light fixture and apply where needed.



**Thermo-lite**  
LIGHT AND HEAT INDIATOR

Does what your hot water bottle can never do—falsely radiant light, as well as penetrating heat, into the affected tissues to a depth of two inches. Harshness—ask your own doctor. \$1.50 delivered—no. 27 back, if dissatisfied. Free booklet.

H. O. McFADDIN & CO., 40 Warren St., New York



## Reflections After the Skidding Accident

Reflections that show Tire Chains as the only real dependable device for the prevention of skidding, do not come to some motorists until their bare rubber tires skid and carry them upon the rocks of disaster.

How strange it is that some men are never guided by the experience of others.

They read the newspaper accounts of disastrous skidding accidents caused by lack of Tire Chains, but they do not heed the warning. They wait until the skidding of their own bare rubber tires results in death, injury or car-damage before they realize that tires are safe on wet-slippery-skiddy roads *only* when encased in Tire Chains.

Weed Tire Chains  
for  
Pneumatic Tires



The world's largest automobile insurers, after long and vast experience in handling automobile accident claims, strongly advise the use of Tire Chains on every automobile they insure. The Aetna Life Insurance Company, The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company and The Automobile Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., now print on their automobile policies the vital information that Tire Chains are the only real dependable device for the prevention of skidding. Could anyone imagine a stronger endorsement?

Weed Tire Chains  
for  
Solid Tires



*Weed Chains on Your Tires Reflect Your Prudence and Intelligence*  
**AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.**

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

**Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World**

*The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain*



**USED IN THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE WORLD**



*For Christmas give*  
**PARKER**  
*LUCKY CURVE*  
**SAFETY-SEALED**  
**FOUNTAIN PENS**

For the boys at the front, for relatives, friends and sweethearts. The enduring gift, always appreciated, always useful. Parker Self-fillers are *safety-sealed*; the new type "no holes in the wall" fountain pens. Ink can't get out to soil clothes or person. In event of accident to interior mechanism, the pen automatically changes from a Self-filler to a non-Self-filler without interruption of service. Because of these exclusive features it's the pen for the army and navy, where only dependable pens are wanted. The name PARKER is your guarantee of quality.

**PARKER PEN COMPANY**  
 106 Mill Street, Jamesville, Wis.  
 New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building

*In Dainty Gift Boxes*

THE GEORGE S. PARKER  
 "LUCKY CURVE"

No. 20 - \$2.50  
 No. 21 - 3.50  
 No. 51 - 3.50  
 No. 24 - 4.00  
 No. 14 - Sterling, \$5.00  
 No. 14 - Gold Plate, \$6.00

Parker Clips 25c extra.  
 Ink tablets in place of fluid ink for soldiers' use, box of 36 for 10 cents.  
 At Leading Dealers.



When they were alone, Wallingford and Blackie sat for a long time gazing at each other thoughtfully.

"What can they do, Jim?" asked Blackie at last.

"Do? Stop us; that's all. But we're through."

"And we didn't cop a cent out of it—not a red." Suddenly Blackie reached over and tore up the company's fifty-thousand-dollar check. "This much they don't get, anyhow."

Wallingford frowned over that and shook his head; but presently he began to chuckle.

"No; take 'em their check," he advised. "Here's where you reform, and it's about time. I feel more at home now."

## IV

"GOOD-MORNING, gentlemen," said Mr. Wallingford suavely, walking into the directors' meeting of the Hillsign Storage-Motor Company.

A grunt answered him, and the lean directors, increased now by the addition of lumpy President Hillsign, surveyed him from under knotted eyebrows. J. Rufus, unusually urbane this morning, was entirely oblivious to the sharpened noses and narrowly wrinkled eyes as he tossed his gloves in his hat and laid his stick across the brim.

"This is a happy day, boys!" he exulted. "I understand that the company now has its hundred thousand dollars of cash capital complete, and we are ready to do business. I suggest, first, an advertising appropriation of—"

"You might jes' as well stop where you are, James Rufus Wallingford," rasped Noah Presber, rising to his lean length. "You ain't goin' to git your fingers on any cent of this company's money; you ain't goin' to give this company any advice or directions; you ain't goin' to manage this company any more, and you ain't goin' to have anything whatsoever to do with this company!"

"What's this you say?" demanded the astounded Wallingford. "Gentlemen, I don't understand."

"We do!" shrilled Pinchot Weeks, and a cackle of laughter ran round the board. Inventor Hillsign was particularly scornful with his laugh. He wore a new suit of clothes now, a white shirt and white collar and a red necktie.

"You skinned us!" charged brown Amos Wycliff, his thin lips dividing his face into two sections with a sharp, straight line.

"Keep still, Amos!" called Ashley Bevin.


"Noah has the floor."

"I demand an instant explanation!" called J. Rufus.

"You'll git it, you bet your boots!" retorted Noah, and his wit made a hit with his fellow financiers. "We was greenhorns when you come among us, Wallingford, and you took a slick advantage of our helpless condition. What did you do, Wallingford? Why, you said, 'There is a valuable invention, the product of a genius—'"

"Two of 'em," interrupted President Hillsign, on which there was a shrill growl from Josiah Goodheart.

"The product of two geniuses," corrected Noah, pounding on the bench with his hard knuckles. "That's what you said to yourself, James Rufus Wallingford, in



**GREEN** is the most restful color of all—kind to your eyes and your nerves—and green is the color of the Emeraldite shade. It is the famous green glass shade with the white opal lining—the one you know best—and in

**EMERALITE Jr.**

an adaptable little lamp capable of serving you in half a dozen ways, you find it kinder than ever to your eyes. You can focus the light exactly where you want it—where you need it. The shade is adjustable at any angle—and so is the lamp. You can stand Emeraldite Jr. on a writing desk or hang it from the mirror on a dressing table. You can clamp it to the back of your favorite chair—or to the head of your bed. Every member of your family will find Emeraldite Jr. useful—as useful as it is restful. Price \$5.00.

Free booklet on request.  
**H. G. McFADDIN & CO.**  
 40 Warren Street New York



**KEEPS FURNITURE LOOKING NEW**

Don't let grime, smoke stains, finger marks and scratches, make your furniture look old before it's time when 3-in-One will keep it new looking all the time.

Do this: Wring out a cloth in cold water. Add a few drops of 3-in-One. Wipe furniture, wringing out cloth frequently. Dry and polish with a woolen cloth or a cheese cloth, rubbing always with the grain of the wood. This removes unsightly marks and stains, and brings again the first new, beautiful look. Also use

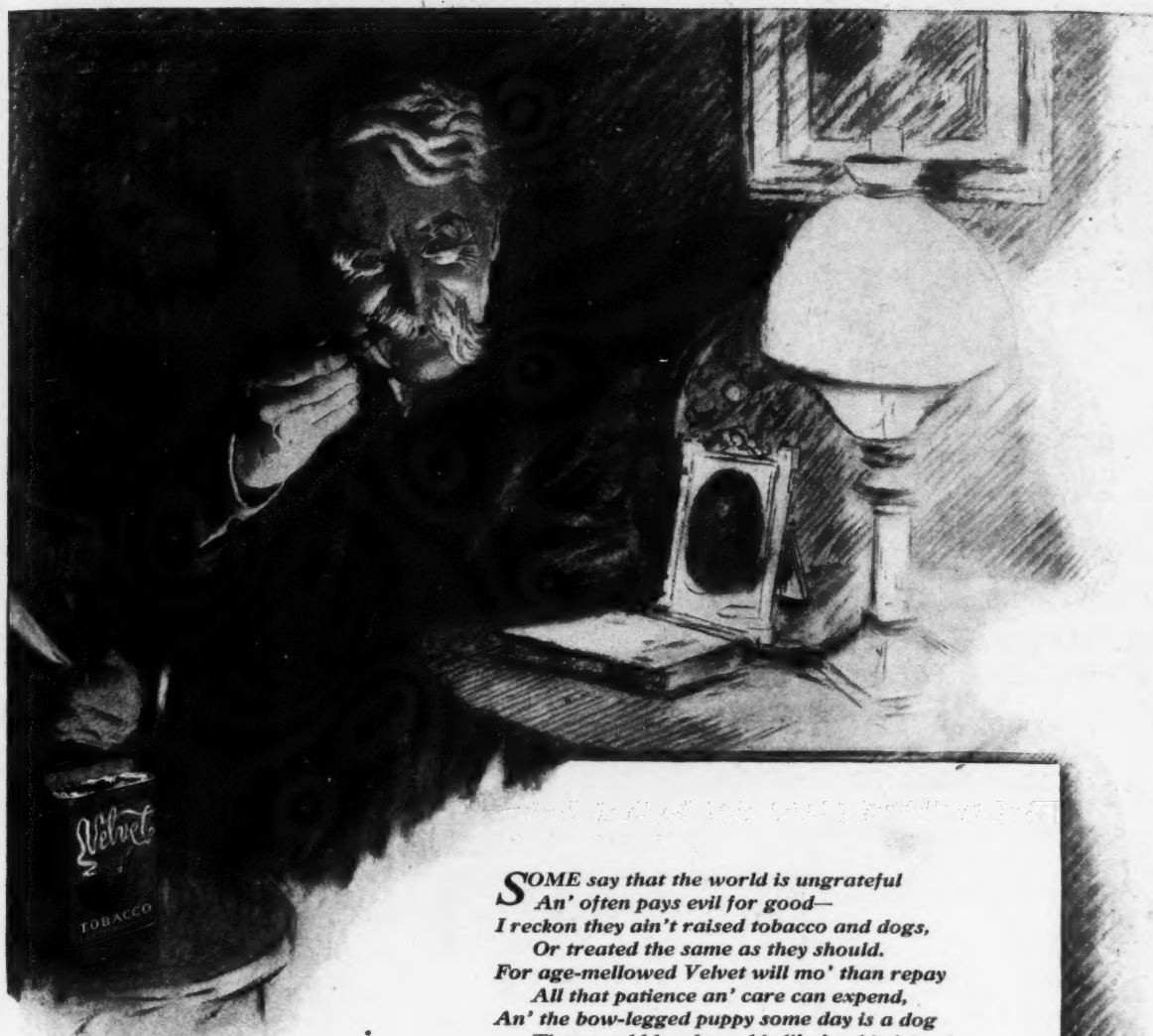
**3-in-One oil**



to make a fine dustless duster. Or, oil your sewing machines with it. Rub it over bathroom fixtures and see how clean they look. 3-in-One is sold in drug, grocery, hardware, housefurnishing and general stores: 1 oz. bottle, 16c; 8 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (1/2 pt.), 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 5 oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these, we will send you one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One for 50c.

**FREE**—A generous sample of 3-in-One and the 3-in-One Dictionary. Write today.

**Three-in-One Oil Co.**  
 165 E. Broadway, New York



*SOME say that the world is ungrateful  
An' often pays evil for good—  
I reckon they ain't raised tobacco and dogs,  
Or treated the same as they should.  
For age-mellowed Velvet will mo' than repay  
All that patience an' care can expend,  
An' the bow-legged puppy some day is a dog  
That would lay down his life for his friend.*

*Velvet Joe*

**T**IME is money—two years that Velvet spends slowly ageing in huge wooden hogsheads represents a heavy expenditure. But how richly Nature repays that investment.

Those two years make Velvet mild and mellow, cool and smooth, and bring out the flavor of the rich Kentucky Burley tobacco to its utmost.

Fill your pipe with Velvet and let it *prove* what we can only tell.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*



*M. LEONE  
BRACKER*

## Make Your Hands Dainty



Care for your hands. Their part in your life is prominent, as well as important.

Smooth, white, dainty hands betoken refinement, grace, culture, charm. Your environment, your round of daily duties and home responsibilities, clerical or office employment may demand much from your hands—but they need not lack the qualities that make the feminine hand beautiful and distinctive.

### DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

*The Kind That Keeps*

Hands that have intelligent care, that receive regularly each day a few minutes attention—a gentle, cleansing rub with D & R Perfect Cold Cream—reflect health, beauty, refinement.

Be sure you get D & R Perfect Cold Cream, made first by Daggett & Ramsdell more than twenty-five years ago, and still manufactured only by them. It is "The Kind That Keeps"—the kind that comforts, the kind that cleanses, clears and revitalizes a neglected or impoverished skin. "Perfect" in name, perfect in action, perfect in result: a perfect toilet cream for every day in the year—use it to free the pores of dust, to retard wrinkles, to make the skin soft, clear and naturally beautiful. The cream for every person—a size for every purse.

POUDRE AMOURETTE—another D & R toilet triumph—a face powder without a fault. You will like it. Very fine, pleasantly perfumed. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c. Of your dealer or by mail of us.

### TRY BOTH FREE

Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourrette sent free on request.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL**  
DEPARTMENT 153

D. & R. Building New York



Every Expectant Mother  
Should Wear Lane Bryant's

### MATERNITY

Corset—gives wonderful support to back and abdomen—perfect freedom through diaphragm—balance to the figure and a straight, long-waisted effect that makes the change imperceptible—it assures the health of infant. Should be adopted early. Ample outlets.

**\$3.85**

Order today, giving present waist measure. We prepay all charges. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

We are the largest dealers in the world in apparel for maternity, and know every requirement of the figure.

Write Dept. G. P., New York, for complete Book of Fashioning for Maternity Dresses, Corsets, Skirts, Suits, and a full assortment of baby needs.

Lane Bryant, 516 Ave. and 388 St. N.Y.

Stores also at Detroit and Chicago

### DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Cartoonists are well paid. We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. I. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING, 589 Leader Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio



your slick way, and you tricked around and schemed around and manipulated around till you got more than half of that million-dollar company away from the hard-working inventors and from the investors that had put up their hard-earned money, and you got it into your own slick hands, and you never put up a single darned cent!"

"And you only paid me ten thousand stock for my patents, Wallingford," asserted Mr. Hillsign, in a loudly indignant voice. "You took advantage of my ignorance, too; and my patents was the important ones. They——"

"It ain't so!" yelled Josiah Goodheart, smiting the bench with both fists and thereby aiding himself to rise. "Your dog-goned contraptions spoil my motor, an' they have to come off. You ain't no inventor; you couldn't invent——"

"Liar!" heatedly retorted J. A. Hillsign. "I'm inventin' a perpetual-motion machine right now that'll——"

"Looky here!" shrieked Noah Presber. "Have I or hain't I got the floor, Mr. President, according to agreement?"

"Order!" growled Hillsign, and he pounded with a mallet that served as a gavel and sat down. Noah resumed:

"Now, James Rufus Wallingford, the sense of this board is that you got to disgorge. Out you go! You're crooked!"

It was easy to see that the slick stranger who had taken advantage of these honest investors was a guilty man. Through all these charges, he sat mopping his brow, and the eyes which were won't to look clearly into the eyes of his fellows were averted from every honest gaze. Now, however, he rose and put on a defiant front.

"Be careful of what you say, gentlemen," he warned them, bold as brass, though his eyes roved. "There are courts and laws in this land, remember. You have charged that I have not been honest, and I may make you prove it."

"Bring in your witness, Noah, and make short work of the skinner," creaked Pinchot Weeks, rubbing his hands together; and relish was on every face.

Noah was already at the door of the room where the little engine was installed. He threw open that door, and there, framed in the entrance, stood a tall, lanky gentleman in a silk hat and a glove-fitting black frock suit—a gentleman with pointed black mustaches and keen black eyes; in short, Horace G. Daw!

The jaw of the guilty Wallingford dropped and his eyes rounded, while his big pink face actually turned pale.

"You!" he stammered.

"Yes; me, scoundrel!" returned Mr. Daw, in firm tones, and he advanced and confronted the abashed culprit. "I am no longer your tool, Jim Wallingford! I have thrown off the shackles! I am a free man!"

"You?"

"Yes; me, viper!" The free man raised his hand impressively on high. "In the silent night, my conscience overcame my heart, and I resolved to tell all. I have shown these worthy gentlemen the agreement you made me sign to give you a hundred and fifty thousand out of the two hundred thousand I was to get for selling the company's stock. That's an underhanded trick you played on these honest persons, and in law it's cheating. I'll go on

the witness-stand, you monster in human form, you fat demon of iniquity, and tell the truth! I was willing to make these sales for an honest figure, you oily worm of greed, but you wouldn't let me have the job unless I tacked on that hundred and fifty thousand of these upright peoples' money for you! Now you know!"

James Rufus Wallingford, driven desperate by the uncovering of his deceit, made one more brassy stand.

"I won't give up a cent!" he cried. "I'll go to jail before I'll let loose! I'll——"

"Cease!" commanded the austere Mr. Daw, pointing an accusing forefinger at him. "You have already given it up. You transferred every share of your stock to me for sale, over half a million dollars' worth, and I'm going to transfer it over to the rightful owners, without money and without price! Go!"

It was a dramatic moment as those two men of a black past, one reformed and the other still hard in his heart, confronted each other. Wallingford turned and went to the door, toward which the long, lean forefinger of Mr. Daw rigidly pointed.

"Go, despicable sinner; go! And may this be a lesson to you, thou miserable snake of sin, thou contemptible fiend of fraudulency, thou loathsome lump of vile villainy. Go, wretch; go!"

Outside the door, as it slammed, there sounded a suppressed snort; a sob of sorrow perhaps, or perhaps a roar of rage; perhaps!

"Now, friends," said the righteous Mr. Daw, turning briskly to the highly edified and satisfied board, "our plan worked, and we'll finish our business. Where's that certified check?"

Silence. Then Noah Presber slowly rose.

"Well, Mr. Daw," he said, "seems to us that you'd ought to reform all the way, and——"

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," promptly stated Mr. Daw.

"Un-hunh," grudgingly granted Noah. "Anyways, you'd ort to be satisfied with fifty thousand. That's what you was to get from that skinner Wallingford, and if you take a hundred, which is every last cent now in our treasury, you're a puttin' a price on a good deed—and good deeds had ought to be beyond price."

The reformed Mr. Daw bent his lean face into their midst, and his black eyes glittered and his black mustaches lifted.

"If you want that near six hundred thousand shares of stock transferred to you for division, and if you want possession of the office where the money is rolling in to buy that stock, sign this assumption of all assets, liabilities, and responsibilities, and give me that certified check for a hundred thousand dollars, or in about one minute, there'll be a reformed-sinner backslide with a splash which will scatter blobs of melted brimstone all over the fiery pit. Come across!"

Hours later, when they were whirling cityward, with the big check already on its way to safety in their bank, Blackie looked up from a brown study.

"Say, Jim, a crook who tosses the bluff that he isn't a crook is worse than a crook who says he's a crook."

"Cut the bunk," advised J. Rufus. "That's a crook's excuse. There's no difference."

The next Wallingford story will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.



## Camilla

(Continued from page 60)

the expanse of silver tray glimmering like a pool of water. It bore for its most noteworthy object a high central vessel. All round this conning-tower was ranged a fleet of tiny dishes like little canoes or Irish coracles in the service of the greater vessel.

"What is it going to be?" he asked.

"As if I'd tell you!"

"It's awful," remarked the guest, "the hunger these preparations produce."

"Are you really hungry, or just pretending?"

"Try me!"

The footman came back with the wine opened and a loaf of bread.

"That's all; you needn't wait."

"Oh, very well 'm. But—er—the 'at'm?"

"We—Mr. Nancarrow will attend to the hat. Leave a brush on the hall table."

Henry vanished.

"You'll have to be rewarded for this!"

Michael should not have said it. Instinctively Camilla turned away from his too agitating neighborhood and laid hands upon the homely staff of life. She cut two slices of bread and brought them on a plate to the fire. In the other hand she held something shining. This, as she pulled out the three telescoped lengths, was revealed as a toasting-fork. She impaled a slice of bread and knelt down before the fire.

Michael leaned over, the better to see her face in the firelight.

"You are adorable when you blush," he said, very low. "I never saw you do it before—"

"If you were straight in front of that fire, you'd blush, too," she said. As he bent nearer. "Here, try it—Englishmen are dreadfully lazy." She handed him the toasting-fork. He put his hand over hers. But her fingers slipped out and left him with the fork.

Now she was lighting a blue flame under the stand that bore the high dish. She stood there measuring, stirring.

When presently Michael glanced over his shoulder, he surprised her looking at him. A look that, but for Alice's warning, would have carried him hot-foot across the room.

"You make me wonder"—his voice was misleadingly quiet—"whether other people could say so much without words if they gave themselves a chance. Is it lack of faith that throws them back on chatter?"

"You want to console me for having no small talk?"

He lounged over to the table, holding out the toast.

"It wouldn't be fair if you had small talk as well as your range of silence." She detached the toast.

"Quite nice." She offered the fork again.

"No; go and do another, please." Instead of taking the fork, he took the hand that lay on the rim of the tray and carried it to his lips. Her fingers trembled under his ardor. He stilled their tremulousness between his palms, and he looked at her with the eyes of possession. Her own answered joy for joy before, under the weight of gladness, the lids went down.

"You didn't get my flowers," he said.

"Yes."

"But you didn't wear them?"

She drew her hand away and sat down.

"Don't ever send me camellias, please."

"No?" He opened his eyes. "You haven't any idea of the trouble I took. And they didn't please you?"

"Not camellias. Anything but camellias." She spoke with an odd, soft vehemence.

"Oh-h," he said reproachfully, "I've loved them ever since I knew you. They've always reminded me of—"

"Don't!" she exclaimed.

"I was only going to say they make me think of your face."

"I knew that's what you meant. But you must never say it." As she lifted her eyes, she drew away as far as the great chair would let her. The motion was plainly instinctive. But it had all that effect of overemphasis that attends expressiveness on the part of the naturally unpictorial.

Nancarrow laughed.

"I didn't know you were so vain." She stared. "But isn't it like life." He slipped into the chair beside her. "Here are you, with your glorious tints of cream and russet, and yet you go envying the everlasting roses and lilies."

"It's not that at all."

"What then—what's wrong?"

"It's been said," she answered, very low. "I don't like the things that have been said."

"You mean, it reminds you—"

"Yes," she interposed.

The look he bent on her of worshiping tenderness darkened before the thought of all the grieving, all she must have gone through to create such shrinking.

"What happened after I left Florida?"

"It was happening," she said slowly, "while you were there."

"Was it?"

"I expect you knew." She waited. He made no sign. "Everybody knew," she went on, "except me. The only thing that happened after that, even I—"

She got up, abandoned the blue flame, and went toward the crackling logs. She stood with her back to Nancarrow as she said,

"You won't mind if I can't bear to talk about—all that?"

"No, dearest of all the world," he said, in that reassuring voice of his, and he was at her side; "I don't want to talk about anything under God's heaven to-night except you and me."

"To-night," she echoed, and still she stood there with eyes that looked back across the Atlantic, "I will tell you anything you need to—or want to know. But I don't feel"—she hesitated—"as if I ought ever to discuss Leroy—not intimately—with anybody. Will you mind?"

"Mind?" I have to prod myself into believing he ever existed."

"Don't, then." With an odd solemnity, she gave him back her hands. The compact was sealed. She uttered a little exclamation and ran swiftly to the table as if to save the supper from burning—or was it to save herself?

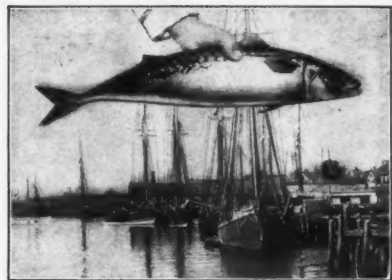
She stood stirring the compound which the discreet blue flame had warmed to bubbling savoriness, and she nodded toward the second piece of bread.

"I must have toast, too."

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"Well, rather!" He speared up the slice, but his eyes were with Camilla—Camilla lifting a glass bowl and holding back raw oysters with a strainer, pouring the liquor off into the steaming dish.

Nancarrow asked if "the oysters didn't go in, too?"

"Not yet. They'd be tough." She slid a look at him. "Mustn't watch me."

"Look here! If I can't even watch you—"

"Watch the toast—it's burning!"

He repudiated the injustice, but he hastily turned the slice.

Camilla sat down. Now she had taken off the cover and poured the oysters into the creaming broth.

"Come," she said, with a housewifely air; "supper's ready. Eat it while it smokes." When she had blown out the flame at the end of a silver trumpet, she offered him a box with a single, half-defiant word: "Crackers."

He laughed and held them in his hand till he saw her drop hers in her steaming bowl. The crackers floated about, half submerged, like little white submarines. And they broke crisply under the teeth.

She smiled when he demanded more.

"You are like a great hungry schoolboy."

"Why did you never show us this room when Alice and I were here?"

"I never bring anybody here."

He had no idea, he said, that she was so selfish. "I admit there is a very special atmosphere about it. I can't believe sitting here—that it's a wild, black, pelting night outside—can you?"

"That was just what I used to feel at Nancarrow," she said dreamily. "I forgot the storms outside."

"Doesn't that show—" He broke off. She raised her eyes. "I don't see how you could do it—go away like that." She pushed the cigarette-box toward him. He lit a match and watched it burn till the flame seemed to touch his fingers. Then he dropped it in his saucer. "Didn't you realize what you were doing to me?"

"A little sharp suffering—if it was sharp." At the sudden raising of his eyes, "Forgive me," she said; "but a few days of it—that's better than a long battle." The shadows had settled on her face.

"What do you mean? There wasn't—there isn't going to be any long battle."

"If I hadn't gone away, there would have been. Your mother—"

"Well, what about my mother?"

"Either you'd have to go away from Nancarrow—and that's unthinkable—or—your mother would go."

He looked at her with a moment's wondering tenderness.

"You had hoped she wouldn't?" Then he brushed it aside. "All that will arrange itself. I don't pretend that I think about that at all. All I think about is that you are more to me than anybody alive. It was never the least use your talking about going out of my life by leaving Nancarrow. There's only one way you can go out of my life." He leaned nearer. "Dearest—dearest—" She seemed to sink deeper into the depths of the great chair. Nerves less responsive than Michael's would have failed to interpret that slight stirring of the figure. His quick, country-bred eye had seen the nested bird make that faint, settling movement before flight. Again Alice's warning came into his mind: "Go slow. If you frighten her, you're done."

He smiled now at the idea, but, all the same, he sat quite still.

"It isn't your beauty only," he said, in his low, controlled voice. "It isn't only your gentleness. I don't honestly know which I love most—your body or your soul. But now that I've found you, I could no more give you up and go on with life than I could give up half my body and go on with life." He bent to her again, trying to make her meet his eyes. "That doesn't surprise you, does it?" She made no sign. He leaned across the arm of her chair. "I saw what it meant," he triumphed, "before we got back to England. Didn't you? Come—confess!"

"I—wasn't sure."

"Not sure!" He dropped from the uncharted uplands of woman's outlook to the sure level of his man's faith. "You are the only person I've ever known that I didn't want to hide myself from. I felt disturbed enough when I found I wasn't succeeding in hiding from you. You came into all the secretest places. And then I saw it was your right. You belonged there. You felt that—"

"I'm not listening to the sense—if it is sense." She smiled dreamily out of heavy-lidded eyes. "I'm only listening to the sound. I never heard a sound so beautiful."

He smiled, too, in a detached way at the ceiling, as he settled his head against the back of her chair. He stretched out his long limbs. In the same even tone, he went on:

"Your mind was at home with me, just as my body is at home here. And yours is at home at Nancarrow. Then I saw that what I thought was life had been half a life. I didn't even know I'd been lonely—till I knew you. Loneliness—the ache of incompleteness that I thought was part of living—I found it was all gone the moment I was alone with you." He turned a little and his lips brushed a tendril of her hair.

She linked her fingers and stood up very straight—not hurriedly or nervously but with a kind of solemnity, like one who has remembered something of huge, of overshadowing significance—almost as if the remembered something were nothing less than the wonder of life, a sudden envisagement of that mystery of individual fate, on which the world's history turns. But no word of any such matter. Only,

"How quiet the house is!" and then, with lifted eyes. "I should think so! Look at the clock!"

He didn't look at the clock—didn't move. He had no need to remind her.

"You and I, the only ones awake in all this soundless house! We've never been 'alone' to this extent before." He raised his head to find her eyes, not on the clock—on him. A look that brought him to his feet. He checked himself with, "Steady!" That echo of Alice's penny whistle, shrill to the inner ear, through all these surging harmonies—the Hymn of Life played by the master musician upon thrilling pulses.

She, too, seemed determined to break the spell. The interlaced fingers were drawn chest-high and pressed there as if to force out unwilling words.

"It may be true what you've been saying. If we were both Americans, it might do—just to think only of you and me. But by and by you'll be thinking about those others. The only difference between us is—I think of them now."

## FIRE! WITH A SCREAM I SNATCHED LITTLE RUTH



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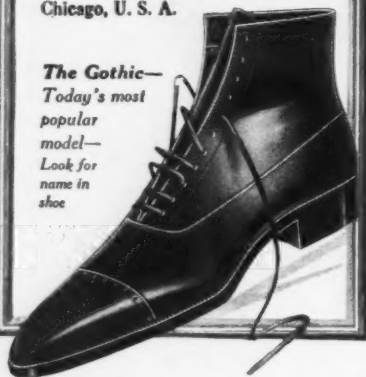
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Well, she had done it! The penny tune had stilled the greater music and whistled them home from the clouds. Their feet were planted firm upon the earth again.

"Suppose," he said, "suppose I promise that, until you want me to, I won't give up Nancarrow or let my mother. Will that content you?"

She answered provokingly, irrelevantly that it would be "terrible to bring unhappiness there"—and she must say good-night. Down out of the clouds? They were flat on their faces.

"You can hardly suppose," he said, with a touch of bitterness, "that you know what would make me happy better than I do." At Camilla's movement toward the door, the sudden flash in him went out as quickly as it flamed. Standing there, in the middle of the room, he held out a hand. "Oh, be kind to me, Camilla!"

"Kind to you?"

He saw she was trembling as she half turned to face him. Still he stood there—as firm as one of his own young oaks, never expecting the quick reward that met his hard-won mastery. For the most undemonstrative of women came back, came closer, lifted her face, and kissed him on the mouth. He caught her to him, and she closed her eyes with head fallen backward in a faintness of rapture. The unconquerable impulse which had carried her off her feet was for him sheer miracle.

"Again, again!" he whispered, as he brought her face against his. The slim body felt like a child's in his arms, till that sense vanished, too, in the headlong feeling of being fused in one common fire. "Again! Again! Kiss me like that again!"

Whether at the hot words, or some half-unconscious movement on his part, or the flame in her touched by some alien breath, it went out and left a shivering behind. Suddenly, almost violently, she freed herself.

"Go, please!" she said. There was something about her that gave Nancarrow the oddest feeling of never having seen her before. "If you don't go now—*this moment*"—she caught her breath—"I—I'll never forgive myself for bringing you here to-night."

"What is it? What's the matter?" he said bewildered. As she didn't answer, "You are loving me, Camilla?"

"I'll love you when you are gone." As he passed, he bent to kiss her hands. With an action that struck him as childish she put her hands behind her. He smiled and went out into the hall.

Would she come after him? No sound.

Not till he opened the front door and faced the windy dark did he remember he had left his hat by the fire. He turned to go back and changed his mind. He went out bareheaded and shut the door behind him with a bang that stirred the echoes. A moment he stood on the step, waiting, listening. Then the message he stayed for seemed by some wireless way to reach him. Smiling all to himself, he walked up the street.

## VIII

### A DIFFERENT NANCARROW

CAMILLA spent the following day with her sister, lunching with her at the Ritz, looking about in "dear little Bond Street," as Mrs. Plumstead-Atherley called it, for

"the few-things you can't get so good in Paris." These appeared to be chiefly travelers' accessories. When they had chosen a new dressing-bag, a recently invented wardrobe-trunk, and a fur rug for the imminent Atlantic crossing, the sisters relaxed over tea at Rumpelmeyer's.

They were to dine at Queen Anne's Gate, and Michael was to be there on the express understanding that nothing should be said just yet to point the fact that he was more than any other friend.

Michael didn't like the condition.

"Why don't you tell your sister?"

"Because," Camilla smiled, "I don't believe it myself."

"There's a cure for that," he said; "it grows at Nancarrow."

Michael did his best that night at dinner, but when he had gone, Mrs. Plumstead-Atherley, big and handsome and smiling, went over to her younger sister and kissed her.

"I'm so glad, my dear! He is charming."

Camilla had the grace to flush a little.

"Oh, you're always—thinking things —"

She wouldn't "talk comfortably" about Mr. Nancarrow, and still she seemed to cling to her sister as she had not now for years.

"Send for your things. Stay here till you sail."

Was it worth while only for two days?

"Two days is better than nothing," Camilla said.

"Better for what? Better than leaving the coast clear for that delightful man?"

But Camilla had her way.

The two sisters were going out after breakfast. Camilla, dressed for walking, sat at her writing-table dealing with the morning's letters. The door of the tapestry-room opened and Nancarrow was shown in.

"I had to come. I've heard from my mother."

"So soon!" Camilla's heart shrank. He laid a telegram down before her. Over and over she read it, too incredulous at first to rejoice. "Why does she like it now when she hated it two days ago?"

"She never hated it—not really. She liked you from the first. Look here: This is what I'm answering: 'Very happy over your message. Bringing Camilla to-morrow. Love from Michael.'"

She drew a shaking pencil through "to-morrow" and wrote "soon." He put in "very."

The next morning brought Mrs. Nancarrow's letter to Queen Anne's Gate. Dignified, brief, but adequate—welcoming Camilla as a daughter. It was very perplexing.

By dint of a newly conceived necessity to go to Liverpool to see her sister off to America, the return to Nancarrow was postponed. But only a day. For the delightful man came to Liverpool, too, and assisted in the seeing-off. After which, he carried Camilla on to Cumberland.

Certainly, from the beginning it was far easier than she could have dreamed. They know how to do these things, she said to herself, feeling that these people had found the exact mean between formality and effusiveness. As she and Michael drove up, the great iron-studded doors opened, and the butler gave way to his mistress. Mrs. Nancarrow, in her rough-hewn dignity, stood there, with



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"What makes you think so?" His sister laughed.

"It is one of the snap-shots you took at Lugano."

"Clever boy! It is. I gave it to Bobby Deering. They've only taken the poor lamb on trial, and he's afraid they won't keep him."

Michael's face was hard as flint as he retorted,

"Well, don't in future help him at Camilla's expense." He swung out of the room with long strides that quickly caught up his mother. When he came back, Camilla was alone.

"A penny—"

She raised her head.

"I am sorry your mother thought—"

"She doesn't think. I've taken care she doesn't."

At such a time, she had only to be five minutes with Michael to recover her new happiness.

There was something heavenly comforting as well as stimulating about the Michael of these days. He gave her a sense of magical safety, of the shelter of thick walls like those of his ancestral home. A power to commander kindness, dignity—a power to shut out the carping, sour-faced world. She repeated to herself, "A magical safety!"

After the shower of telegrams, letters, and, after the letters, the wedding gifts came pouring in, forwarded from Queen Anne's Gate.

"I had no idea you had so many friends," Michael laughed.

"Neither had I," said Camilla.

In a thousand subtle ways, during the days that followed, she was made to feel the difference between being the unsponsored stranger, object of curiosity and exploitation, neither maid, wife, nor widow, and being the affianced bride of one of the Nancarrowes of Nancarrow. The heart of her gratitude was the prayer that she might be worthy of Michael.

"If only I was cleverer," she said to him. "Don't expect me to understand of myself. You'll have to show me—to explain all sorts of things."

But she was less enlightened than bewildered by matters that were commonplace to him. His sitting-room was an example. It seemed to her more like a comfortable, rather cluttered office, with its great writing-table, the safe, the estate and county maps on the walls, the ledgers and account-books. "Felton Castle Estate" she read on one of the japanned deed-boxes. Yes; he was administrator of more than one estate. He was guardian for an orphan cousin.

It was not unnatural to discover that he was member of every sort of sports committee. But he was also justice of the peace. Michael! She laughed at that—he couldn't think why. "Politician, too!" She stood in front of the drawer bearing for its label the name of the Parliamentary division.

"Very little of a politician," he assured her; but he had to "hold up our end in the county." He managed to do that, she gathered, in spite of refusing to stand for Parliament or to hold any prominent official position. Oh, perhaps he chose the men who did these things? Well, that was more or less part of the Nancarrow job. What he really cared about was the land. He'd go out of his way to promote

the agricultural interests, not of the Nancarrow farms merely but of the district. He appeared to do his promoting partly by means of meetings, partly by keeping a sort of informal bureau of information—by correspondence as well as by example—What didn't this gentleman of leisure do! She had said, after her first perplexed glance round,

"Anyone would think you were a business man!"

"Well, I suppose, in a sort of a way, I am a man of business. I ought to be."

"But you never look busy."

Never driven. No; he drove.

"It does bewilder me—all this."

"Why should it? Your father, your men in general in America—"

"Yes; they do these things, I suppose." She was thinking it out. "They do

some of these things and I dare say some others, but"—she puckered her brows in an effort to get the matter clear—"they don't do them under our eyes. They don't do them at home. That's it. In America, a man who has all this business would have an office—or a whole building full of offices." Her gravity gave way to smiling as she looked round. "Oh, it's all mighty strange! And you expect me to get the hang of it all in a week?"

"No, no! Hang it all—this minute—that's what I want. It's a terrible long time since I had you a minute to myself."

"Sh!" She drew away.

"Now, why do you do that?"

"I believe there's somebody in there." She pointed to a door.

"Of course. Packard."

"Who is Packard?"

"My secretary. He won't dream of coming in unless I call him."

But she had slipped out of his hold and was walking about.

"That's how you do it! Where does he live—your Packard?"

"Live?" In the cottage beyond the church with his sister. She teaches in the school. Why did you want to know?"

"Only that it seems strange, somehow, that I didn't know—that I've never seen him." She left it. "So this is where you come when you disappear for hours?"

"Only on certain days. To see the bailiff and sometimes a discontented tenant or two. Somebody has to do these things"—he half apologized. And again, as she seemed in her grave way to be trying to take it all in, he said she wasn't to bother her head. He overtook her at the window. Standing there, in the morning sunshine, with his arm about her, he told her that if she wanted to know her most immediate and pressing share in the affairs of Nancarrow, he would tell her.

Click-click! behind the door, the secretary's typewriter played its staccato accompaniment to Michael's confession: how glad it made him to see the way she got on with the family. He had known she would, but he hadn't been prepared for such a quick conquest of his mother. As a rule, it took "a goodish while." "But you, I can see," he triumphed, "you are going to be the daughter-in-law she cares most about."

"You'd like that?" Camilla turned a quick look up into his face. He bent to kiss her. She slipped out of his hold. "Packard!"

"Packard be hanged! I'll go and throw Packard out of the window if it'll make



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you any easier." Then, in that low voice that enveloped her like sunshine, he talked about their plan. In this odd England, it appeared you might be married by license or by certificate. If by license, one of them, according to Michael, would have to be resident for fifteen days preceding the marriage in the district where it's performed. If by certificate, each of them would have to live for seven days in the district—

Camilla listened with an eye on the door. Need they decide now—couldn't they wait a little?

Why did she want to wait?

"Why, to—to understand all this a little, before—you can't think how different it is from anything I've known well." She looked at him with great gentleness. "Please—you mustn't hurry me, Michael dear."

When she called him "Michael dear," what wouldn't he do for her?

He longed to tell her that the mystification was not all her own. It was not only the definite fixing of the date for the wedding that she sheered away from. That might be only part of the traditional feminine attitude—though it surprised him to find the candid Camilla adopting it. Already, Michael's mystification had deepened on occasion to a sense of injury. He had been more accustomed—oh, much more accustomed—himself to do the evading of demonstrations of affection.

On Camilla's part, what did this shrinking from contacts mean? Was it, as Alice had once said, "American"?

Camilla stood now, during the brief renewal of the wedding-day discussion, a figure exquisite, desirable, yet with that teasing suggestion of the elusive, saying,

"Aren't you happy like this? I haven't been so happy for years."

"Dear! You are an angel to tell me that. I should be happy too—quite happy enough to go on 'like this,' as you say, for—well, for a few weeks—" She laughed the happiest laugh he had heard from her. "Yes; I could be happy enough to go on like this for a few weeks, if you—if you—" He came closer. "Packard!" she ejaculated. The click-click had stopped.

"You know, you'll make me murder Packard!"

But the incentive to crime had fled out of the room.

After that, Michael would tell her, in their none too frequent moments alone, that she wasn't to begin "Packardizing." His instinct was, as long as possible, to keep an essentially delicate subject in the safe region of the semi-humorous. He mustn't, as Camilla had warned him, he mustn't hurry her.

Apart from secret assurances of his own that helped him to patience, he had only to look at the supple, responsive body, the mouth, not full-lipped but curved for passion's uses, to feel this was none of your bloodless women.

And always for crowning evidence he went back to that night in the tapestry-room when she had kissed him first and set his senses in a flame. Her own, too. He could see her now with that look of compunction—you'd almost say of guilt—on her face—crying: "Go! If you don't go now, I shall be sorry I let you in." Whatever evidence she might later present to

the contrary, she would never convince Michael there wasn't fire somewhere under that mantle of snow. Once he burst out with:

"Why are you so afraid to let yourself go? Do let yourself go!"

She pretended she didn't understand.

As to other matters of adaptation, though he had said to her, in all good faith, that she wasn't to bother her head, he was both amused and touched to find her taking with that childlike seriousness the matter of preparation for her part in the life here.

Alice declined to be the least touched. What Michael loved as a quality personal to Camilla was merely "American."

"I'm told you have classes to teach people how to make the kitchen fire, and you call it 'domestic economy.' You have classes to teach you how to be a citizen. And I hear you teach patriotism in all your schools. You're a quaint people."

When they were alone, Michael half jokingly apologized for Alice.

"Oh, I didn't mind that!"

"What do you mind, dearest?" His sudden seriousness at least equaled Camilla's own.

"It can't be helped," she said.

"But I'm sure it can!"

She shook her head.

"I'm often thinking it these days. The pity of it is I'm not cleverer. I never cared before."

Michael's relief was immense and joyous. She was already far too clever for him. And the only thing that gave him courage was the adorable way her chin poked out. Yes; that, and the distracting little love-lock on the back of her neck. Might he? Oh, well, if he mightn't, then perhaps she'd just tell him one or two more of these things she found so "different" in England things, that needed all this "getting used to."

"Well, everything here surprises me," she brought out. "The things you lavish and the things you hoard—" She was evidently going on with a list had he not jumped down her throat with:

"Hoard! What do we hoard?"

"Fruit," she answered promptly. "Alice will say, 'Have a peach with me?' A piece of peach!"

With faintly twitching lips, Michael considered.

"Aren't ours bigger, perhaps?"

Oh, he was miles from understanding your true fruit-lover's capacity!

"We girls at home used to sit two in a hammock. The peach tree's as far as to that wall. Under it, a wash-basket full of peaches just gathered. We'd swing out and each catch up a peach and while we ate it we'd let the cat die. Then we'd swing out for another, and so on for the best of the afternoon."

"Pigs!"

"Not at all! We don't eat slabs of beef and mutton, and we don't drink wine."

"No? I've seen two little squinty Americans punish a magnum of champagne."

"I can only tell you," she said, with tragic solemnity, "I learn something new here every day."

She stared at him as Michael, "for no earthly reason," dissolved in a gale of laughter.

The next instalment of *Camilla* will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.

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(Continued from page 77)



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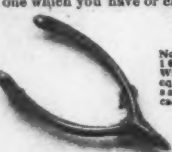
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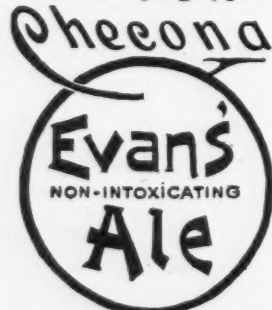
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intensely, consciously, deeply interested and profoundly curious." He could hear her laughing.

"Curious about what?" he demanded.

"About your state of mind, Jim. The situation was such a novelty, too. I was trying to comprehend it—trying to consider what a girl should do in such a curious emergency."

"Emergency?" he repeated.

"Certainly. Do you fancy I'm accustomed to such novelties as you introduced me to last night?"

"What do you think about them now?"

"I'm slightly ashamed of us both. We were rather silly, you know—"

"Reassure yourself, Steve. You were most circumspect and emotionless—"

"Jim! That is brutal and untrue! I was not circumspect!"

"You were the other, then."

"What a perfectly cruel and outrageous slander! You've made me unhappy now. And all day I've been so absolutely happy in thinking of what happened."

"Is that true?" he asked, in an altered voice.

"Of course it's true!"

"You just said you were ashamed—"

"I was—very, very slightly; but I've been too happy to be very much ashamed!"

"You darling!"

"Oh! The gentleman bestows praise! Such a kind gentleman to perceive merit and confer his distinguished approval. Any girl ought to endeavor to earn further marks of consideration and applause from so gracious a gentleman—"

"Steve, you tormenting little wretch, can't you be serious with me?"

"I am," she said, laughing. "Tell me what you've been doing to-day?"

"Hunting for lodgings. What have you been doing?"

"Watching Helen make a study of a horse out in the covered court. Then we had tea. Then Oswald dropped in and played the piano divinely, as he always does. Then Helen and I started to dress for dinner. Then you called me up. Where did you look for lodgings?"

"Oh, I went to about all the studio-buildings—"

"Aren't you going to open the house?"

"No; it's too lonely."

"Yes," she said; "it would be too lonely. You and I couldn't very well live there unless we had an older woman."

"No."

"So it's better not to open it until!"—she laughed gaily—"you marry some nice girl. Then it will be safe enough for me to call on the Cleland family, I fancy. Won't it, Jim?"

"Quite," he replied dryly. "But when I marry that nice girl, you won't have far to go when you call on the Cleland family."

"Oh, how kind! You mean to board me, Jim?"

"You know what I do mean," he said.

"I wonder! Is it really a declaration of serious and respectable intentions. But you're quite safe. And I'm afraid you know it. Tell me: Did you find an apartment to suit you?"

"No."

"Why not come here? There's a studio and apartment which will be free May first.

Oh, Jim, please take it! If you say so, I'll telephone the agent now!"

"Do you want me, Steve? After—and in spite of everything?"

"Want you!" He heard her happy, scornful laughter. Then: "We're dining out, Jim; but come to-morrow. I'll telephone now that you'll take the studio. May I, Jim, dear?"

"Yes," he said; "and I'll come to you to-morrow."

"You angel boy! I wish I weren't going out to-night. Thank you, Jim dear, for making me happy again."

"Are you?"

"Indescribably. I don't think you know what your kindness to me means. It makes a different person of me. It fills and thrills and inspires me—"

"Steve?"

"Yes?"

"Could I come in for a moment now?"

"I'm dressing. Oh, Jim, I'm sorry, but I'm late as it is."

"All right; to-morrow, then," he said, in a happy voice.

He had been sitting in his room for an hour, thinking—letting his mind wander unchecked. If he were not really in love with Stephanie, how could a mere conversation over the wire with her give him such pleasure?

"I believe I am in love," he said aloud. He rose and paced the room in the dusk, questioning, considering his own uncertainty.

For the "novelty"—as Stephanie called it—of last night's fever had not been a novelty to her alone. Never before had he been so deeply moved, so swept off his feet, so regardless of a self-control habitual to him.

Perhaps anger and jealousy had started it. But these ignoble emotions could not seem to account for the happiness that hearing her voice had just given him.

"I believe," he said aloud to himself, "that I'm falling very seriously in love with Steve. And if I am, it's a rather desperate outlook. She seems to be in love with Grismer. I don't know how to face such a thing. She's married him, and she doesn't live with him. She admits frankly that he fascinates her. There are women who never love. I seem to want her, anyway. I think I do. It's a mess. Why, in God's name, did she do such a thing if she wasn't in love with him—or if she didn't expect to be? Is she in love with him? She isn't with me. I'm certainly drifting into love with Steve. Can I stop myself? I ought to be able to. Hadn't I better?"

He stood still, thinking, the street-lamps' rays outside illuminating his room with a dull radiance. Presently he switched on the light, seated himself at the desk, and wrote:

STEVE DEAR:

I am falling in love with you very seriously and very deeply. I don't know what to do about it.  
JIM.

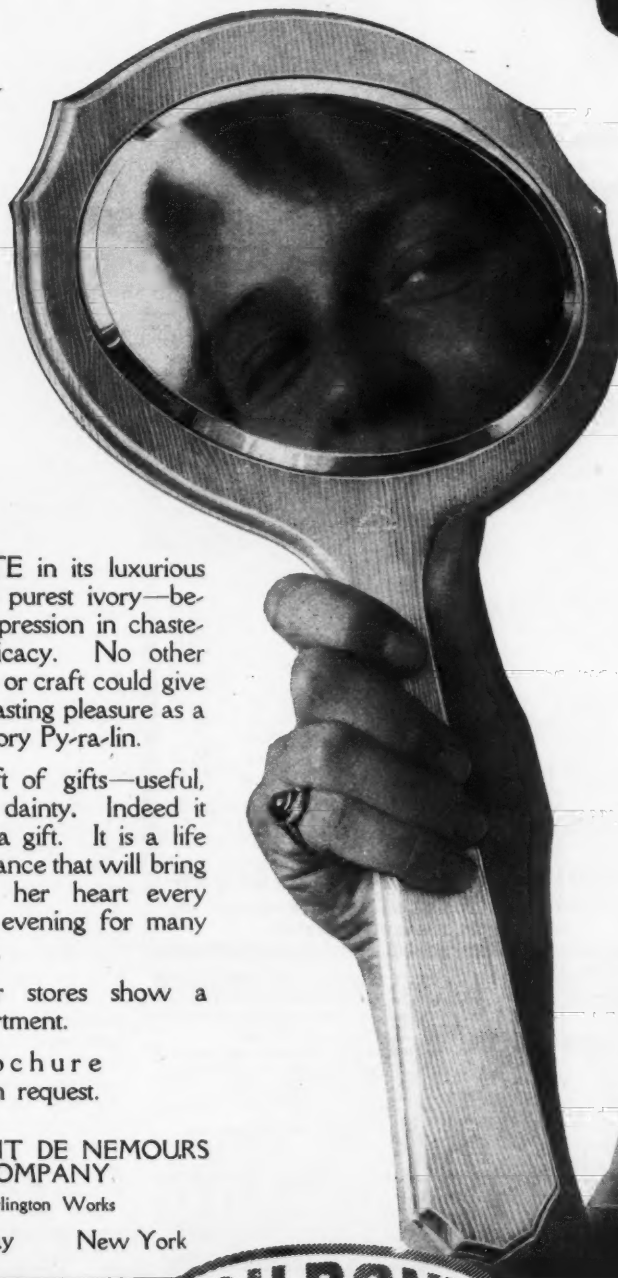
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very sleepy and quite ready for bed, bids you good-night, enchanted by your note.  
STEVE.

## XXIII

To have returned after three years abroad and to have slipped back into the conventional life of the circle to which he had been accustomed in the city of his birth might not have been very easy for Cleland. To readjust himself among what was unfamiliar proved easier, perhaps. For his family circle existed no longer; the old servants were gone; the house had been closed for a long time now.

Among friends and acquaintances of his age there had been many changes, too—much shifting and readjustment of groups and circles incident to marriages and deaths and the scattering migration ever in progress from New York.

It was an effort for him to pick up the threads again; and he did not make the effort. It was much simpler to settle down here in these quiet, old-time streets within stone's throw of the artists' quarter of the city where Stephanie lived, where a few boyhood friends of artistic proclivities had taken up quarters, where acquaintances were easily made, easily avoided, and where the informalities of existence made life more easy, more direct, and, alas! much more irresponsible.

Chelsea, with a conscious effort and a lurking smirk, mirrored the Latin Quarter to the best of its ability.

It did pretty well. There were more exaggerations, more eccentricities, less spontaneity and less work in Chelsea than in the Latin Quarter. Too many of its nomadic denizens were playing a self-conscious part; too few of them possessed the intelligence and training necessary for self-expression in any creative profession. Otherwise, they were as emotional, as casual, as unkempt, as vain, and as improvident as any *rapin* of the original Latin Quarter.

Cleland met many of the elect even before he had settled down in his new studio-apartment on the top floor of the same building where Stephanie and Helen lived.

"Washington Square bohemians are a harmless, friendly people," remarked Helen to Cleland, one morning late in May, when he stopped on his way out to breakfast to watch her modeling a horse in clay. "They're like actor folk; they live in a world entirely self-created which marvels at and admires and watches them; they pose for its benefit, playing as faithfully as they know how their chosen rôles—painter, writer, critic, sculptor, composer. Nobody in the outside real and busy world notices them; but they think they're under incessant and envious observation, and they strut happily through the little painted comedy of life, living an unreal existence, dying undecieved. The real tragedy of it all they mercifully never suspect—the utter lack of interest in them taken by real people."

She went on modeling, apparently amused by her own analysis.

"Where is Stephanie?" he inquired, after a slight pause.

"Out somewhere with Oswald, I believe."

"It's rather early."

"They sometimes get up early and breakfast together at Claremont," re-

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marked Helen, working serenely away. The freckled livery-stable lad who held the horse for her and occasionally backed him into the pose again continued to chew gum and watch the pretty sculptor with absorbed interest.

"I've got such an interesting commission," she said, wetting down her clay with a huge and dripping sponge. "It's for the new Academy of Arts and Letters to be built up-town, and my equestrian figure is to be cast in silver-bronze for the great marble court."

"What is the subject?" he asked.

"The subject? 'Aspiration.' I made some sketches—a winged horse taking flight upward. A nude female figure, breathless, with disheveled hair, has just flung itself upon the rearing, wide-winged Pegasus, and is sticking there like a cat to the back fence—hanging on tooth and nail with one leg just over and the other close against the beast's ribs, and her desperate fingers in the horse's mane. I don't know. It sounds interesting, but it may be too violent. But I've had that idea—hope, aspiration, fear, and determination clinging to a furious winged animal that is just starting upward like a roaring sky-rocket—" She turned her head, laughing. "Is it a rotten idea?"

"I don't know," he said absently.

"It's worth trying out, anyway." She nodded; and he went on about the business of breakfast. But had now no appetite.

There was one thing Cleland soon found out, against which he was helpless. Stephanie frequented Grismer at any hour of the day and evening that her fancy prompted.

This perplexed him and made him sullen; but when he incautiously started to remonstrate with her one evening, her surprise and anger flashed like a clear little flame, and she explained very clearly what was the essence of personal liberty, and that the one thing she would not tolerate from him or anybody else was any invasion of her freedom of thought and action.

Silenced, enraged, and humiliated at the rebuke, he had retired to his studio to sulk, like Achilles—a sullen mourner at the bier of Love. For he fully and firmly determined to eradicate this girl from his life and devote it to scourging the exasperating sex of which she was a beautiful but baffling member.

The trouble with Stephanie, however, was that she could not seem to see the tragedy in his life or understand that a young man desired to suffer nobly and haughtily and at his own leisure and convenience.

For there came a knock at his door after his second day of absenting himself, and when he incautiously opened it, she marched in and took him gaily into her unembarrassed arms and bestowed upon his astonished countenance a hearty, wholesome, and vigorous smack. Moreover, she laughed and jeered and tormented and poked merciless fun at him until she had badgered and worried and hectorated and beaten the sulkiness clear out of him. Then she admonished him.

"Don't ever do it again!" she said. "We are free, you and I. What we are to each other alone concerns us, not what we may choose to do or be to others."

"You don't care what I do, Steve?"

"I care what you do to me!"

"How I behave otherwise doesn't concern you?"

"No. It would be an impertinence for me to meddle.

"If you are not nice to me,  
What care I how nice you be—

to other girls?"

"Do you really mean that it wouldn't make any difference to you what I do? Suppose I take you at your word and become enamored of some girl and devote myself to her?"

"You mean a nice girl, don't you?" she inquired.

"Any old kind."

She considered the matter, surprised. "I couldn't interfere with your personal liberty," she concluded, "whatever you choose to do."

"The reason I haven't," he said, "is because I'm in love with you."

She was standing with head bent, but now she looked up quickly.

"You adorable infant!" she laughed.

"What a child you really are, after all! Come," she added mischievously; "let's kiss like good children and let the gods occupy themselves with our future. It's their business, not ours. I'm glad you think you're in love with me. But, Jim, I'm in love with life. And you're such an important part of life that, naturally, I include you."

She bent forward and touched his lips with hers, daintily, deftly avoiding his arms, her eyes gay with malice.

"No," she laughed; "not that, if you please, dear friend! It rumples and raises the deuce with my hair and gown. But we are friends again, aren't we, Jim?"

"Yes," he said, in a low voice; "if you can give me no more than friendship."

"It is the most wonderful thing in the world," she insisted.

"You've read that somewhere."

"You annoy me, Jim! It is my own conclusion. There's nothing finer for anybody—unless they want children. And I don't."

Neither did he. No young man does. But what she said struck him as unpleasantly modern.

He met Grismer here and there in the artistic channels of the city. At first, he had been civil but cool, avoiding any tête-à-tête with his old school-fellow. But, little by little, he became aware of several things which slightly influenced his attitude toward Grismer.

One thing became plain: the man had no intimates. There was not a man Cleland met who seemed to care very much for Grismer; he seemed to have no frank and cordial friendships among men, no pals. Yet he was considered clever and amusing where people gathered; he interested men without evoking their personal sympathy; he interested women intensely with his unusual good looks and the light, elusive quality of his intelligence.

Always amiably suave, graceful of movement, alert, and considerate of feminine fancies, moods, and caprices, he was welcomed everywhere by them in the circles into which he sauntered. But there was something about him that did not seem to attract or invite men's careless comradeship or confidence.

"It's those floating golden specks in his eyes," said Belter, discussing him one

day with Cleland. "He's altogether too auriferous and graceful to be entirely genuine, Cleland—too easy and too bland. Poor beggar—have you noticed how shabby and shiny he's getting? I guess he's down and out for fair financially."

Cleland had noticed it. The man's linen was visibly frayed. His clothes, too, betrayed his meager circumstances; yet he wore them so well, and there was such a courtly indifference in the man that the shabby effect seemed due to a sort of noble carelessness.

Cleland had never called on Grismer. He had no inclination to do so, no particular reason except that Grismer had invited him several times. Yet an uneasy curiosity lurked within him concerning Grismer's abode and whether Stephanie, always serenely unconventional, ever went there. He didn't care to think she did; yet, after all, the girl was this man's legal wife, and there was no moral law to prevent her going there and taking up her abode if she were so inclined. Cleland never asked her if she went there, perhaps dreading her reply.

As far as that was concerned, he could not find any of his friends or acquaintances who had ever been in Grismer's lodgings. Nobody even seemed to know exactly where they were, except that Grismer lived somewhere in Blecker Street and never entertained.

At times, when Stephanie was not to be found and his unhappy inference placed her in Grismer's company, he felt an unworthy inclination to call on Grismer and find out whether the girl was there. But the impulse was a low one and made him ashamed, and his envy and jealousy disgusted him with himself.

Besides, his state of mind was painfully confused and uncertain in regard to Stephanie. He was in love with her, evidently; but the utter lack of sentimental response on her part afforded his love for her no nourishment.

He traversed the entire scale of emotions. When he was not with her, he often came to the exasperated conclusion that he could learn to forget her; when he was with her, the idea seemed rather hopeless.

The unfortunate part of it seemed to be that, like his father's, his was a single-track heart. He'd never been in love, unless this was love. Anyway, Stephanie occupied the single track, and there seemed to be no switches, no sidings, nothing to clear that track. He was exceedingly miserable at times.

However, his mind was equipped with a whole terminal full of tracks, and every one was busy in the service of his profession.

For a month now, he had been installed in his studio-apartment on the top floor. He picked up on Fourth and on Madison Avenues enough preciously rickety furniture to make him comfortable and drive friends to distraction when they ventured to trust themselves to chair or sofa.

But his writing-table and corner chair were solid and modern, and he had half a dozen things under construction—a novel, some short stories, some poems which he modestly mentioned as "verses."

Except for the unexplored mazes in which first love had involved him, he was

happy—exceedingly happy. But, to a creative mind, happiness born of self-expression is a weird, uncanny, composite emotion, made up of ecstatic hope and dolorous despair and well peppered with dread and confidence, cowardice and courage, rage and tranquillity, and further seasoned with every devilish doubt and celestial satisfaction that the heart of a writer is heir to.

In the morning, he was certain of himself. He was the captain of his destiny; he was the dictator of his inspiration, equipped with the technical mastery that his obedient thoughts dare not disobey.

By afternoon, the demon Doubt had shaken his self-confidence, and Fear peered at him between every line of his manuscript, and it was a case of Childe Roland from that time on until the pencil fell from his unnerved fingers and he rose from his work satiated, half-stunned, not knowing whether he had done well or meanly. Vaguely, he realized at such moments that, for such as he, a just appraisal of his own work would never be possible for him, that he himself would never know; and that what men said of it—if, indeed, they ever said anything about his work—would never wholly convince him, never entirely enlighten him as to its value or its worthlessness.

That is one of the penalties imposed upon the creative mind. It goes on producing because it must. Praise stimulates it, blame depresses; but it never knows the truth.

Toward the end of May, one afternoon, Stephanie came into his studio, seated herself calmly in his chair, and picked up his manuscript.

"It's no good," he said, throwing himself on an antique sofa which just endured the strain and no more.

She read for an hour, her gray eyes never leaving the written pages, her pretty brows bent inward with the strain of concentration. He watched her, chin on hand, lying there on the sofa.

But the air was mild and languorous with the promise of the coming summer; sunshine fell across the wall; the boy dozed, presently, and after a while lay fast asleep.

She had been gone for some time when he awoke. As he sat up, blinking through the late-afternoon sunshine, a penciled sheet of yellow manuscript-paper fluttered from his breast to the floor.

Jim, it is fine! I mean it! It is a splendid, virile, honest piece of work. And it is intensely interesting. I'm quite mad about it—quite thrilled that you can do such things. It's so masterly, so mature—and I don't know where you got your knowledge of that woman, because she is perfectly feminine and women think and do such things, and her motives are the motives that animate that sort of woman.

As you lie there asleep, you look about eighteen—not much older than when I used to see you when you came home from school and lay on your sofa and read Kipling aloud to me. Then I was awed; you were a grown man to me. Now you are just a boy again, and I love you dearly, and I'm going to kiss your hair, very cautiously, before I go downstairs.

I've done it. I'm going now.

STEVE.

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## Virtuous Wives

(Continued from page 31)

passing. They ended amid a clapping of hands, and, flushed with pleasure and excitement, she hastened to present Tody to her husband.

"How do, Mr. Forrester?" said that self-sufficient youngster. "I shake hands, but I really ought to knife you for carrying off Amy."

"Ah—were you interested?"

"I?" said Dawson, flushing. "Why, didn't you know I organized the Society of the Mitten?"

"Indeed?" said Forrester, in his deep bass, looking at the product of the modern generation as a mastiff endures the antics of a lap-dog.

Dawson's soda-water wit bubbled out completely. He stood shifting from foot to foot, seeking a chance to escape. Bracken took pity on him.

"I acknowledge the superiority of your legs, Dawson," he said, with a shade of sarcasm, "but dance the tango as it really is danced."

"I say—do you know it?" said Dawson eagerly, as though before a great discovery. "By George, I wish you'd show us!"

"Very glad to, if Mrs. Forrester will give me her assistance." He turned to Andrew. "That won't be asking too much of your wife, will it?"

Forrester gave the implied permission with a nod of his head. Bracken passed to the piano, where he indicated to Laracy a slower rhythm and certain definite accents, and returning, bowed to Amy.

"Will you do me the honor to dance it with me, Mrs. Forrester? There are certain steps you'll pick up at once. We'll dance it with very little movement of the body, slow, rather languid, quite stately."

In a few moments they were dancing in unison, in graceful, undulating rhythm. He held her well apart from him, guiding her only with a slight pressure of the left hand, yet she was aware of his nearness. And, as she danced, she felt gloriously, triumphantly young. The brown vaulted hall and the staring strangers swam away. He paid her no compliment, except for an occasional nod of satisfaction, but in the gentleness of his voice, in the slight smile with which he watched her moving rhythmically about him, she knew that he, too, had the same sense of spontaneous congeniality.

"I am sorry we have to stop," he said at last, with a sigh of regret.

"I, too," she answered, in the same tone.

They looked at each other a short moment and smiled with pleasure. Then they returned to the others and the general conversation. She knew that she would see him again soon. She looked forward eagerly to the moment when he would really talk to her, sure that they would find instant sympathy. Yet the agreeable impression he had thrown about her was so impersonal that, in their rooms, dressing for dinner, she said to Andrew:

"Oh, I like Mr. Bracken! He seems really worth while."

"Bracken is a real man," said Andrew heartily.

"Which means that some of the others aren't," she said, laughing. "Poor Tody and Jap!"

"I don't think I understand that speci-



men," he said gruffly. "Why don't they put them in ruffles?"

She came up to him vastly amused, twitching his ear.

"Gracious, you mustn't be so fierce! They're harmless."

"Perhaps."

"Are you bored?"

"I? No."

But he did not voice his real sentiments. It had been a great readjustment, and his pride had suffered. For the first time he had felt lost, dwarfed, and inconsequential. The shock had awakened all his ambition, setting in train dangerous desires for power and prestige, to force the recognition he craved—to be some one in this society, where he was rated lower than the youngest cub with his bag of tricks to amuse. And this awakening appetite was destined to change the whole course of his life.

## VII

A FEW minutes before dinner, Mrs. Dellabarre found occasion to say to Monte Bracken:

"I am putting you beside little Mrs. Forrester. There are reasons why I want you to be, well—extra attentive to her."

"Special reasons?" said Bracken, smiling, for Irma's mental processes were a source of delight to him and he saw in the request a ruse to give the appearance of a duty to what was inclination.

Mrs. Dellabarre's glance passed down the hall to where the mechanical figure of her husband was superintending the distribution of the cocktails.

"You are too quick, Monte, to need embarrassing explanations," she said significantly. "So make a point of it—only don't get really interested."

"Then I am not to sit next to you?" he said, with an admiring glance at her striking and harmonious *toilette*. With Irma he was never bored and never convinced.

"It's better not," she said slowly.

Amy went in on the arm of Mr. Dellabarre, who showed her to her seat with a dignity which he assumed with the same care with which he calculated the descending steps and rounded the obstacles of the chairs.

"I hope you are enjoying yourself here," he said, in spaced solemnity, with a fugitive, indifferent look in the pale eyes, which had become a little watery. Then he drew back into his shell, always uncomfortable in the presence of new acquaintances, particularly of the opposite sex.

In ten years, he had not added a friendship. The butler, having watched him into his seat, saw that his glass did not remain long empty. The scene with his wife had upset his routine, for in his inebriety there was no disorder—total abstinence until six o'clock, a certain number of cocktails, an invariable pint of champagne, and later the regular measure of old preserve Scotch. But to-night he had gone a little beyond his schedule, and he sat waiting for the dinner to begin, staring painfully at a silver dish on the glowing table-cloth in front of him.

Mrs. Forrester, thus abandoned, waited with eagerness the moment when Monte Bracken would turn to her. Though the chatter, based on intimate details, was foreign to her, and the white fronts of the men loomed with the rigidity of social tombstones, she felt like an exile returning into her own. The men were mostly of the rid-

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ing set, in excellent humor due to proper preparation, ready to be fed and talked to. The women were electrically pretty, in flashing colors, daring in the *décolleté* which, that season, had broken down all prejudices. Opposite her was the beautiful Mrs. Challoner, cold and statuesque, flawless in feature and complexion, careless of the public announcement of her dimpled shoulders and the white fall of her throat. She remembered with amusement some of Andrew's preconceived ideas. He was beside Mrs. Dellabarre, and she thought, as she caught his expression, that he was rather consciously examining his plate. Irma Dellabarre was not so copiously revealed as Mrs. Challoner, and yet she gave the impression of being more so, in a deep-purple velvet dress that hid one shoulder and gave to the other the malicious appearance of an accident. She wore one stone—a point of white fire against the dark throat.

"She looks like a portrait," Amy said, turning to Bracken.

"Irma always paints a portrait."

But one of the Miss Teakes, determined not to let him go, recalled him with a question. Amy waited. In the glance he had given her, she had felt the divining instinct of the man. He affected her with a strange sense of intimacy. Without the need of effort, in the first pleased meeting of their eyes, she felt he comprehended her, her varying moods and contrary impulses, her bewilderment before uncharted experiences, all the good and bad which lay undisciplined within her, and to comprehend this without criticism in his comprehension of many women.

Yet when, at length, he turned to her, she experienced a sudden embarrassment.

"How stupid I am—I am boring him," she thought, after a first moment of manufactured conversation.

All at once she saw that he was watching her with critical amusement. She began to laugh.

"How do you know what amuses me?" he asked.

"I do. You were admiring my social manner."

"Right! It is terrifically impressive."

"Then let's break the ice and really talk," she said eagerly.

"What! Say what we really think?"

"Please."

"The responsibility be on your head," he said gravely. "But why do you want to put me to such a test?"

"If I told you, it would sound very flat," she said, smiling at him.

"Of course there is only one thing that's interesting—ourselves," he said, with a mischievous upward turn of his lips, which were unusually sensitive for a man.

She considered this in some doubt. It was, of course, the only subject she longed to discuss, but she wondered if this was but the prelude to a conventional flirtation.

"Well—begin."

"Would you do it over again?" he said, with an assumption of magisterial solemnity which robbed the question of half its astounding impertinence.

"Why, Mr. Bracken!" she exclaimed, taken utterly off her guard, which was what he wished.

"Dear me, is not that the most natural question in the world?" he said, lifting his eyebrows. "Walking through the social jungle, I meet a young lady who has the

appearance of having eloped from boarding-school, a young lady who commands me to halt and say what I think. Thereupon, I look at her and, wondering many things, I ask a direct question. Of course, if you wish to go back——"

"Heaven forbid!" she said hastily. She looked at him with a quizzical smile, which brought her eyebrows into their odd angle, and, suddenly determined to give him as good as he sent, said,

"Question for question?"

"Agreed."

"If you had to make up *your* mind again"—she glanced over again to where Irma was sitting—"would *you* do the same thing?"

He laughed without embarrassment.

"Your question is more impertinent than mine," he said, without pretense of misunderstanding. "And some one has been gossiping."

"Then you admit yours was, too," she said, with a satisfied nod. "Well, sir?"

"I perceive you are in love with your husband," he said evasively.

Adopting his tone of banter, she replied: "You see, I am still a bride. Now the secret is out. I am quite hopeless. Why such a serious look? Pitying me?"

He shook his head.

"Or perhaps my husband?"

"Perhaps the husband," he said slowly, looking at her more attentively.

"Really, this is the most extraordinary conversation!" she cried. "Are you making fun of me, or do you always shock people to break the ice?"

"Shall we return to sterilized conversation, then?"

"Anything but that! Tell me who these people are."

"Who interests you?"

"Mrs. Bracken. Your sister-in-law, isn't she?" she said instantly, glancing across the table at the woman who had attracted her from the first.

"Really?" he said appreciatively. "I should have thought the beautiful Mrs. Challoner——"

"No, no—plaster of Paris," she said maliciously.

"Beware! She'll become a bosom friend."

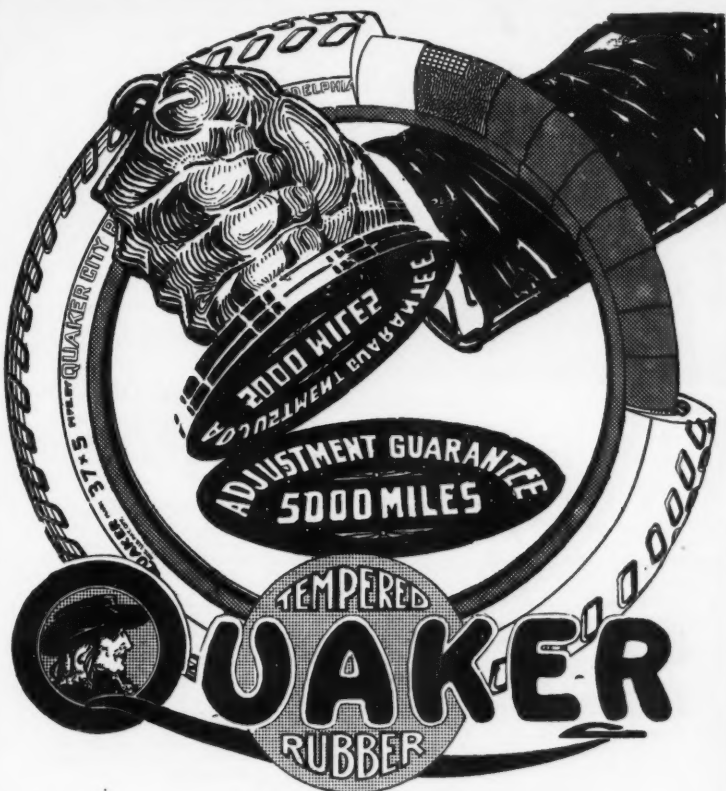
"Tell me about your sister-in-law."

"Claire?" he said, and the raillery went out of his voice. "There are not two like her in the world!"

"I believe it," she said pensively. "I have never seen such kind eyes."

For a moment they were silent, studying her. She stood out from all the rest by the distinction of her bearing, her poise, the cultured modulation of her voice, and the graciousness of her expression, which lay in the serenity of her eyes, the serenity of one who still retains the child's faith in the good of the world or perhaps has come to charity through some suffering, nobly endured. At this moment, as though aware of their interest, the lady turned and, their eyes meeting, Amy smiled impulsively and shyly. Mrs. Bracken looked a moment surprised, divined that she was being discussed, and responded by a little friendly nod of her head.

"Allan, my brother, is beside Mrs. Challoner," Monte said, indicating a young fellow who was laughing boyishly in a serio-comic attitude of flattery. "One of the best young scamps in the world—irresponsible as a kitten, lovable as you



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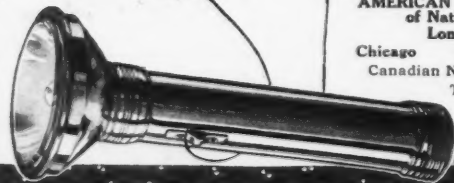
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make them, without a spot of malice in him, and always in trouble up to his ears, despite the best of intentions."

"I wonder if they are happy together?" Amy asked impulsively.

"Claire has made everything of him," he continued. "He might have ended in the gutter. Instead, he has become a useful citizen. He adores his home, his children. He is interested in a dozen activities, and he has discovered that he has a mind. He is fortunate."

"Does he know it?"

"He knows it," he said emphatically.

"You have a very high opinion of her," she said, looking at him.

"Yes, very."

The feeling which he had shown surprised her. Had there been more than just this reverence, she wondered.

"I didn't expect you to take this view of life," she said, still in her reverie.

"It's rather too intimate," he said, and returned to the lightness of his first manner. "Shall we gossip?"

"Don't!" she said impulsively. "I like you better this way."

## VIII

WHEN they left the men for the parlor, the *mauvais quart d'heure* which Amy had feared began. Mrs. Dellabarre, not yet decided to accept such a formidable rival, turned her over to the mercy of the others. Amy, after a moment of hesitation, drew up her chair beside Mrs. Challoner and Mrs. Lightbody.

"Mrs. Challoner, I have been admiring you all through dinner," she began timidly. "I have never seen anything so darling as your gown."

"This rag? Oh, really! I was about to throw it away," said Mrs. Challoner, favoring her with a stare and, turning to Mrs. Lightbody, she added: "I'm done with Prandish. The line he gives you this year is something abominable."

"Gracious, Gladys, I should say so! There really is only one place in New York," said Mrs. Lightbody, without deeming it necessary to specify such common knowledge.

"And who is that?" said Amy, and, determined to be agreeable, she moved her chair around Mrs. Challoner's half-averted shoulder.

"Why, Franceline, of course!"

Both ladies turned in astonishment, while their glances traveled from her over her gown, which, though sufficiently expensive, was not from Franceline.

"Rudy was certainly leaning hard on his fork to-night," said Mrs. Lightbody, in a whisper, which was her slangy way of describing his familiar condition.

"Poor Irma, he does hang on!" said Mrs. Challoner.

"They had another row this morning."

"About whom?" said Mrs. Challoner, interested.

"Monte, of course."

"I don't see how she stands it. I shouldn't blame her for anything."

"I say, Gladys, everything's poky around here," said Mrs. Lightbody, "what do you say to getting up a party for to-morrow? I can 'phone."

All at once, as though aware of an eavesdropper, she stopped and looked at Amy, who, unable to utter a word, had sat rigidly, completely isolated.

"We'll talk it over later," said Mrs. Challoner significantly.

At the moment when this public snubbing had become evident to everyone, Mrs. Bracken rose and, approaching them, held out her hand to Amy, saying:

"Come over and talk to me a little. I want to really know you." This unexpected overture changed on the instant the attitude of all toward Mrs. Forrester. Mrs. Bracken came of a family which for five generations had never deviated from its ideals, producing men of distinction and women educated to be helpmates and mothers, whose conduct did not vary with the wind of fashion but rested on the rock of self-respect—one of those families, the true moral aristocrats of America, who continue steadfast in their traditions, despite the torrential spread of a new polyglot society. "Here is a quiet corner," she said, and, still holding Amy's hand, she drew her to a window seat. "What a child you are! But you held your ground beautifully!"

Amy's eyes filled with tears at the gentleness of her tone. Mrs. Bracken perceived the emotion she had caused and gave her a little pressure of the hand.

"There, my dear! They are cats, but it is a tribute, you know."

Amy hardly heard what was said. She was gazing at her, carried away by an impulse she did not comprehend.

"I wish I could be your friend," she said.

"Perhaps you will be."

"I feel that I could talk to you about anything," she said quickly, "but I know to be your friend is a great privilege."

"Yes; I don't give my friendship easily, but I believe I could be a friend to you—a real friend."

They looked at each other for a moment, knowing that their sympathy was mutual.

"Oh, please, I wish you would, Mrs. Bracken; it would mean so much to me!"

"Then that's decided," she answered, with a smile. "Now tell me a little about yourself."

When, later, the men came in, Allan and Monte Bracken joined them, visibly surprised at the cordiality of their attitude.

"Well, that is a compliment," said Monte Bracken when, the dancing having begun, they installed themselves in the conservatory for a breathing-spell. "I never saw Claire go to anyone like that before."

"She took pity on me."

Bracken looked amused.

"The ladies were showing their claws, eh?"

"And I felt them."

"You won't be let in without a fight, you know. Because you are destined to become a professionally beautiful woman, like Mrs. Challoner over there." He nodded toward the dancers, who flashed across the doorway and, with an assumption of impersonality, continued: "If I were seeking to compliment you, I would not put it in the future. You are not there yet. You are on the threshold. There is a whole art to acquire—or a profession, as you wish. That's what interests me about you—what is coming. To me, every beautiful woman is a potential tragedy."

"In what way?" she said, too interested to be self-conscious.

"A tragedy to others, to those she consumes and exhausts." He drew back, studying her with more interest as he be-



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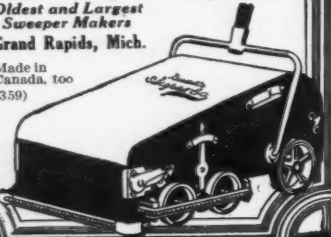
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came interested in the subject. "You see, a beautiful woman—the professionally beautiful kind—quite a distinction, you know—is a social adventurer. She arrives like self-made men arrive; there is much in common between them." He smiled, adding more lightly: "I suppose, at the present moment, you have made all sorts of good resolutions and you believe in them. Futility! Throw them away! You are doomed, my dear Mrs. Forrester. Society needs you. You will rule it and be its slave. You don't believe me?"

"I should not let him be talking to me this way," she thought, "and yet it is quite impersonal." Her curiosity was aroused at the half-serious, half-humorous way in which he dissected her.

"Can't I have a will of my own?" she asked.

"A what?"

"A will of my own."

"You will have fashions of conduct, fashions of thinking, but will—that does not exist! A professionally beautiful woman must always be in style. She dresses, acts, and thinks as other beautiful women do—because her life is to compete with them, and to compete with them she must attack them on their own territory. You are not convinced? Look at the dear things to-night!" He reassured himself with a glance as to the modesty of his companion's décolleté and indicated, with a wave of his hand, the daring shoulders and throats of the dancers. "If you had suggested, five years ago, to any woman present that she would come to dress like this, how indignant she would have been!"

Amy, thinking of her cerise gown which Andrew had found too daring, laughed guiltily.

"Well, yes; but that's only a question of dress."

"Pardon me—question of style, and everything else will be a question of style. The dear ladies who tried to snub you to-night will become your inseparable friends the moment they see they cannot down you. And you, on your part, will give more time to them, your dearest rivals, than to your own family. You will have a sort of collective morality. You find Irma surrounded by a collection of young fetch-and-carries. You'll establish your own brigade or try to steal hers from her. You'll flirt as Irma flirts. You'll dare as Irma dares. You'll break the conventions as Irma breaks them."

"Why always Irma?"

"Oh, Irma is the perfect type of a society model. She has wit; she has taste, and she has a thorough instinct for avoiding the ice where it begins to grow thin. She is thoroughly convinced of the innocence of all her intentions—in fact, she is quite capable of founding a school of modern social philosophy."

"Aren't you making us out very immoral persons?"

"Immoral!" Of course," he said cheerfully. "You are all profoundly immoral, but not in the sense you attach. You are immoral because you are irresponsible. Immoral in another sense—no! That's the worst and the best of you. You avoid great emotions. They are too disturbing, and you can't take the time in society. You seek safe little emotions—to be constantly amused. The strongest emotion Irma has is jealousy of Gladys Challoner. They spend their lives attacking each

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other, poaching on each other's preserves. They outlive each other in display; they are indispensable to each other; they call each other up on the telephone every morning and tear each other to pieces every night. Do you think any man can compete with the strength of such an attachment?"

Womanlike, while listening to this diatribe, delivered half playfully, half seriously, she felt a sharp pinch of annoyance which caused her to say acidly:

"And this is what I am to become? Thank you! You have a very bad opinion of me."

"I? Not at all! You'll see—society needs you. You will be one of its martyrs. You must be admired, imitated, and torn to pieces regularly, or society would be a very dull place. In a year or two, when I come back again, I shall hope to be your very good friend. Who knows—I may be foolish enough to lose my head!"

She laughed at the casual way he declared this impertinence, as though offering her an atoning compliment.

"Even with all your wisdom?"

"Oh, the wisest is the most vulnerable!"

"So, in your eyes, I am doomed?"

"There will be compensations," he said, with a smile.

She dropped her fan for a moment and raised her eyes, meditative, solemn.

"I believe you are more than half serious."

"Serious—never! I never would be so impertinent as to tell the truth in a serious manner."

"But if I permit you," she added, after a slight hesitation.

"Very well then, I warn you—you can't play the game like Irma. If you have a spark of real emotion, it is dangerous to feed on sensation, even little sensations. They who live by their sensations shall perish by their sensations. A man with a conscience and a woman with a heart have no place here. In the end"—he hesitated a moment—"yes, in the end, there will be trouble. Ah, not just now—later, when you wake up."

"You don't think I am awake now, then," she said, avoiding his glance.

"No; I do not."

There was a long pause, during which she brought the soft, undulating feathers of her fan back again across her face.

"Are you really leaving soon?" she said, presently.

"Yes; I am going to take up my post in Madrid immediately."

"You are really a terrifying person to talk to," she said. "I don't know whether I'd care to repeat this experience."

"If I have told you the truth," he said quietly, "I have tried to keep to generalities."

At this moment, Tody Dawson descended on them like a runaway tower.

"Here, I say, Monte! Amy, we've been sending out search-parties for you!"

She sprang up, genuinely glad for the interruption, startled at the intimacy which had grown over them. She felt annoyed, angry at herself, for the ease with which she had revealed herself, resenting also the impersonal quality of his curiosity, so utterly devoid of any tribute to her. No one had ever approached her in that attitude.

"He thinks I am only a child," she thought impatiently.

She determined, she did not know exactly why, that she would give him no



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further opportunity. When, later in the evening, he came up to ask her to dance, she refused.

### IX

It was well after two when the Forresters went to their rooms. The maid, dozing in the hall, sprang up hastily. Amy sent her away after the mystifying process of unhooking had been accomplished and slipping into a negligée, vibrantly awake, stood at the ivy-clad window looking down on the spectacle of the departing cars.

The echo of many compliments was pleasant in her ear, the consciousness not only of the evening's success but of all that future would bring hung in her imagination like a disturbing perfume. She was still an amateur, as Bracken had said, and she found herself thinking of Irma Dellabarre, of her poise, her exquisite taste, the charm of her manner.

"If I were a man, I should be crazy about her," she said to herself. "I wonder if he really isn't."

"Not sleeping?" said the voice of her husband.

"No, indeed!"

She left the window. Andrew wandered in. His lawn tie was pulled loose. He had thrown off coat and vest, preparing to retire. He was in flowered suspenders, rosebuds on a satin background. The sight of these suspenders affected her disagreeably—the disillusioning intimacy of marriage.

"Didn't you bring a dressing-gown?" she asked irritably.

"No—why?"

"You'll catch cold after dancing," she said hastily, surprised herself at this first critical impulse toward her husband.

"I did very little dancing," he said shortly. "I must take lessons." He looked at her with shining eyes. "Very proud of you this evening, Yum Yum."

"I'm glad of that," she said, ashamed of her annoyance.

"The prettiest there," he said, nodding. He stopped before her, his head on one side, studying the dainty figure.

"What is it? Did I do something wrong?"

"No, no; I was just trying to figure out. Let's see." He took up a scarf and, freeing the negligée, draped it about her shoulders. The décolleté thus exposed was in the manner of Mrs. Challoner. "Turn around."

When he had contemplated the delicate slope of her shoulders, the whiteness of the skin, the slender and graceful column of the neck, he said:

"I knew it! Not one can touch you. As for Mrs. Challoner, we'll settle her."

She watched him, amused at this sudden conversion, perceiving the working of new ideas behind his contemplation.

"So the cerise gown—"

"Mrs. Dellabarre dresses beautifully," he interrupted, smiling guiltily. "Young lady, some new dresses at once!" He looked at her again. "Mrs. Challoner, indeed!" he said indignantly.

Following his gesture she turned to the mirror. She stood staring at the prophetic figure which confronted her.

"Don't spoil me, Andrew!" she said, turning abruptly and drawing her negligée hastily about her.

He had flung himself down in an armchair, plunged in a brown study.

"What now?" she asked, surprised at

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his unusual mood. The satin suspenders, worked in rosebuds, stood before her eyes wherever she looked. What had possessed him to get them?

"It's quite a revelation—coming here," he said. "What do you think it costs to run this place?"

"Heavens! How do I know?"

"You like it?" he said, looking at her fixedly.

"I adore it—naturally."

"Nothing second chop here," he said, wagging his head. "When we go back—we'll make a bonfire of what we've got."

"But, Andrew—"

"It's trash. This has opened my eyes. Make a friend of Mrs. Dellabarre. She can teach you everything. Look at the way she runs her house, the order, the charm of it! I don't know how she does it—but I'm going to learn. Yes, sir; I'm going to have a home like this."

"Andrew, but how can we?"

"Why, all we need is a million," he said, unable to resist a touch of that humorous braggadocio which is the zest of the American parvenu.

"Yes—but—"

"It means a few years' plugging, but, by Jove, it's worth it!" he said boisterously. He rose with the dogged fighting-face of the old athlete. "Look here: We're going to enjoy life to the fullest, you and I. We're going to have everything life can give—and we're going to have the best. Andrew B. Forrester is going to surprise a few people around these parts!"

She understood.

"You've decided to accept Mr. Gunther's offer!"

"Within ten minutes after I got here," he said, beaming. "What! Aren't you pleased?"

"Yes, yes; I suppose so—if you want it. You take my breath away," she said soberly. She could not have told herself why, but the prospect frightened her.

"My, how serious we are!"

"But, this afternoon, Andrew, you said we had enough—" she began.

He dismissed the objection with a wave of his hand.

"This afternoon, my dear girl, I didn't know what money was worth!"

"If you go, I go with you," she said impulsively.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" he said emphatically. "You begin the fight here, and I'll tackle the other side." He caught her up and swung her to his shoulder, despite her laughing protests. "There! People are going to be mighty proud to know Mrs. Andrew B. Forrester!"

He set her down with sudden gravity and said joyfully, what, many times later, he was to recall with bitterness:

"And this morning I was satisfied! Fool that I was!"

An hour later, he was still awake, absorbed in dreams of ambition, filled with the zest of new worlds to conquer.

Amy, in the next room, heard him turning in his bed, mumbling to himself. She found it difficult to rest. Long after she heard his heavy breathing, she remained awake. She felt almost as though she had committed a crime. What was this new world into which she was drawing him? Would it bring them together or insensibly separate them? Something in her better nature cried out strongly: "He is making a mistake. This is not the way. He

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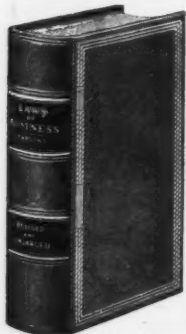
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ought to take from you—make you follow him!" All at once, she sprang up and went to his bedside.

"Andrew!"

She said it softly, once, twice, and then turned away. Back in her bed, she wondered at her emotion. Why was she afraid? "No one could ever be so kind," she said to herself resolutely. "He will always hold me by that!"

Her rest was fitful, disturbed by the echoes of catchy music which turned about her. All night she seemed to be dancing. Toward morning, she fell into a heavy sleep, in which she had a curious dream.

She was in the midst of a great ballroom and, whirling about her, were her father, Fifi, uncle Tom, Mr. Dellabarre, everyone she knew. She saw Andrew dancing with Mrs. Challoner, dancing very heavily, tripping and hopelessly muddled in his steps until Mrs. Challoner stopped suddenly and exclaimed:

"How absurd for you to ask me to dance! Why, you don't know the first thing about it!"

Every woman that Andrew invited to dance shook her head and laughed. All at once, to her horror, she perceived that he was in suspenders, white-satin suspenders, worked with rosebuds!

Then she was dancing with him, piloting him through the swinging crowd. At first he stumbled, and she heard a titter in the crowd. When she looked round, they were alone on the glistening floor.

"Everyone's stopped dancing," he said. "Don't stop, go on!" she said angrily. "They shan't make you ridiculous!" Little by little his awkwardness disappeared, his steps became smoother. She no longer piloted him. It was his hand which guided her deftly. She was astonished at the rhythm and harmony of his movements.

And, all at once, she looked up and saw she was dancing with Monte Bracken.

"You!"

He smiled his critical, amused smile. "You see."

"But why have you come?"

"Because you didn't answer my question."

"What question?"

"Would you do it over again?"

Then everyone seemed to be rushing about them; the great chandeliers overhead were swaying like a surging sea, the music thundered in her ears, and she woke with a cry. Andrew was in the room, ready to leave. It was ten o'clock.

"A nightmare?" he said, laughing. "You've been tossing and mumbling to yourself at a great rate."

"Yes, yes."

"What frightened you?"

"I fell down-stairs or something or other," she said hastily.

X

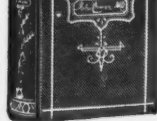
IRMA DELLABARRE came in shortly after in a fluffy dressing-gown, with Mon Amour's smutty nose peering from a pocket.

"I've ordered the darling's breakfast up here, and we can be as lazy as we want," she said, embracing Amy affectionately. "Kitty has had a telephone from New York and wants us to run up this afternoon for a spree. No; don't get up. What a fascinating bed-cap!"

"I'm afraid I'm awfully late," said Amy, making friends with the Pekingese.

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"Late—not a bit! I get up with the chickens," said Irma, who had been called at ten. "My dear, it's wonderful that Mon Amour goes to you like that! He's never even accepted Rudy. Poor Rudy, he hates so to be barked at!"

At this moment, the maid arrived with the three breakfasts. Mrs. Dellabarre examined with maternal solicitude the cream and bread destined for the favorite.

"Louise, tell Gervais that he has been giving Mon Amour too much red meat lately. Yes; you have been eating like a little pig," she added, shaking her finger at the blinking Mon Amour, "and your little tum-tum won't stand it—no it won't! No more tournedos for a while, Louise. A little sweetbread for lunch, and be sure it's cooked enough. For to-morrow, some chicken livers. He'll be furious, I know, but he has the most delicate digestion," she added to Amy, "because he is a little prince, he is!"

"Miss Bane wants to know if you'd like to see the children," said Louise, "because they're to go to their grandma's."

"Of course I do. But not now—tell them to come down after lunch," said Mrs. Dellabarre, who had Mon Amour on her lap and was coaxing him to accept his saucer. "My dear, he's the most jealous thing! If I kiss the children, it sends him into a perfect fury. It's really astonishing he takes to you," she added, as though, by that, Amy had taken new value in her eyes. "But you are so dainty and pretty, it's no wonder. You know, I wasn't prepared to like you at all."

"Really?"

"I was just a little bit jealous. It's the first time Rudy ever invited anyone without consulting me. And you know, or rather you will know, that wives must defend their rights."

"I'm sorry. I didn't realize."

"I'm delighted. You've won us all, you lovely child!" said Irma frankly. "And, then, you've put Gladys's nose out of joint." She began to laugh. "She thought I did it on purpose. Gladys is my best friend. Your ears must be tingling with all the compliments you've had!"

"Much chance I have when you're around!" said Amy, returning the compliment. "It's a very good thing my husband went away—after all he had to say about you last night."

Irma preferred the admiration which husbands do not confide to their wives; yet all flattery pleased her.

"How did you get on with Monte Bracken?" she asked casually.

"I had the feeling of being chopped up and sorted into packages."

"Yes; that's his way. Poor Monte!"

"Why poor?"

"He's such a glorious failure," said Irma, pouring out the coffee. "All his brains are wasted on nothing. For Monte has brains. If he'd only had to work for his living, he'd have been some one, and he knows it. If only he had married the right sort of a wife!" she added, thinking of herself. "What do you say to Kitty's idea?" she continued, changing suddenly. "We can pick up a couple of men in New York and do something amusing. There's really nothing doing here at all."

"Why, I think it would be lots of fun," said Amy, a little surprised at this restlessness.

"The truth is, Kitty's having a tremen-



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dous flirtation with Joe Barrisdale—you know, the one who married Anita Felton," said Irma, who made a short disquisition in genealogy. "They're separated. I believe there's some question of divorce, so Kitty has to be very careful. The joke about it is that Kitty is crazy to have us believe she's a romantic character."

"And—isn't she?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"Kitty!" said Irma, who began to laugh. "Kitty, my dear, is a little New England prude who's scared to death the moment she's left alone with a man. My dear, I know—they've told me! Only, she's frightened to death we'll suspect it. She's bound to be talked about if it kills her. Oh, you'll find lots like her."

"And lots who are not," said Amy, with a smile.

"Who ever knows?" said Irma, shrugging her shoulders and beginning to brush Mon Amour's silky coat. "Most flirtations are harmless enough." She became serious. "You'll see. Men are not so desperately taken with us as we imagine. When you know you can get them—you're satisfied. It's human—isn't it?—to want to know your power?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Amy pensively. "I'm not going to be an old scold and tell you all the horrors of marriage and how to manage your husband," said Irma, smiling. "Only, lots of things may puzzle you, and I don't want you to misunderstand me."

At this, Amy could not repress a smile. "I see it'll be quite an amusing party to-night."

Irma, seeing that she did not have to do with a fool, said, with great frankness:

"Oh, yes; I like to play, too. Exploring is such fun—when you are sure of yourself."

"And you are?" said Amy, enjoying this confession.

"It's a question of principle," said Irma resolutely. "It would be foolish to say that all the women we know are innocent. They're not. With me, it's different. I have my children and my husband, and I intend to be a virtuous wife. Why? Because I hate vulgarity, perhaps. That would always stop me, if nothing else. This is rather frank, but I feel we're going to be close friends, and I don't want you to misunderstand me—do you see?"

"I see," said Amy, with a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Rudy, who is the best husband in the world," said Irma contentedly, "can't understand that the wife who keeps her admirers public is the last one to worry over." She nodded, smiling to herself over some stored-up confidence. "If I were a husband I should only be suspicious when no man seemed to be attentive to my wife. Be careful to make your husband understand that, my dear," she added, unable to resist the temptation of an older married woman to point the danger.

"Oh, Andrew's quite the other way," said Amy, with a touch of pride. "Really he is the kindest being in the world. He knows I'm dreadfully young, and he wants me to enjoy life just as though—well, not exactly as though I hadn't married, but—you know what I mean. He wants me to play just as before, and he isn't jealous in the least if other men are

attentive. Besides, I shall be careful to do nothing he doesn't like."

Irma, who underneath the lightness of her manner, did not lack perspicacity, was thinking, "I wonder if that pretty child knows the force she is playing with."—It was a little habit of hers, when a man strongly attracted her, to imagine the beneficent results which would have come to him if he had been so fortunate as to have won her as a wife. Out loud she said: "He is very wise—because, well, you are frightfully young and attractive, and it might have been very hard for you."

"I am not half good enough for him," said Amy, in a burst of confidence. "I'm terribly frivolous, I'm afraid."

"And a great flirt," said Mrs. Dellabarre, smiling directly into her eyes. "I?"

"Yes, my dear, you are, and the more dangerous because it's instinctive. Look out! The dangerous women are not the professional coquettes. Every man who meets them is warned, and forewarned is forearmed. No, no; if I were a man, I should be mortally afraid of a little person, with the eyes of a Madonna who can still blush when she's pleased."

"Is she warning me to keep off her preserves?" thought Amy to herself and, as she did not lack astuteness or a sense of humor, she said, taking the older woman's hand affectionately:

"I'm afraid I don't know much about myself, but if you're going to let me be friends, will you make an agreement? If I ever trespass unconsciously, you'll warn me?"

This was said with a smile breaking about the little red lips.

"You are quite adorable!" said Irma, embracing her and covering her confusion with a laugh. "We'll call it a treaty, then. And, to prove my generosity, I'll surrender one of my crocodiles. Oh, I'd have to do it, anyway!"

Amy, who comprehended perfectly that she was thus to acquire Mr. Tody Dawson, played the innocent.

"Crocodiles?" she said, raising her eyebrows.

"That's my expression, my dear. Crocodiles are admirers who want to look very dangerous but can't move quickly enough to catch you—and who like to shed crocodile tears, of course. Tody and Jap are young crocodiles—quite harmless. Don't worry about them. I've trained them thoroughly."

"But are they so harmless?" said Amy thoughtfully.

"Absolutely," said Irma, with conviction. She turned to her with more friendliness. "My dear, let me give you one piece of advice: When in a tight corner, laugh. The most dangerous man can't stand being laughed at!" She rose, cuddling Mon Amour in her arms, suddenly solicitous. "The only trouble about to-night is what shall I do with this darling? Mon Amour is so wretched to be left alone—and then the night air is so dangerous for the little dear, and if anything happened to him—oh, and about to-night, of course I promised Kitty not to breathe a word about Joe. She'll do that herself the moment she gets a chance at you—you understand. And as for Rudy, well, there's no use—of course, there's no real reason, but there's no use in mentioning whom we meet—poor Rudy is so fidgety, you know."

The next instalment of *Virtuous Wives* will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.



